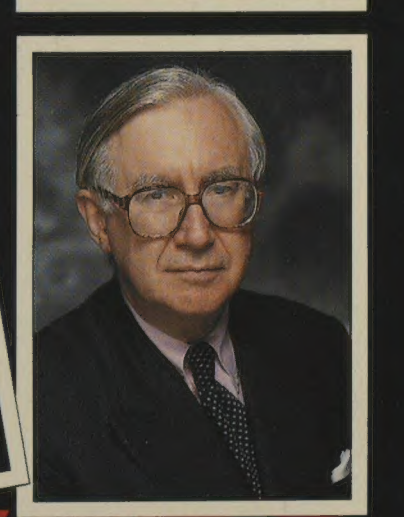
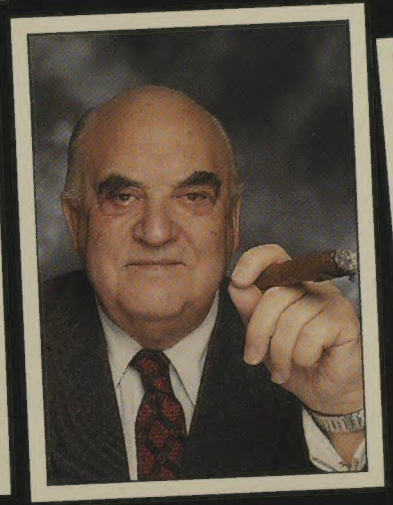
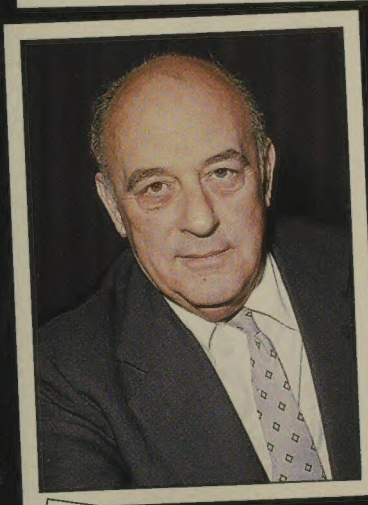
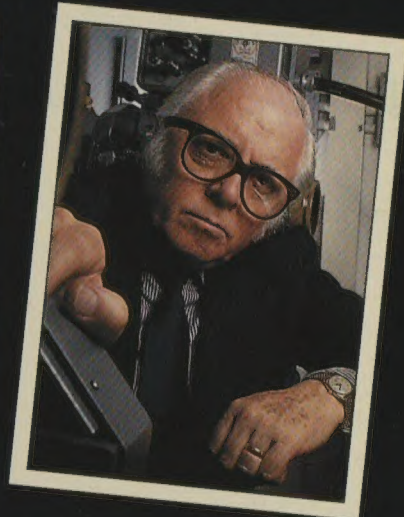
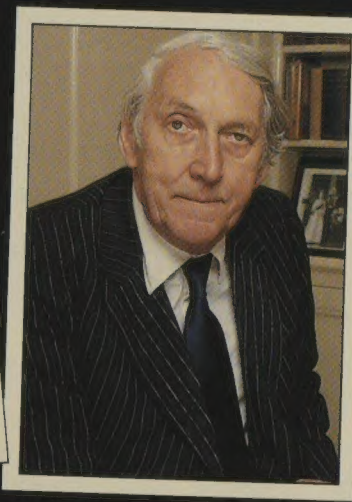
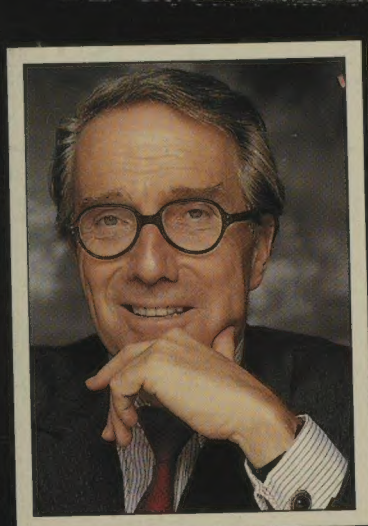


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

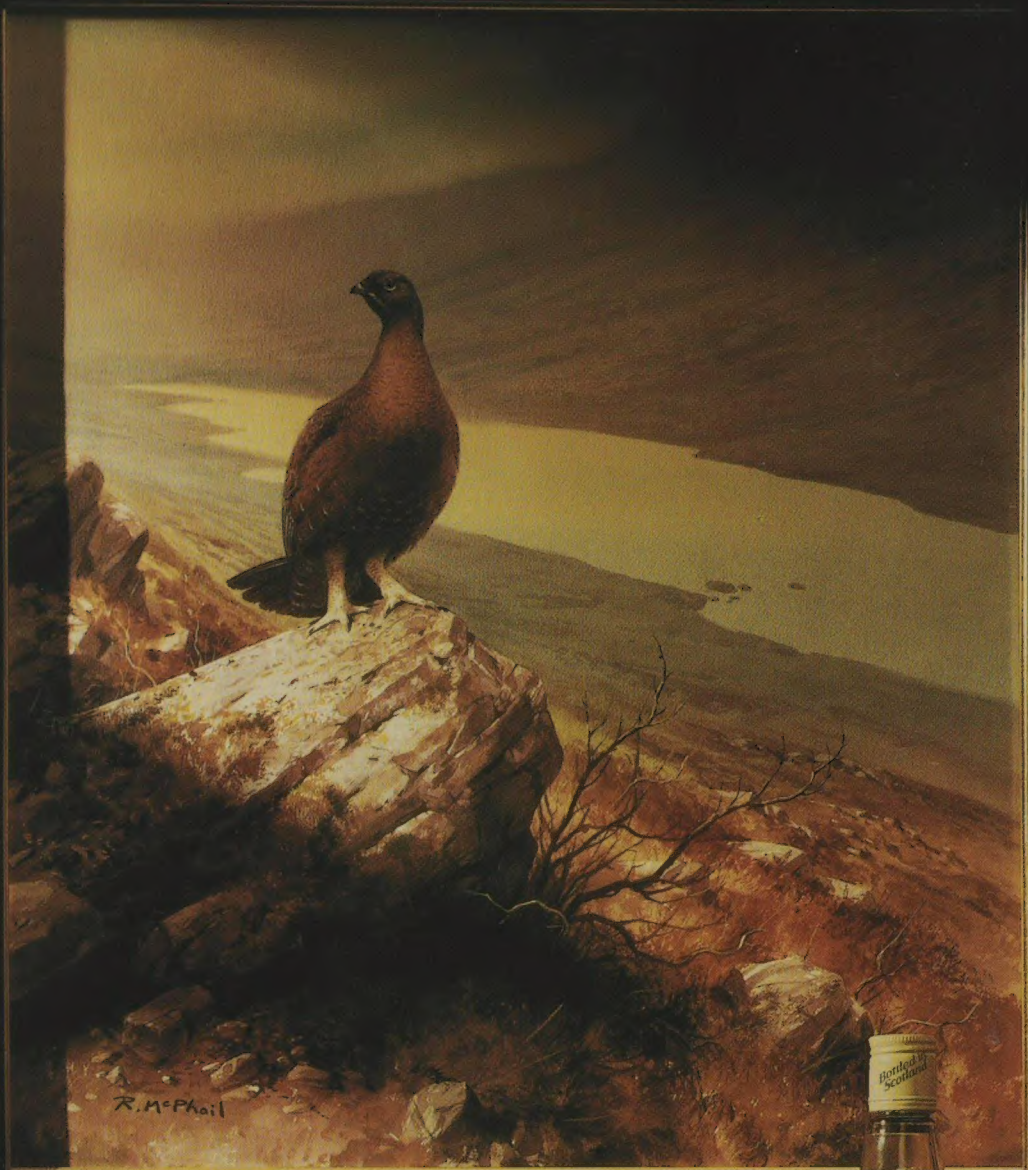


## POWERBROKERS

THE TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE WHO REALLY MATTER

Also in this issue: The Tory Choice for Mrs Thatcher's Successor.  
Mike Gatting Interviewed. The Foetus: Whose Life Is It Anyway?





THE FAMOUS GROUSE  
COUNTRY OF ORIGIN - SCOTLAND NOTED FOR  
ITS CHARACTER AND DISTINGUISHED APPEARANCE



Quality in an age of change.



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

NUMBER 7079 VOLUME 276 JUNE 1988

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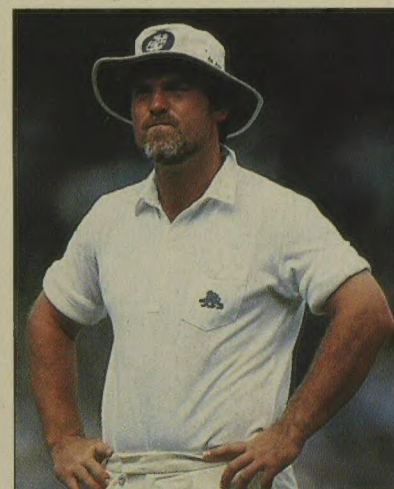
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Controlling reproduction p54



Mike Gattling under scrutiny p22



Development at Smithfield p69

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## IAIN WATSON

### A room of my own

ONLY YESTERDAY IAIN WATSON FLEW TO THE STATES TO SHOOT THE PRESIDENT.

Iain is, what some circles like to call a 'Smudger'. His assignments, or shoots, take him all over the world - 200 countries so far.

He's a photographer. And in the glossy world of photography he's very successful.

A far cry from his earlier days he says, when he would whoop for joy if a snap simply came out. Then he owned a pretty sorry looking Box Brownie (and an old Bonneville in not much better shape). His rule: Point the camera and cross fingers lacked, as he put it, 'certain technical merit'.

Now, his style (like his transport) has become a little more sophisticated.

He is obsessed with things that catch his 'camera eye'.

His room, our Renault Espace, did just that.

His first sighting was on the south coast of France, Cannes. A captain was using it to ferry his entire crew of six from airport to seaport and back.

The notion stuck in his mind. Then one actually sailed past him - on the M25 motorway.

An antiques buff, judging by the six gilt Rococo chairs stacked in the back, he said. 'I nearly choked. After all, the thing was no bigger than my saloon. If I'd seen it as a photo I'd have said it was a trick.'

One test drive later he discovered the 'trick'. The rear seats slid out at the flick of a lever. However, to his surprise he also found

the driver and front passenger seats could swivel round to face the others.\* While the middle three folded into table tops. The car became a room.

He bought one. And now takes it on shoots whenever he can. It stood him in good stead only last year. He was due to shoot a fairly sizeable chunk of Africa. The rains, he was assured, would stop when he arrived - December the 20th, on the dot. The dot came and went. And a week's carefully planned shoot turned into a 'real lulu of a nightmare.'

Still, I was lucky: A

assisted steering. The kids, Iain says, prefer the electric windows, hi-fi and twin sunroofs.

Recently though he bought the one you see here, the newer 2000-1. It has a bit more speed (111mph/120bph) and a 'rather natty looking seat trim'. We asked Iain if he would like to shoot himself at his favourite location. He chose Ceu Nant Marr (please don't try to pronounce it), in North Wales.

The journey up was pleasant enough. After the first 100 miles of effortless motorway driving we hit Wales. Still the Espace cruised around the hairpin bends and wily uncertain byways that our map had optimistically termed 'A' roads.

We arrived just before dusk. The shot was set up and in the 'car' shortly after.

(These professionals!)

However, just for the record, he

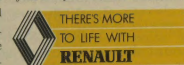
does have a personal favourite photo. A snapshot of his wife on their honeymoon.

'I find it difficult to talk about my pictures' he says. 'I hope they speak for themselves.'

The new Renault Espace from \$12,890 to \$16,990.

Visit your local dealer or phone 0800 400 415 (24 hours/free) for a brochure.

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THE RENAULT ESPACE 2000-1 £16,990.

\*Available on Espace 2000 TDE and 2000-1 only. Car featured Renault Espace 2000-1. Prices shown at time of going to press include VAT. Car Tax, front/rear seat belts and sound system. Delivery and number plates extra. RENAULT recommend GMP lubricants.



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*A BREATH OF FRESH AIR*



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## Editor's Letter

# QUESTION OF STATE

In *England Your England*, an essay written by George Orwell, the author attempts to define Englishness. Given that he was writing in 1941 at a time of great patriotism, it is remarkably free of sentiment. He is dispassionate about the faults and qualities that make up Englishness: the hypocrisy and sense of fairness, the philistinism and the great literary talent; the complacency and mistrust of militarism, the gentleness and brutality.

It is interesting to read the piece now, because England—by which Orwell, one suspects, meant the United Kingdom—has passed through distinct periods of social change. Each is distinguished by large shifts in public attitudes: a greater tolerance came in the 60s and is now going; industry has idled and quickened; cities have been born or revived and fallen into uselessness; the middle class has expanded and the unions have contracted.

The list is long but the Englishness that Orwell described still exists. There is one change, however, which he would have found disturbing and that is the refusal of the English to be inconvenienced by self doubt or any doubt about the actions of the state.

Few questioned the state's right to organise a pre-emptive strike against the IRA in Gibraltar. There was general rejoicing that the terrorists had been caught with their trousers down and that lives had been saved by the SAS. When it was revealed that the terrorists may also have been caught with their arms up there was almost total refusal to consider any version other than that which had been presented in parliament by the Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe.

The Government attacked Thames Television for broadcasting the alternative account, tried to suppress another programme and muttered darkly about the control of unpatriotic television producers. Meanwhile, the majority of the Press did their best to discredit a witness to the killings.

The main point is that it is neither unpatriotic nor subversive to question the actions of the state, especially when there are allegations that its servants have carried out summary executions. Few regret the deaths of terrorists but at the same time the information provided by Thames Television and the BBC should be examined however painful it is.

Traffic experts have been difficult to take seriously since the heady days of the Greater London Council when it was revealed that the single qualification boasted by the



George Orwell: critical of the English

councillor in charge of all roads in the city was that he could ride a bicycle. Moreover, he was unable to drive a car and was zealous in his persecution of motorists.

Although the GLC is dead, and the young councillor has long since returned to obscurity, its spirit lives on chiefly in something called the London Advisory Committee. This body, which doubtless includes a number of wild-eyed cyclists, has just suggested that every motorist entering London should pay £5. Presumably car drivers who live in London will also be required to pay the rate.

This engaging piece of lunacy goes before Nicholas Ridley, the Secretary of State for the Environment, who will then decide whether to set up an inquiry into the effects of

the plan. Should this happen we hope the inquiry considers the following.

- 1 Car drivers are already penalised by clamp and tow-away squads.
- 2 They already pay often in excess of £5 a day for residents' parking places, meters and private car-parks.
- 3 The plan should not come into effect until London Transport has become more efficient, cleaner and less congested.
- 4 No toll should be levied until sufficient numbers of car-parks are placed in strategic points round the capital and all linked to the improved public transport system.
- 5 The revenue generated from the 184,000 cars that enter London each working day will approach £1 million. This considerable amount of money should be only used to benefit London's transport and its street environment.

MR STEPHEN MARTIN has asked us to make it clear that he did write to Mr de Savary personally about the noise from jousting tournaments at Littlecote (*ILN* Dec 1987). Receiving no reply he spoke to the estate manager and action was taken to reduce the noise. Some months later he visited Littlecote because of noise from the "Gatecrashers' Ball" and spoke to another manager about it. Mr Martin has also met Mr de Savary socially and bears him no enmity whatsoever, and wishes his Littlecote enterprises every success. We apologise for any wrong impression our article may have caused. ●

*Tony Price*



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# READERS' LETTERS

## BAD LANGUAGE

The January issue of the *ILN* has only just reached me and I feel that I must write to say how much I appreciated your article "The wrestle with a word's worth". But, oh dear, will it have any effect? Who, if anyone, will ever purge our language of its faults and defects? Perhaps we could found a club.

Who nowadays, can correctly use "who" and "whom" (I came across "whomever" not long ago). Why do you suppose that "hopefully" is so horribly prevalent? What happened to "that" in a subordinate clause of purpose? "He left the door open so the cat could come in." Why does nobody ever say "I think" but always "I would have thought"? Why do they all say "They asked my wife and I", although they would not say "They asked I"? What happened to the singular forms of "graffiti" and "media", and why do some of the "good" speakers think that television is the only "media"? As for spelling, even the *ILN* prints "accidently"—a fault of the writer or is it that of the printer?

I hope we shall see more of Sebastian Faulk's articles. More power to your pen!

Mrs R. M. Amos  
Ilminster, Somerset

## NEW HAUNTS

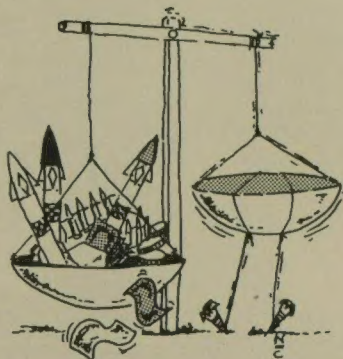
I am compiling a book of previously unpublished ghost stories. If any of your readers wish to contribute personal experiences, or those of their families or friends, I would be pleased to hear from them.

Vivienne Rae-Ellis  
17 The Circus, Bath, Avon

## SCALES OF SPENDING

The statement of Howard L. Smith, New Mexico, in Readers' Letters (*ILN*, March): "President Reagan has attempted to balance our budget ever since the initiation of his presidency" is so hilarious that no metropolitan daily in this country would dare publish it for fear of causing mirth-induced apoplexy among its readers.

The first thing Reagan did was to launch a totally unnecessary trillion-and-a-half-dollar increase in military spending, causing deficits, so that when the final Reagan budget runs its course the



national debt will have almost tripled from the time he took office. He then cut taxes on the one class that could afford to pay for his spending binge—the affluent. He kept interest rates so high that a severe recession ensued, thus further reducing tax income.

William Moore, Portland,  
Oregon, USA

## MAN WITH A MISSION

With reference to Ian Thompson's book review of *The Missionaries* (*ILN*, April) I must protest. I am a believer, and personally support several missionaries and have visited them at their mission compounds, often in the remotest regions of the world. My observations have convinced me of their deep commitment to their work, primarily due to the impact they have made on people in need of immediate physical and material help.

I have spent weeks with missionaries, some skilled surgeons, doctors, nurses, teachers and health workers committed to improving the pathetic conditions of people kept in appalling con-

ditions by sickness, poverty, disease from lack of sanitation, and tribal traditions designed to keep them in slavery. Anyone who would simply take time to investigate the truth would find this book to be a perversion.

I notice that one quote speaking of New Tribes Mission and of a photograph, supposedly proof positive, of a woman shot lying in a pig pen as "the recent victim of a forest round-up by a member of the New Tribes Mission". Is the author claiming that a New Tribes missionary shot her as part of the round-up? Anyone who has ever visited New Tribes missionaries would find such a statement to be ludicrous.

Terry Smith, Kraainem, Belgium

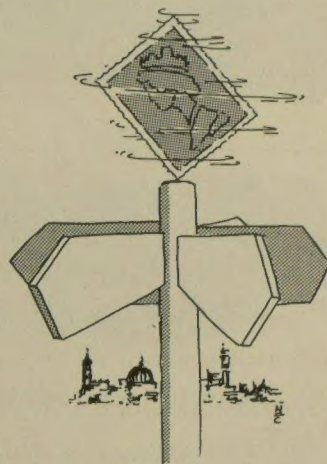
## POST DATED

I read your piece on decoding the London postal districts (*ILN*, April) with pleasure and some amusement. The divisions EC and WC have long since ceased to make use of included place names and it has been a policy of the Post Office administration until recently to regard their subdivisions not as districts but as "numbered areas". They are quite unalphabetised, and are likely to remain so.

Of the other six, the three denoted by single letters i.e. E, N and W, conform entirely to the statement you have printed. Those denoted by two letters fail to do so. NW, SW and SE each have one district not recognised as such when the numbers were allotted in 1917: NW11—Golders Green; SW20—West Wimbledon; SE28—Thamesmead. Additionally,

SW has not one alphabet, but two, the second headed by SW11—Battersea—as a second district office; and SE breaks sequence with Norwood, followed by Anerley to West Norwood. It is natural, and probably safe, to conclude that a plan to make Norwood a second district office in SE became a casualty of the First World War.

That would have restored the original number of divisions, the original East Centre and West Centre having been surrounded by all the full points and half points of the compass. NE was quite soon merged with East, and the territory originally recognised as South was absorbed by its two neighbours, all before 1870 according to Howard Robinson's lesser-known book



Britain's Post Office. The preface to his larger book *The British Post Office, a History* seems to show that he was able to complete that work without leaving the USA.

W. H. Shepherd, Manchester

## FAIR DINKUM

I have been a regular subscriber to the *ILN* since May, 1979 and would like to express my appreciation in receiving a magazine of superior content in news, articles and illustrations. The monthly news day by day is very informative and keeps me in touch with events which seldom attract the attention of the Australian media. I particularly like the updated format of the magazine which is now read avidly from cover to cover, including the advertisements. Keep up the good work.

Peter Casey, Frankston, Australia

## Starve and stuff

London 100 years ago: *ILN*, June 16, 1888

Medical science would charm us more by its new discoveries if they did not so often consist in merely effacing the old ones. Every "treatment" has its day, and is hailed with enthusiasm; it is then found to be the worst thing that could have been hit upon, and its exact opposite is adopted with the same loud cries of "Eureka!" How many times have our great medicinemen blown "hot" and "cold" in the matter of the best climate for consumption! . . . The last discovery is that the notion of "constant support" to produce nourishment is an error. The proper way, it now appears, is to starve and stuff: "Hunger first, and plenty after." We are told that "a time of starvation puts the organism in a position to make the most of everything that enters it."





POST HOUSE HOTEL  
PLYMOUTH

Towering high over Plymouth Hoe, where Drake played bowls before routing the Spanish Armada, is the Mayflower Post House. The name recalls the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620 from the harbour below. The menu in the panoramic restaurant is enhanced by the view of Plymouth Sound.



THE LION  
SHREWSBURY

High on Wyle Cop (Welsh for hill top) The Lion was called the King of England's Inn when originally built in the 14th Century. It has accommodated many famous visitors to this historic Shropshire town on the River Severn, near the Welsh border.

William IV danced here. Paganini played in the Adam-style assembly rooms. Dickens occupied two of its many charming rooms and De Quincey wrote his 'Confessions of an Opium Eater' here.



THE COMPLEAT ANGLER, MARLOW

On the middle reach of the Thames, close by the M4, Isaac Walton penned the hotel's namesake here 350 years ago. Today, it's famous for its comfort, cuisine and well chosen cellar.



The only hotel in Hyde Park, the building majestically dominates Knightsbridge. This elegant Edwardian landmark overlooks the horse-riding in "Rotten Row" and the daily ride past of the Household Cavalry.



HYDE PARK HOTEL  
LONDON



TWO BREWERS, CHIPPERFIELD

Dating from the 17th Century, the hotel overlooks the church and cricket green of this historic pastoral Hertfordshire village on the edge of the Chilterns.

Chipperfield is in the heart of the countryside, yet it's the ideal business venue because it's just off the A41, within easy reach of London, the M1, M25, M40 and M4. The Two Brewers was once a training headquarters for bare knuckle fighters but today's visitors more often wear white as they walk off the cricket pitch and into the oak-beamed bar.



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
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# UNION SHIPS WATER

This was the month in which Mrs Thatcher appealed to "the rule of law" in a bid to control trade union and media power. In what seemed to many observers like a reprise of the 1984 miners' strike, the courts issued a sequestration order against the National Union of Seamen in the 13th week of the dispute involving P&O and Sealink ferry workers. Mr Justice Michael Davies fined the NUS £150,000 and ordered the immediate seizure of its £2.8 million assets after it had "flagrantly and repeatedly" broken an injunction against unlawful secondary action: The union remained bitterly divided about the strike, with many seamen prepared to continue working.

It proved less easy for the Government to restrain Thames

Television and the BBC, which screened two controversial documentaries about the killing in Gibraltar of three IRA members by the SAS. While Roy Hattersley, Labour's Home Affairs spokesman, criticised the Government's "authoritarian attempts to censor television", the Government in turn insisted that such "trial by television" would prejudice the forthcoming inquest.

The Prime Minister was equally unable to control her own party and fully implement her Housing Benefit and Poll Tax policies. Her climbdown in offering rebates indicated her concern over the split in the Tory ranks as Labour began to show significant gains in opinion polls and local elections, especially in crucial areas of the South and West Midlands.



405 Not Out: Hick slogs the second highest score in English cricket



Ferry-strike violence. Four people, including a stewardess, were arrested as P & O pickets—directed by veteran agitator and ex-miner, Terry French—clashed with police at Dover. "The last thing we wanted was troublemakers like these," said one NUS member

## TUESDAY, APRIL 12

- Alan Paton, South African author of *Cry the Beloved Country*, died aged 85.
- The Kuwaiti 747 hijacked on April 5 by Shi'ite terrorists was refuelled and flown from Larnaca, Cyprus, to Algiers, following negotiations by PLO leader Yasser

Arafat. Twelve hostages were released and two later revealed direct Iranian complicity in the jacking. On April 20, the 31 remaining hostages were released while the hijackers were allowed to go free. The 16-day ordeal made it the longest plane hijacking ever. The British and US governments

**"Mr Speaker,  
I grovel,  
grovel"**

Ron Brown, MP, apologises to the House of Commons, April 20

strongly criticised the Algerian authorities for letting the gunmen escape justice. The leader of the hijackers declared "The fight will go on."

● Sean Connery won his first Oscar for Best Supporting Actor in *The Untouchables*. *The Last Emperor*, produced in Britain and





**Miraculous escape: a Hawaiian Aloha Airlines Boeing 737 landed safely after shedding part of its roof at 24,000 feet**

FRANK SPOONER

directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, won nine Oscars, including Best Picture.

● Larry Speakes, President Reagan's former press spokesman, said he sometimes made up quotes for his boss.

● The Reverend John Earp explained that God had told him to remove the pews from his Hampshire church to create more space for singing and dancing.

● A British Airways Boeing 737 was forced off the runway at Gatwick in order to avoid another landing jet. On April 14, two aircraft at Heathrow narrowly missed collision after they flew within 200 yards of each other.

## WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13

● Dessie O'Hare, the infamous former INLA terrorist known as the Border Fox, was sentenced to 40 years in prison for kidnapping dentist John O'Grady and chiselling off two of his fingers.

## THURSDAY, APRIL 14

● John Stonehouse, the former Labour MP and cabinet minister who faked his death in 1974, died of a heart attack aged 62.

● Tory MP Geoffrey Dickens announced in Parliament that "witchcraft is sweeping the country".

## FRIDAY, APRIL 15

● Kenneth Williams, star of many "Carry On" films, died aged 62.

● The Cabinet approved pay rises averaging 15.3 per cent for nurses, to be funded from Treasury reserves.

## SATURDAY, APRIL 16

● Abu Jihad, military commander of the Palestine Liberation Organisation and right-hand man of Yasser Arafat, was assassinated in Tunis by a suspected Israeli hit



FRANK SPOONER

**Not even a winsome expression, an emotive but contrived photograph and Mother Teresa's blessing could save the life of David Alton's Bill**

squad. Afterwards, Israeli troops shot dead at least 13 Arabs, after protesting Palestinians rioted in the West Bank and Gaza.

● The International Amateur Athletics Federation told British sports officials to suspend South African-born runner Zola Budd from International sport for 12

months, after her alleged participation in a race in South Africa.

● Henryk Jorgensen, 25, a Dane, won the London marathon.

● On May 2, 2,000 Israeli troops raided Southern Lebanon, following guerilla infiltration of Israel's northern border defences. The Israelis are estimated to have

killed 39 Palestinian children and wounded at least 850 since the uprising began last December.

## MONDAY, APRIL 18

● US planes and warships destroyed two Iranian oil platforms, sank a patrol boat and crippled two frigates, killing 200 people. US Defence Secretary Frank Carlucci called the attacks a

**"...Our opponents...  
resorted to the  
shabby device of a  
procedural mugging.  
Today was a moral  
victory. Procedural  
trickery does not  
constitute defeat"**

*David Alton, May 6*

"measured response" to a mine explosion on April 14, which holed an American frigate.

● John Demjanjuk was found guilty of the crimes of "Ivan the Terrible", the sadistic executioner at the gas chambers of Treblinka where 870,000 people died. On April 25, there were cheers and dancing as Demjanjuk was sentenced to death by Judge Zvi Tal.

● Ron Brown, left-wing Labour MP for Edinburgh Leith, grabbed the Mace and threw it to the floor. He caused the Mace, symbol of Parliamentary sovereignty, an estimated £1,000 worth of damages. On April 19, he was forcibly ejected from the chamber after refusing to make a personal statement of apology and saying, "I did not write this rubbish." He was later suspended from the



# The Month

Commons for 20 days.

● Michael Mates, a senior Tory MP, launched a back-bench revolt against the poll tax, cutting the Government's majority to 25.

## TUESDAY, APRIL 19

● Ravi Tikkoo, a Mayfair-based ship owner, ordered a £265 million, 160,000-ton cruise ship—the biggest ever—from the Harland & Wolff shipyard in Belfast.

● Derrick Gregory, the Londoner sentenced to death for drug trafficking in Malaysia, had his appeal rejected by the Malaysian Supreme Court, though his defence had claimed that he had a history of mental illness.

“The leaders have only themselves to blame. This is the clearest possible case of deliberate attempted suicide”

*Mr Justice Michael Davies, May 4, on seizing NUS funds*

● Michael Dukakis emerged as the Democrats' undisputed front-runner, after beating Jesse Jackson in the New York primary.

## WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20

● Iraq captured the strategically vital Fao peninsula.

● A £150 million lottery was announced to raise money for the NHS.

## THURSDAY, APRIL 21

● Jeff Rooker MP demanded that the Government investigate the role of Wilhelm Mohnke, a former SS major-general living in Hamburg, in the massacre of 80 unarmed British prisoners of war near Dunkirk in 1940.

● 100 people were injured in Bangladesh during protest riots by students who were demanding the right to cheat.

## SATURDAY, APRIL 23

● Michael Ramsey, a former Archbishop of Canterbury, died aged 83.

## SUNDAY, APRIL 24

● Vast sums were paid at a New York auction for a selection of Andy Warhol's junk and household goods, including £11,100 for a pair of biscuit jars.

● George Blake, the British traitor who escaped from Wormwood Scrubs to Moscow 22 years ago, appeared on Soviet television speaking fluent Russian.



Uncharacteristic charisma: Dukakis celebrates New York primary victory with a paternal pose

## MONDAY, APRIL 25

● Oxford Professor of Poetry, Peter Levi, claimed that some verses unearthed in an American library were the work of William Shakespeare.

● Defence Secretary, George Younger, announced that Britain will collaborate with West Germany, Italy and Spain in the £20 billion development of a European Fighter Aircraft, guaranteeing 4,000 long-term jobs.

## TUESDAY, APRIL 26

● Nestlé, the Swiss food company, mounted a hostile £2.1 billion takeover bid for Rowntree, the York-based confectionery group.

● A television station in South Korea caused havoc when it announced the local general election results 12 hours before the polls opened.

## WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27

● The Government announced a £100 million package of housing-benefit rebates designed to appease back-bench MPs. It follows Nicholas Ridley's £130 million Poll Tax concessions, announced on April 14.

## THURSDAY, APRIL 28

● The controversial Thames Television documentary, *Death on the Rock*, was screened although Sir Geoffrey Howe, the Foreign Secretary, had asked the Chairman of the Independent Broadcasting Authority to delay showing it because it might prejudice the inquest into the deaths of three IRA bombers shot by the SAS in Gibraltar. The key witness in the



Afghan flower power: a government militiaman's peaceful gesture. But will fighting really cease after Soviet withdrawals on May 15?

documentary, Carmen Proetta, claimed that two of the terrorists were shot dead while trying to surrender. Tom King, the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, called it a "trial by television." On May 5 the BBC went ahead with a similar programme and were later accused by Sir Geoffrey Howe of "contaminating" the evidence.

● *Ravinella*, trained by Mrs C. Head and ridden by Gary Moore, won the 1,000 Guineas at Newmarket.

## SATURDAY, APRIL 30

● Switzerland beat Britain in the

Eurovision song contest by one point.

● *Doyoun*, ridden by Walter Swinburn and trained by Michael Stoute, won the 2,000 Guineas at Newmarket.

## SUNDAY, MAY 1

● The IRA murdered three RAF servicemen spending a night off-duty in the Netherlands. In Roermond one man was killed and two injured when their car was machine-gunned. Half an hour later two men died and one was injured in a car bomb explosion in Nieuw Bergen. On May 4 a bomb was found under a British Army



## The Month



France and French Guiana: two voters in the Presidential elections



officer's car in West Germany  
 ● In Poland members of the banned Solidarity union clashed with police in the worst anti-government May Day protests for three years.

● Mr Justice Michael Davies fined the National Union of Seamen £150,000 and ordered the immediate seizure of its £2.8 million assets after it had "flagrantly and repeatedly" broken an injunction against unlawful secondary action. Sealink ferries had been prevented from operating when their crews refused to cross P & O picket lines.

### WEDNESDAY, MAY 4

● Three French hostages held in Beirut were released after a suspected £15 million deal with the kidnappers.

### THURSDAY, MAY 5

● At least 30 monks were clubbed to death when Chinese police, attempting to quell a riot, stormed the main temple in the Tibetan capital Lhasa.

● In local government elections, Labour gained 119 seats, Conservatives gained 29 seats, while

the Social and Liberal Democrats lost 37 seats.

### FRIDAY, MAY 6

● David Alton's Bill to stop

**"I have respect for David Owen. He has a feel for what is concerning ordinary folk"**

*Mrs Thatcher, interviewed by Brian Walden, in The Sunday Times, May 8*

abortions later than 18 weeks ran out of time because of delaying tactics by the Opposition.

● Graeme Hick, Worcestershire's 21-year-old Zimbabwean batsman, made 405 not out against Somerset, the highest score in England this century.

### SUNDAY, MAY 9

● François Mitterrand won the French Presidential elections, defeating Jacques Chirac and gaining 54 per cent of the vote.



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## Dickens of a poll for the next Tory party leader

Greatness is about to be thrust upon the unlikely figure of Geoffrey Dickens, Member for Littleborough and Saddleworth. His name is one of four or five to spring to the minds of Conservative MPs when they are asked who is likely to be the next leader of the party.

This at least appears to be the case now that the results of the Serpentine poll have been returned. Mr Dickens, a man who has never been known to say "No Comment" and who lists as one of his accomplishments in *Who's Who* a Royal Humane Society Testimonial on Vellum for Saving Lives, came second in the poll which was conducted among all Conservative members.

Without being rude to Mr Dickens, the result is, to say the very least, astonishing. For he has none of the experience of Sir Geoffrey Howe or Douglas Hurd, none of the electoral panache of Michael Heseltine and none of the political clout of Norman Tebbit or Nigel Lawson.

Mr Dickens himself is surprised. "Well... um, I don't think I have quite the recall necessary to perform at Prime Minister's Question Time and I don't have any ministerial experience. Still Neil Kinnock hasn't either, has he?"

As the news began to take a grip of Mr Dickens's imagination he became increasingly agitated. "I mean, even in my most immodest moments I have never seen myself as PM... Goodness, I must have a lot of friends in Parliament but there again, the next leader of the party will need a lot of friends."

Mr Dickens certainly has many friends, but on this occasion they were playing a small joke on him and indeed on the *ILN*. Inspired, it is believed, by Andrew Mitchell MP, the irresponsible element of the new intake decided to fix the

ballot by all agreeing to choose Dickens as the member most likely to be the next leader. The reasons stated ranged from "Undoubted ability to dominate the media" to "Dances well" and "Outstanding intellectual abilities".

Despite Mr Mitchell's conspiracy some worthwhile information was produced by the poll which was answered by just under 50 per cent of Conservative MPs. (Many wrote lengthy letters to say that they did not have time to write a name on the ballot paper.) The winner, with 42 votes (as against Dickens's 28), was Michael Heseltine. Third came Kenneth Baker, with 20, and fourth Sir Geoffrey Howe, with 18.

John Major beat Norman Tebbit, Peter Walker, Nigel Lawson, Douglas Hurd, Kenneth Clarke and John Moore. Together with Kenneth Baker he acquired the most praise. One MP wrote of



Geoffrey Dickens: likely leader?

Major: "The best available, competent, politically astute, compassionate and civilised." Another wrote: "He is good looking, pleasant, masters his brief and can combine reasoned argument with party political points."

On Kenneth Baker one wrote: "He is the most likely to obtain the support of the large central section of Tory MPs and he is also acceptable to each of the more

extreme wings."

So quite an interesting picture emerges. In the short term Sir Geoffrey Howe is seen as a likely stop-gap. In the medium term the fight seems to be between Baker and Heseltine. In the long term John Major is seen as the best bet.

For the record, those who scored five or under were Alan Glyn, Edwina Currie, John Stokes, George Younger, Douglas Hurd, Peter Walker and Kenneth Clarke. Norman Tebbit scored seven and Nigel Lawson six.

Surveys like this do occasionally throw up unforeseen insights. This one demonstrated that many of the MPs who voted for Geoffrey Dickens and who presumably have robust views about the declining standards of education cannot spell. Three spelt Dickens's name wrong. One wrote "Competant", another wrote "Vissionary" and a third "articulat".

## The art of good picture dealing

Crawley and Asquith, the new gallery in Savile Row, has opened with an extraordinary success. Later this month one of the partners, John Lishawa, unveils a previously unrecognised painting by the great Italian master Caravaggio.

The small canvas of a boy peeling some fruit was known but never appreciated to be the first-rate work of art that it is. The gallery is having it cleaned and discreetly restored. Mr Lishawa confidently expects to make at least 100 per cent profit when it goes on sale.

Dealers are reticent about their purchase, but the painting is considered likely to fetch more than £1 million.

The partnership, which also features numerous members of the Crawley family and Lady Annunziata Asquith, has gradually built up its expertise and clientele by dealing and putting on

exhibitions abroad. They have taken on the large overheads of a gallery in the West End because they are now established.

Lishawa and Asquith are both keen to point out that the gallery is not going the way of other Mayfair



Lady Annunziata Asquith: dealer

dealers, that is to say, making huge investments and then waiting to claim a profit on the rising art market. They have concentrated their efforts into researching previously unknown works of art.

This may be in part responsible for their development of some rather bizarre specialities. The Australian 19th-century school, for instance, which boasts the membership of Charles Gordon Frazer, who represents a triumph of originality over artistic merit. In order to paint the work which hangs in the gallery called *A Cannibal Feast on Tanna*, Mr Gordon Frazer spent some considerable time crouched in the undergrowth on an island in the New Hebrides watching a primitive tribe roast and eat one of their number.



## A matter of grave concern for the City of London

Beneath the beautiful Bunhill Fields in the City lie the bodies of some 120,000 nonconformists including William Blake, John Bunyan, Susanna Wesley and General Fleetwood, the son-in-law of Oliver Cromwell. They were buried there because the graveyard, originally a dumping ground for the charnel house at St Paul's, was never consecrated and the relatives of Bunyan *et al* wanted to avoid Anglican rites.

Latterly the Fields have been used as a pleasant place for commuters to rest the soul after a morning's junk-bond trading, and also by the staff of the *Independent* newspaper who use it as a short cut to their favourite pub, the Artillery Arms in Bunfield Row.

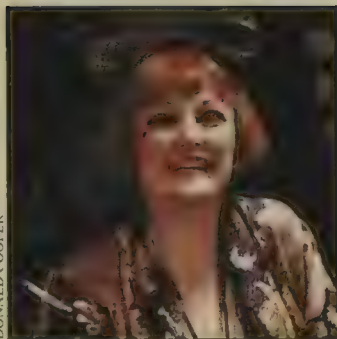
Following the hurricane last October the Fields were closed because the damage caused to the tombs by falling trees converted the place into a set for a horror movie. The Corporation of the City of London felt that the sight of William Blake's skull might unsettle the office workers while they ate their avocado and prawn sandwiches.

The gates are still shut and will remain so until the City of London has found somebody to gather together the bones and reinter them as decently as is possible.

## Actors ring the charity cash tills

Here is a good idea, probably the only good idea ever conceived by someone shopping for Christmas presents. Last winter as Kelly Hunter, the actress who starred as Sally Bowles in the stage version of *Cabaret*, was queuing in a shop in Covent Garden, it occurred to her that there ought to be a way of extracting a small levy for charity from shoppers, who were unlikely to notice it.

She devised Shop Assistance, a scheme in which celebrities serve in shops, bars and restaurants for a day and 5 per cent of the day's gross takings from the businesses are given to charity. So on July 30 in Covent Garden, Diana Rigg will be serving in Laura Ashley, Stephen Fry will be presiding over the cash register in the General Store and theatrical agents will be mixing screwdrivers behind the bar in Joe Allen's (they cannot but



Kelly Hunter: idea for charity

improve the service). Jeffrey Archer, Jonathan Ross, Emma Thompson and Richard Branson have still to be allocated jobs for the day and the full list of well known performers who are going to busk in the area has not yet been drawn up.

All the proceeds will go to AIDS charities (40 per cent to the Terence Higgins Trust and 60 per cent to Frontliners).

## Building the library of a lifetime

It is fortunate that Colin St John Wilson, professor of architecture at Cambridge, has a remarkably sanguine temperament. Professor Wilson is the architect of the new British Library, in Euston Road, which had originally been intended for completion in the year 2020. Alas, the Minister for the Arts, Richard Luce, is so appalled by the time and cost—as high as £1 billion—that he has now insisted on bringing completion forward to the mid 1990s. It is back to the drawing-board for “Sandy”, as friends call him.

“I’m not crying into my beer about it,” he says, somewhat stoically. “The old cathedrals evolved as they were being built—a transept here, a lady’s chapel there. Well, this building was also designed originally with the idea of evolution and change.”

Professor Wilson began the project in the early 1960s, when he was still in his 30s. “They thought it would be a shrewd idea to have a young man on the job,” he says ruefully. “I thought it might take all of six years.”

But first the Bloomsbury environmental lobby opposed his design for a classical building in front of the British Museum. Then the existing scheme, using a site behind St Pancras station, was hampered by planning delays, lack of money and sniping criticism

from the likes of Kingsley Amis and Hugh Trevor-Roper, who view the building of a British Library as a dark plot to deny readers access to the Round Reading Room in the British Museum. Now comes the Minister’s decision to mutilate the design.

Professor Wilson continues to look on the bright side, however. At least he may live to see his project finished. In 1996 he will still be only 74.

## Picture of health and political insecurity

The Prime Minister has a constitution which leaves the members of her staff and Cabinet awed. She was always robust but during the last nine years has acquired the steady adrenalin level that seems to give her at least double the energy of those who work for her.

The phenomenon is known to doctors who think that women are especially able to produce this overdrive. In just under a decade Mrs Thatcher has rarely taken more than a week’s holiday and at the same time she has suffered only a few ailments. She had a small problem with a finger which refused to straighten, a more serious eye disorder and, last year, during the election, an abscess in her gum.

What is interesting is that her vitality is matched by a remarkable loathing of illness. She has always been secretive about her own

MPs believe it to be, is so acute that she positively avoids contact with Cabinet colleagues who have been ill. She is always distantly sympathetic, as in the case of Lord Whitelaw, who suffered a minor stroke, and Lord Havers, the former Lord Chancellor, who had a heart complaint. The conditions they suffered from were not contagious but she acted as if they were.

For this reason Mr John Moore, currently the secretary of State for Health and Efficiency, must be beginning to feel nervous. Once a man of vim and games-master good looks, Moore is now considerably weakened by an attack of viral pneumonia. When he needed to be resolute about the changes in social security and the Health Service crisis, he produced a croaky and unconvincing performance in the Commons. His views have not changed, which is normally the cause of Mrs Thatcher’s disapproval, but he has committed the sin of being ill and that will be remembered when she comes to review her Cabinet’s performance in September.

## Why does Britain wait so long for new films?

For nine weeks earlier this year the top film at the American box office was *Good Morning Vietnam*. It took nearly \$12 million in its first weekend, a record for the Disney Studios who produced it under their Touchstone banner. Its star, Robin Williams, playing a rebellious disc jockey on the American armed forces radio station in mid-1960s Saigon, is thought to be a screen comedian of rare genius, and although he has appeared in earlier films this is the first that has transferred his anarchic, spontaneous humour to the screen.

It would be reasonable, with its American success, for the film to be on British screens as quickly as possible. That, alas, is not how it’s done. The London opening is September 23. It is just one of many films that opened in the United States before Christmas but will not be seen in Britain until the autumn.

Given that cinema attendances, after the long 40-year postwar decline, have risen steadily for the last three years, it seems a poor way to recompense the new audience by making it wait so long for new films.

It can hardly be good for



John Moore: ill at ease

problems and in the case of the eye disorder was less than open about its true nature. It is as if the recognition of illness would somehow increase her chances of becoming more seriously stricken.

This fear, for that is what some



business, either. Even European capitals have many American films earlier than London, in spite of dubbing and sub-titling. The stock excuse is the lack of screen space in the West End. Wardour Street is still conditioned by traditional releasing methods that are no longer acceptable. West End openings do not have the attraction they did in the past, and films fare better if they are put into principal cinemas across the country as quickly as possible, as in the United States.

Hope now rests with the new multiplex cinemas. Their owners, used to American methods, will expect a better response from the distributors.



REX FEATURES  
**Robin Williams: rebellious disc jockey in *Good Morning Vietnam***

More cinemas are coming to central London—adjoining the Odeon, Leicester Square and in the Trocadero complex, for example. The American company, CIC, has started building an eight-screen multiplex on the Whiteley's site in Bayswater. When finished it will command simultaneous West End programmes, as do the handful of successful multiplexes already in operation. Since each new development appears capable of generating admissions of a million or more a year the film distributors will be obliged to give patrons a better deal.

Inordinate waits for new films will, thankfully, no longer be justified.

## Give a dog a good name

There is a touching notice in the window of a Richmond petrol station that is bringing tears to the eyes of motorists filling up for the M3. It reads:

### LOST DOG

Three legs, blind in left eye, large scar on throat, bullet wound behind right ear, left ear missing, tail broken in three places, no teeth, recently castrated. Answers to the name of LUCKY.

## A dreadful day out LONDON ZOO

Regent's Park Zoological Gardens on a sunny morning fall somewhere between an exotic motorway service station and a holiday camp. Here, better than anywhere else in the city, you can see that despite the Europeanisation and capitalist vigour that is said to have converted Britain in the last decade, a large proportion of the population remains unstylish, down-at-heel and crass.

It may be that London Zoo, which is always complaining about its desperate financial state, has decided that it has no choice but to appeal to the lowest common denominator of all classes: that the only way to feed the animals and pay for their heat and veterinary bills is to feed human beings. There are now few parts of the Zoo that are out of sight of one of the cafés or ice-cream cabins or the new barbecue area from which wafts the dreadful smell of burning meat.

It is clear that people come here to eat and that the animals, rather than being the purpose of a visit, are a sideshow, something different to gape at during the consumption of jam doughnuts and hamburgers. This permanent feeding time is mostly conducted on the hoof but occasionally little troupes of visitors mark out a territory round one of the zoo benches and set about a packed lunch. Thermos flasks are produced, sandwiches unwrapped, babies plugged with bottles, older kiddies are clipped over the ear by the dominant male who is invariably denoted by aggressive displays and a camera with a long lens.

This is a time of special strain for the female, who fusses and clucks about her brood, worrying that the fish paste sandwiches have been left at home and that in consequence Sharon and Daniel and baby Stewart

will not have enough to fill their little faces. She is also anxious that the feeding habits of her brood may create a bad impression among other visitors, and moreover that her dominant male is getting sick of the whole business of family outings and wishes he had spent the entrance fee with other dominant males in the



pub. Thus the *al fresco* meal is accompanied by a good deal of tension between the adults and much loud and pre-emptive nagging of the brood: "Sharon if you don't share your crisps with Daniel I'll give you such a hiding."

The indoor feeding arrangements are, if anything, worse. The cafeteria, modelled on a filling station near Watford Gap, offers a limited menu, the principal attractions of which are chips and strawberry squash in a foil-top tumbler. The chips are dispensed in

envelopes—clearly there is a belief among the catering staff that china will be broken by their customers. The one interesting phenomenon of the canteen is the banana milk shake, which has all the appearance of a liquid (it is presented in a paper cup and with a straw) but none of its properties. In fact a cup of the stuff may be up-ended by little Sharon without the team of cleaners troubling their mops.

It is interesting that after feeding the next attraction is buying. Again this often precedes anyone taking notice of the animals, which is odd because what they buy at London Zoo are cuddly replicas of the animals. It is appreciation by one remove. Even when they do get to traipsing along the enclosures, they seem to prefer to look at the exhibits through a camera lens, rather than with the naked eye.

Thus the novelty boutique is far more popular than the cage of mandrills next to it, remarkable considering the male mandril's amazing iridescent behind. Inside are fluffy toys by the bucket load, tiny zebras, camels, miniature tigers, seals, plastic spiders, panda key rings, panda ball-point pens, panda purses, panda glasses and panda notebooks. The panda, the black and white emblem of near extinction, adorns everything. It is the symbol of the World Wildlife Fund but it is also, in a way, the logo of a lost cause, as forlorn as the London Zoo panda.

Reckoned to be one of the 1,000 remaining panda bears in the world, Chia Chia was given to Edward Heath in the early 1970s as a gesture of friendship between the Chinese and British peoples. Since then he has spent most of his time asleep, comatose with boredom, in a smallish cage by the group entrance to the zoo. He hides as far away from the crowds as possible, lying on what looks like an uncomfortable piece of scaffolding, chewing at bamboo canes.

There are many notices attached to Chia Chia's enclosure which explain that pandas are very diffident, very endangered and very fussy about what they eat. There is a history of their breeding record in captivity and a picture of beautifully wooded mountains where, had it not been for Edward Heath's mission, Chia Chia would almost certainly be enjoying life today. The notices seem to imply that there is some mystery as to why the pandas find it difficult to breed, although it must be obvious to the least gifted zoologist that this cage and the number of visitors clinging to it each day must be sufficient to send any animal into a state of depressed infertility. In desperation London Zoo are sending Chia Chia to Mexico on an 18-30 love holiday.

To some extent all the mammals and birds seem to be afflicted with Chia Chia's condition. With the exception of the apes, which live in groups and have a busy social life swinging about on tyres, most of the animals seem to lack lustre and vitality. Perhaps it is because their crude sense of existence, provided, one suspects, by the challenge of mating and finding food, has been lessened by the unchanging routine, the familiarity of their surroundings and, of course, the ugly people who come to eat near them ●



A lively little magazine, *Flight Safety Bulletin*, though one would not necessarily recommend it to those who are a trifle nervous of taking to the skies. It has, for instance, a regular handy summary of accidents and "incidents" in the air in which such-and-such a pipe falls off in mid-flight, brakes fail, undercarriage forks fracture and wheels drop off. The euphemisms are worth savouring. In one "incident", we are told, "the propeller separated from the aircraft". Why? "Due to slackness in the propeller fitting."

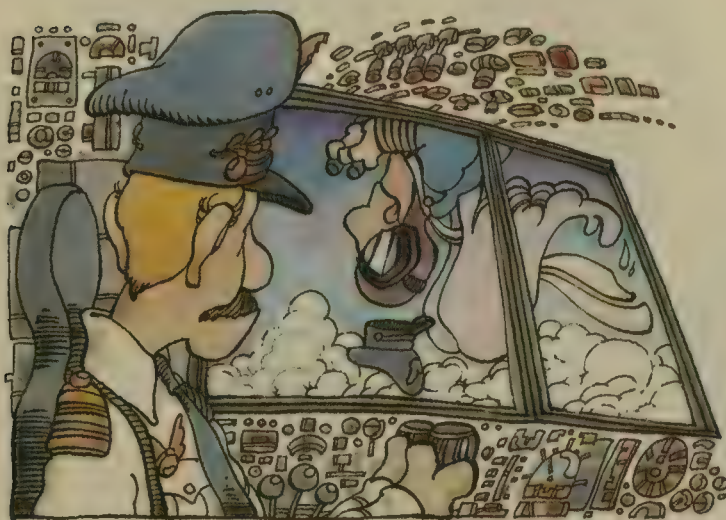
I am more fatalistic than squeamish about such things, but even I flinched when, in the same issue, I came across a report of the work of an eminent expert at the US Embry Riddle Aeronautical University who claims to have identified at least five "hazardous thought patterns" that can affect pilot judgment. You may wish to think carefully before reading on.

Number one is listed as "Anti-

# & ampersand

Alan Rusbridger keeps pilots under control, whistles in vain, snipes at an enemy and upturns a cliché

(haphazard)" who believes in destiny. "If it happens, it happens. There is nothing you can do about it." This is rather what I used to think. Since reading the eminent expert's work I have come round to thinking there is something you can do about it. Go by sea.

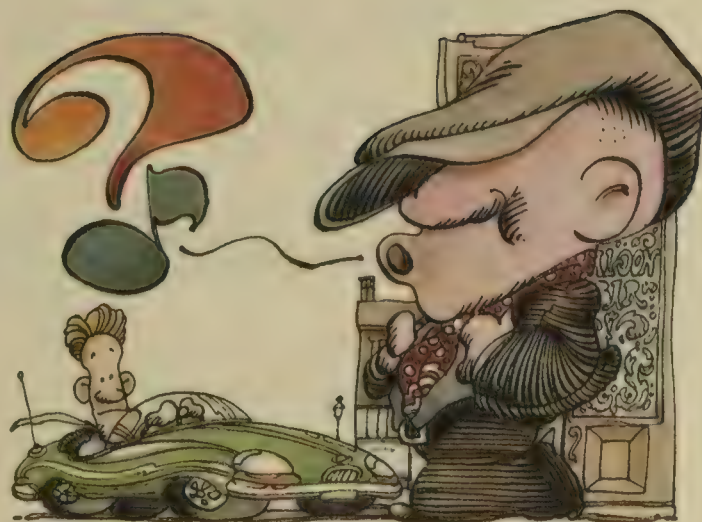


Authority (rebel)". These are pilots who work out their aggression through flying and express their opinions "through verbal insults or other destructive tactics". It is not too late to turn the page. Still with me? Well, number two is "Invulnerability (crazy)". These pilots think that nothing disastrous can happen to them. Please, turn to the listings if you ever want to fly again. Number three is "Impulsiveness (sucker)"—pilots who make decisions "without giving the decision much thought".

It's probably too late now, so you might as well read about number four, "Machó (acrobat)". "Their behaviour," comments the expert mildly, "is risk-taking, and they expose themselves to unnecessary danger." Finally, number five is the "Out of Control

Why is it that no one whistles any more? Is it that people are in general more miserable than they used to be? Or is it impossible to whistle while wearing a personal stereo? Or difficult to whistle while hissed at by someone else's personal stereo? Or tricky to whistle while bathed in muzak? Or is it simply a lack of decent tunes? Mozart was once delighted to hear his baker whistling one of his operatic arias the morning after a first night—an experience we can safely predict has hitherto been denied to Harrison Birtwistle or Motorhead.

Perhaps it is a factor of social changes. Students of old Ealing Studio films will know that it was always the lovable old Cockney who whistled, and always with a



particular working-class *vibrato*. So maybe whistling in London is one of the hidden casualties of yuppification. I should be grateful for any plausible suggestions.

No author should ever reply to a bad review. The American academic, Paul Fussell, once eloquently explained why: "These letters have something irresistibly comic about them. Sputtering away, the veins of their foreheads standing out, these little compositions generally deliver the most naked view of the author's wounded vanity. . . . All the author's sarcastic rebuttals . . . seem both too broad and too lame, inviting the reader to regard him as an even greater ass than before."

I know the temptation. I once attempted to reply to a review myself and was talked out of it by wiser colleagues. But until now I have never been on the receiving end of a reply. The retort came not in the conventional form of a letter to the editor, but in a newspaper column written by the author whose book I had reviewed.

The wounded party was Joe Haines, whose book on Robert Maxwell I had written about in *The Guardian*. The review was, I confess, less than flattering. The book struck me as a work of sad sycophancy from one so talented, but on the whole I thought I was kind about the subject matter.

Mr Haines's response in his *Daily Mirror* column took an unusual form. He did not take issue with any of my criticisms. Instead, he revealed the sinister fact that I was once employed by Mr Maxwell (perfectly true), together with my approximate salary, my rental allowance and the compensation Mr Maxwell paid me when he decided to close the paper down. The relevance of these details may escape you until

Mr Haines's final rhetorical flourish reveals all: "Rusbridger chooses to call me a poodle. What do you call someone who bites the hand that feeds him so sumptuously? A jackal?"

In other words, the Haines rule of journalism is: the more someone pays you, the more you wag your tail. This was the very philosophy that seemed to inform Mr Haines's book. A case of Mr Haines, in taking exception, proving the rule.

I recently wrote a piece about the Aylesbury Estate in Southwark and got a modest sackful of disagreeable letters by return. Significantly, none came from people actually living on the estate but from councillors, community workers etc. They were all outraged that someone should repeat all the "clichés" about the place i.e., describe the graffiti-sprayed walls, the howling walkways, the junk, the excrement.

Happily, recent experiments tend to suggest that there are ways of amending such estates which reap huge benefits. One is the removal of walkways. Writing in the current issue of *The Criminologist*, Professor Alice Coleman reports on two such experiments: at Lisson Grove and at the Mozart Estate in Westminster. At Lisson Grove the burglary rate has dropped by 50 per cent and at the Mozart by 55 per cent—a rate maintained over 13 months. She is a strong advocate of design improvements (DI) rather than the current Home Office policy of security improvement (SI), which boils down to more bolts, more locks, more doors, more policemen. Professor Coleman has been spreading modest quantities of good sense around for some time now. You wait. Pretty soon some councillor will pop up and accuse her of talking in clichés ●







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# Test of leadership for Mike Gatting

by Lewis Chester



A lighter moment between Botham and Gatting, England v Pakistan 1987

Television gives a poor impression of Mike Gatting's appearance. Because most England cricketers tend to be long and lean, Gatting conveys a portly, almost cuddly, impression. In fact, he is well above average height, almost 5ft 11ins, and, when at his best weight of a little over 14 stone, his physical power is almost palpable.

The pugnacity is accentuated by a nose now deeply compressed as a result of a close encounter with a Malcolm Marshall bouncer in the West Indies. The eyes are lively enough, but when narrowed they all but disappear, making his face a flat, ominous mask.

Gatting does have a smile, not dissimilar to the sun emerging, but with newspaper persons it is usually in eclipse. Cricketers who have served under his captaincy in Middlesex and England teams think he is the most tremendous guy, and respect his honesty and directness. They might make fun of him, of course. His addiction to all sweet things, and adoration of Branston pickle, are easy targets. And there is nothing God-like about his judgments. Phil Edmonds, a county and England team-mate, once observed that Gatting could not spot "a political nicety in a cheese and pickle sand-

wich." But what he lacks in nuance is, in the players' eyes, more than compensated for by a sturdy even-handedness in all his dealings. Peter Roebuck, the captain of Somerset, affectionately describes him as totally wanting in the glib and oily art—"a Cordelia of a man".

It is this deficiency which most concerns administrators of the game. His verbal brawl with Shakoor Rana, the Pakistani umpire in Faisalabad last December, rocked the cricketing world. Never before had the umpire's authority been so visibly impugned and, in the ensuing row over who should back down, memories of Munich and the Falklands were invoked. Jingoism did not abate when Gatting reportedly cited the Prime Minister as his exemplar: "Does Maggie back down when she's given no choice?"

Under great pressure, Gatting ensured the game's resumption by signing a one-line apology: "Dear Shakoor Rana, I apologise for the bad language used during the 2nd day of the Test match at Faisalabad" (sic).

The memory rankles. Gatting still feels there should have been a matching apology from the umpire. Of the incident itself, he remarks: "I really can't say even now whether I should have

acted differently. But I do sometimes feel 'Why me?' All those years and I'm the one who had to do something about it. All I hope is that the country will mend its ways and some good will come out of it—and I hear that this is happening now. I don't want the whole thing dragged up again."

The chances of it staying buried are practically nil. Even if the Test and County Cricket Board give Gatting the benefit of the doubt, there are influential elements in the game not inclined to forgive. Wisden, the cricketer's Bible, has snobbishly described him as leading from the quartermaster's store rather than the quarter-deck: "When those who lead are unable to rise above their former station—indeed, who do not consider it essential to do so—those who they lead cannot be inspired."

All this echoes the most common criticism of Gatting among the cricketing press corps: that he is too close to the men, and somehow unattuned to the higher verities. "He's a sergeant-major," said one senior correspondent, "doing an officer's job."

He is certainly not a man of any great pretension. Born in North London, he has never strayed far from his roots. He now lives in Enfield, where his wife Elaine was born. They have two sons: Andrew, five, and James, almost two. Aside from an enthusiasm for Tolkien, Gatting's recreational tastes are unsurprising—pop music, eating and sports other than cricket.

He will be 31 this month, and reckons he is good for another eight years in cricket—longer, perhaps, if the authorities reduce the pressure of the interminably long cricket calendar. His normal attire is conventional yet, despite the prosaic externals of his life, Gatting is not an ordinary man. If he were, he could not bat in such a remarkable way.

"A true batsman," wrote the late Sir Neville Cardus, "should, in most of his strokes, tell the truth about himself." Applied to Gatting, the concept implies a character of considerable complexity.

He is best known as a devastating striker of the ball, particularly off the back foot. As a pure attacking batsman, he is the only real rival of Ian Botham, but he is more than that. His power is allied to a great range of dexterity that can make a different adventure of each innings. He's also cheeky with it, though sometimes the





Gatting on form at the Oval, England v India, 1986. His power and dexterity make a different adventure of each innings

cheek seems misplaced, as when he mistimed a reverse sweep in the World Cup final, and England's hopes dribbled down the drain.

But there is one shot perhaps more characteristic than any of his great strokes and which is rarely commented on. This comes when he plants a foot down the wicket with mayhem in mind, then blocks the delivery with a barely restrained straight bat. It is a fractional triumph of defence over aggression.

One suspects that the authorities, and certainly the cricket writers, see a great deal of the aggressive/defensive side of Gatting's make-up. I certainly saw it during the first half of our interview. Then it dissolved in a curious way.

My question to him was about why England had performed so differently under his leadership in one-day internationals as opposed to Test matches. In one-day games, apart from the lapse in the World Cup final in India, England had established themselves in the front rank and erased any lingering phobias about West Indian supremacy. In Tests, however, aside from the famous Ashes victory in Australia two winters ago, there had not been much to rejoice about.

My idea was to give Gatting a chance to talk expansively about the one-day success story,

but he evidently thought I was casting a slur on the Test side. He proceeded in true aggressive/defensive style:

"Now come on, let's just look at the record. Last summer we had Pakistan in England, and we really only lost to them because we played badly in one session. The weather beat us in most of the other matches, though I know that

**'Gatting is a  
sergeant-major  
doing an  
officer's job'**

sounds a bit like an excuse. Then we went to Pakistan. Well, we were never going to win there, however we played. Then we went to New Zealand where. . ."

At this point Gatting saw the absurdity of his own propaganda and broke into a peal of laughter. "When you go through it," he said, "it doesn't sound too good, does it?" After that, it

was possible to glimpse the side of Gatting that his cricketing colleagues find so engaging.

There was never really any question of his becoming anything but a professional sportsman. Gatting remembers his first big break at the age of five when his parents, Bill and Vera, moved to Willesden to run a sports club for Handley Page, the aircraft manufacturer.

**G**atting and his younger brother, Steve, had the run of all the facilities, but concentrated on two sports—soccer and cricket. At Wykeham primary school, Michael exhibited his promise by scoring a century in a 20-over match. At his comprehensive, John Kelly Boys' High, he emerged as the hope of London cricket as a bat and useful medium-paced bowler.

Aged 14, he was close to glory. Picked for the Middlesex 2nd XI, he found himself shaping up to John Shepherd, a fast bowler who had played for the West Indies, and was bowled first ball.

No isolated setback, however, could impede his rise. The problem was deciding on the direction. At 16 he had the five O levels to substantiate his fall-back career as a PE teacher. Through the Brondesbury Cricket Club, he had



secured connections that he knew could put him on the books at Middlesex. Meanwhile, Watford football club was flourishing a contract for his services as a full-back.

Gatting says the choice was not too difficult. "This was before Elton John, you'll understand, so Watford did not look that glamorous. And, to be honest, I enjoy playing football more than the training. The really big thing about Middlesex for me was the idea of playing regularly at Lord's—like playing in Wembley Stadium every week."

It was Steve Gatting who took the soccer route, playing first for Arsenal and later Brighton. The teenage Michael Gatting could not help noticing that his kid brother had chosen the more immediately profitable path, but never regretted his own choice. Below the top level of the game, cricket is not financially rewarding. On cricketing scholarships to Australia, Gatting used to supplement his meagre funds by working as a labourer in a Sydney engineering works—"greasing lathes, that kind of thing".

By the age of 20, Gatting had secured a regular place in the Middlesex team and scored over 1,000 runs in a season. When he was selected for England's winter tour of Pakistan and New Zealand, a great future seemed before him. On tour he managed three Test innings, scoring 5, 6 and a duck, and on his return he found himself reduced to a team he had graced at the age of 14—the Middlesex 2nd XI.

Gatting has a deeply ingrained sense of himself as a man who has to battle against the odds. Yet, from very early days, there have been those up there who liked him very much—among them, the cerebral former captain of Middlesex and England, Michael Brearley.

Gatting and Brearley—who now practises as a psychotherapist—did not, on the surface, appear to have much in common. Gatting, however, speaks of Brearley as "easily the most important captain" he had served under, and Brearley paid Gatting the ultimate compliment. When Brearley gave up the captaincy of Middlesex in 1983, there were three highly-favoured candidates for the succession: Clive Radley, and two seasoned spin-artists, Phil Edmonds and John Emburey. But it was the younger Mike Gatting who emerged, with Brearley's backing, as the new skipper.

Gatting had a hard act to follow, but his team won the first available trophy—coming from behind to beat Essex in the Benson & Hedges Cup final—and Middlesex was restored to success. As they reeled off successive championship victories, Gatting acquired a formidable reputation as a breaker of bowlers' hearts. At Test level, however, it was the reverse.

In and out of the England side since 1977, Gatting never achieved the sense of security crucial to his game. "With batting," he says, "confidence is the important thing. I'd say it is 70 per cent mental attitude and 30 per cent actual technique." With England, as he slid up and down the batting order, Gatting never seemed sure of his footing. There were suggestions that his bumptiousness alienated older players. Gatting merely says that there were years when he felt "not quite part of the team". This feeling seems to have been particularly pronounced under the cap-



Gatting at home with his wife, Elaine, and young sons, Andrew and James

taincies of Ian Botham and Bob Willis.

The end came with the Lord's Test against the West Indies in 1984. In a tight situation, Gatting "froze" against Malcolm Marshall and was out leg-before. The pundits wrote him off. Gatting was not a true Test batsman. He could score quick runs and amass some fair totals—in his 52 innings for England there had been nine 50s—but he was not a century-maker in the Test class. He also had this distressing tendency to get himself out in foolish ways, sometimes without playing a shot. Gatting was dropped again—this time, it seemed, for good.

But he still had supporters. While Brearley encouraged positive thinking, it was a new England captain, David Gower, who offered a positive opportunity. He insisted not only that Gatting be included in the winter tour of India, but that he also be made vice-captain. Gatting recalls: "David really threw me a lifeline after I'd thought I could say goodbye to Test cricket for quite a bit." On Gower's side there was friendship but also calculation. The Indians were particularly proud of their spin attack, and there is no better blaster of slow bowling than Mike Gatting in confident mood.

In India, Gatting established that he could make Test hundreds, and double hundreds, and still not lose his cheek. On 192 in the Madras Test, he decided to offend the purists by playing the controversial reverse sweep. This time it came off. Gatting's quality as a batsman has never since been in doubt.

He never sought the captaincy of England. Indeed, he was more than a shade embarrassed to be asked to take over from David Gower, the man who had helped him out of the hole. But the selectors evidently saw England itself as being in a bit of a hole, and Gatting, with his undoubted capacity for leading from the front, seemed to be the answer.

Like Brearley, but more instinctively, Gatting has the ability to get the best out of his side. He may also have benefited from his years of being "not quite a part" of the England team. He is resolved none of the England players should feel the same way now. Yet the results have been elusive. In the three most recent five-day series,

only two matches have been won—neither by England. But England under Gatting is more competitive. It is difficult to imagine the team being outplayed, as was often the case in the past, though this summer's series against the West Indians could be the acid test.

Aside from Faisalabad, Gatting's real failures have been his relations with the media. This is not so peripheral as it might sound. Cricket at Test level is probably the most closely monitored of all sports, not only by the cameras but by an army of reporters all intent on scooping instant reactions. Many are devotees of cricket, but a significant number are "story-finders", and no players' hotel or even changing-room is proof against them.

Gatting cannot abide their practice of nosing around for "off-the-field" stories. "They should be ashamed," he says, "to do the things they do just to sell newspapers." He also thinks that in his relations with press men he is more sinned against than sinning.

There is some evidence for this. The infamous "Gatt the Pratt" and "Captain Cock-Up" headlines both emerged at the time of last summer's Edgbaston Test when England were late taking the field. Gatting was blamed, but it was in fact the umpire's duty to inform the players of the need to be on parade.

Journalists unkindly treasure the England captain's linguistic infelicities—along the line of "I'm having the life of my time"—and speculate endlessly about his use of the word "sorry", which rarely has any apologetic content. It can mean "How dare you ask me a question like that?", or "I really hope I didn't hear that", or "Are you thick or something?"

The observation is cruel, but it does have its kernel of truth. Most of his predecessors acquired the knack of saying nothing gracefully when the news was slow. Brearley and Gower were superb at it. Gatting rarely seems to try and, if he does, the effort shows and he makes himself and his listeners feel bored and grumpy.

Some conflicts are inevitable. Journalists naturally make comparisons Gatting finds invidious. "The Press," he complains, "are all for me bawling out players in public, and when I don't they write stuff about me being too close to them. But I do my share of bawling out—behind closed doors."

Cricket writers might achieve a better understanding of Gatting if they read more Tolkien and less Wisden. They should pay particular attention to the Dwarves, churlish characters but with hearts of gold. They are described as proud, obstinate, bumptious, surly, tenacious, blunt, clannish, jealous, quick to quarrel, possessed of a secret language and fierce in their love of craftsmanship.

Gatting himself bears some responsibility for the mistrust that exists between him and his own commentators. The truth is that his powers of communication are perfectly adequate among sportsmen or with his family. If he could bring himself to extend the circle a bit he would probably get the press he deserves ●

*Photograph, above from Leading From The Front: The Autobiography of Mike Gatting by Mike Gatting with Angela Patmore, published on June 16 by Macdonald Queen Anne Press, £12.95*



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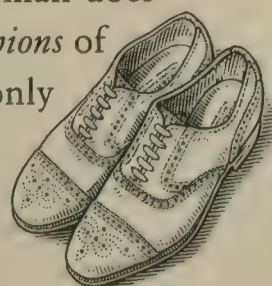
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# On the dictates of style.

The Duke of Windsor once shocked the self-styled arbiters of fashion by wearing (horrors!) brown suede shoes with a dark blue suit.

His apparent solecism was explained by a friend; "It would be wrong – if it were a mistake. But the Duke *knows better* – so it's alright."

This splendid tale illustrates our own views on a gentleman's wardrobe. A gentleman does not follow the *fashions* of others; he follows only his own instincts for *style*.



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# THE SPORT OF BUSINESSMEN

Sporting events are being taken over by companies that are entertaining clients. Kim Fletcher reports on the boom in corporate hospitality



ALL-SPORT

Kowtowing to the might of sponsorship: sporting events are big occasions for corporate hospitality—but should the real fans be denied the best seats?

Half an hour before kick-off, tension was seeping into the festive atmosphere in the small marquee at Twickenham. The 60 guests, down from South Wales for the England match, had polished off the champagne, finished a five-course lunch and talked excitedly to rugby heroes they had watched as boys. But where were the grandstand tickets they had been promised?

As cheers rose from the ground, the marquee—and five others like it—began to bay for the blood of the marketing company that had organised the débâcle. The company's managing director was rescued by police while the guests, mostly business clients of companies who had paid hundreds of pounds to entertain them at this rugby international, watched the match on TV.

"It was excruciating," says Huw Harris,

display advertising manager of the *Western Mail* newspaper, who had invited 11 favoured customers to the big game. "Our customers accepted it wasn't my fault they'd come all this way to twiddle their thumbs but they certainly weren't pleased."

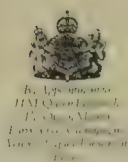
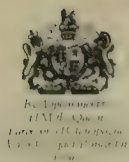
However, the failure of the tickets to materialise at Twickenham last February is one of the rare occasions when business hospitality has failed to run smoothly at big sporting events. Throughout June and July many of the thousands of spectators who flock to Royal Ascot, Wimbledon and Henley will be going for no better reason than that they are clients held in such esteem that big companies will spend more than £200 a day to entertain them. This is called corporate hospitality, and it is a booming business.

The recently-formed Corporate Hospitality Association has about 30 member companies,

of which the biggest is Keith Prowse & Co. Its closest rival is Business Entertainments, now eight years old, which organises mainly sports hospitality, together with a few arts packages like ballet at the Colosseum (£250 a head). For Wimbledon on men's final day it is charging £730 per person. This includes a champagne reception, a bar open all day and lunch with wine, liqueurs and cigars. Managing director Charles Wheeler, who has already sold "several hundred" packages, justifies the high cost: "We take the worry away from people. All they have to do is turn up on the day."

The usual package offered by companies is a meal and a drink with a chance to meet sporting celebrities. According to Mike Burton, former Gloucestershire and England rugby player and now head of a highly-successful management company, actual business is rarely discussed, particularly at the more up-market events.





FRIENDS of the WIDOW CLICQUOT  
*Tim Rice*

*My Widow Clicquot is very much a grass widow. That's because I associate her with the cricketing side of my life.*

*Of course she's popped her corks at many a theatrical celebration... but Summer brings out the particular pleasure of Veuve Clicquot for me and since we late-order batsmen tend to spend long periods in the pavilion, I am able to give the Widow the careful consideration she deserves.*

*In fact, at my level of play, her champagne is more useful than nets. Practice may not improve me... but the odd glass certainly does.*

*My Widow, then, is the elegance and excitement of a vintage innings by a Compton, a Dexter or a Gower. And, in my case, magnificent compensation for a duck.*







Royal Ascot, 1987: Who is watching the racing?



Henley Regatta: The Berkshire bank is coveted



Ever ready: Joan Collins and beau at the Derby

"If it was Henley, Wimbledon or Twickenham, you certainly wouldn't get business discussed. You position yourself to get to know the bloke and maybe call him next week. If it's the Cup Final or boxing you might discuss business—it's not just your As, Bs and Cs there, and you get the sort of blokes who'll do a deal while they're there."

At some events the tickets, often closely-controlled by the sport's governing body, will be obtained from dubious sources at inflated prices. At others they come directly from the organisers, who are conscious of the financial benefits of business tie-ins.

"It's only certain tickets that are any good to corporate clients," says Burton. "They don't want the cheap £3.50 seats; they want to be up in the middle, behind the royal box. And you've got to have them in pairs, because otherwise you're not in a position to hold your client captive."

According to its critics, the result is a two-tier system of attendance, with many of those who know and care least about the sport getting the best seats.

The Henley Regatta, which owns land on both banks of the Thames, has skilfully contrived to get the best of both worlds. The area of the Berkshire bank that belongs to the Regatta remains pure—the steward's enclosure is open



"The club thinks that those people who queue for hours add to the atmosphere that is Wimbledon"

only to rowers, members and their guests—while business meets on the Oxford bank.

But the Berkshire bank is not entirely out of bounds to business. The Leander Club, which for some socialites is Henley, cheerfully pockets rent from Jaguar and Pimm's for hospitality tents. It has bought, among other things, a new roof out of the proceeds.

"Henley is an institution that fits our customer profile very well," says Peter Battam, marketing services manager of Jaguar, which pays about £20,000 for the use of the marquee alone. "Our guests are made honorary members for the day so they can enter the holy of holies, which makes them feel a bit special. We get the best views and catering is superb. In a very low-key way we are able to sell motor cars."

There will be the same low-key approach at Wimbledon, where, to the dismay of the tennis fans who queue outside the gates each day, 44 marquees are taken each year by businesses. "The club is particularly concerned not to allow the corporate side of it to be too obvious," says Sue Youngman, who handles the All England club's public relations. "The club thinks that those people who queue for hours add to the atmosphere that is Wimbledon."

Each marquee, with top tickets for 26 guests, costs the firm that hires it from £4,000 to £6,000 a day. Profits go not to the All England club but to the Lawn Tennis Association. "Companies can meet their clients on a much more personal basis," says Geoff Bluett, commercial consultant to the club. "There are 100 companies on the waiting list and, unless they've something special to offer tennis in return, they won't get on any faster. We've had companies attempting to bribe their way in but they can't do it."

However, other marquees sprout on land outside the club's control. Mike Burton offers champagne receptions in a marquee on the golf club, close to the tennis-club gates: "We've put propositions to most sporting bodies about supplying us with tickets, but if they allocate too many tickets to the corporate entertainment sector, the man in the street is going to start asking what is going on."

So far this concern for the "man in the street" has prevented sports events cashing in as successfully as they could. "Any large entertainment areas mustn't take away any of the enjoyment from the man who pays at the gate," says Captain Nicholas Beaumont, clerk of the Ascot course. And, although grandstand suites and other areas are available for hire at Ascot, the businesses who do so cannot buy into the part in which everyone wants to be seen, the Royal Enclosure.

So to what extent is this money from business damaging the atmosphere of sporting events? And how much does it prevent the real fan getting in?

According to the Institute of Sports Sponsorship, set up under the presidency of the Duke of Edinburgh to organise compatible sports and sponsors, the answer is: Not at all. The problem comes, says its secretary, Peter Lawson, when tickets distributed according to the rules of the sports' governing bodies are sold off unofficially to outsiders. "Somebody with a big wallet can swan in to Wimbledon. The public reacts badly to that."

Nigel Dempster, *Daily Mail* diarist and self-styled arbiter of English society, is sanguine about the effects of corporate hospitality, though in the past he had deplored Royal Ascot as a "sordid sideshow for naked commerce".

"It's the only way most people are going to get anything to eat," he claims. "Cheltenham is such a scrum one is desperately keen to get an invitation to have lunch at any hospitality tent."

"It's no good entertaining clients to an evening at the Savoy. They want to go to places where things happen. It's wonderful for Ever Ready, taking over the Derby. They invite Joan Collins and other celebrities, and all the battery salesmen who sell the most batteries come and gawp."

"You must remember that very few people actually go for the racing. You've got a hard core of racing people, and the rest are people who just go to see what is happening. Of the 60,000 at Royal Ascot, I doubt whether 10 per cent are actually looking at horses." ●





The short story.





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The full story.



# THE POWER BROKERS

## THE TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE WHO REALLY MATTER IN BRITAIN

By Marcel Berlins

Throughout history Britain has been manipulated by people other than those we imagine to be our leaders. These are the power brokers, the men and women whose merest whisper can change the way we think and live. Their influence is no less potent in Thatcher's Britain. In this special feature we reveal who they are and how they work

**W**ho really matters in Britain today? The temptation is to start with the Prime Minister and work down through her Cabinet to the senior civil service; then add a few captains of industry, an archbishop or two, the odd professor and a smattering of the very rich, newspaper editors, defence chiefs and lawyers. Some daring lists would even include economists. But how many of them are important in the sense that they can fundamentally affect our society? How many of them, if they disappeared tomorrow, would not easily be replaced by someone else, just as competent, just as influential? The list narrows.

The mistake is to confuse important jobs with those who happen to hold them at the time. In this issue we provide an alternative list—of people who really do matter, not specifically because of the positions they hold but because of their personalities and proclivities. Call them, if you will, the powers behind the throne, the

unseen persuaders, the *eminescences grises* of our time.

They are the descendants of Talleyrand, the French statesman who deftly managed not just to survive countless changes of government (including the Revolution itself) but to wield power and influence in each. As Duff Cooper, his biographer, put it: "It was typical of Talleyrand that in this as in every other channel of the vast labyrinth of intrigue, he fulfilled himself no definite function, but served only as a go-between, acquainted with everybody, knowing everything, and holding in his hands the end of every string."

Our complex pluralist society no longer allows for a Talleyrand. No single person can wield so much power and influence in today's Britain. But there are, in every field of endeavour, little Talleyrands doing their bit. Unlike Talleyrand, they are not duplicitous and devoid of scruples. Like him, they work in the shadows, behind the main players, carrying on their ▶



### George Weidenfeld

Baron (Life Peer) 1976. Chairman, Weidenfeld & Nicolson; Governor, University of Tel Aviv. Formerly: Chief of Cabinet of President Weizmann of Israel. Married three times. One child. Educated: University of Vienna; Konsular Akademie. Aged 68.

The most prominent features of Lord Weidenfeld are his eyes—dark, penetrating and swivelling. Their lateral motion, which enables him to pick his way round publishing parties to the best possible effect, is not universally admired, but it's hard to take deep offence. For one thing the parties are usually his, held in the grand style at his flat on the Chelsea Embankment. For another there's not a trace of social snobbery in it. "He does it to the Queen too," says a friend.

George Weidenfeld's rise to eminence in English life began in 1938 when, aged 19, he arrived as a refugee from Nazi-occupied Vienna with 16s 9d in capital. Over the years he has been loaded with honours, particularly by Labour leaders, who write more than Tories, without ever conspicuously taking sides. The one consistent line has been his Zionism.

Parties are the fulcrum of business life. To Weidenfeld they are the perfect places for finding the right answers. "You might have an unresolved question," he once explained, "and you can ask it: then there are 10 or 12 minutes for an answer." Weidenfeld has been wooing the great and the good this way for over 40 years. Not that he ever neglects the merely aspiring. His first book, published after the war, was a study of the coal industry written by an obscure young statistician called Harold Wilson, who later, as Prime Minister, elevated his publisher to the peerage.

He was the first to publish *Lolita*, the first to convince Antonia Fraser and Arianna Stassinopoulos that they had talents above their station, and the first to produce coffee table books bigger than coffee tables. He has dealt with the most exciting people of the age from, in his own words, "Mike Jagger to General de Gaulle, Kissinger to the Dalai Lama".

Though nobody questions that Weidenfeld is married to the business—his own three marriages all ended in divorce—the personal style can cause stress. André Deutsch, his friend and sparring partner in publishing, once said: "His vice-chairman changes like I change my underpants."

Back in 1984, along with other publishers, he appeared to be facing financial problems. But with one bound he was free. Among his close and influential friends happened to be Ann Getty, wife of the mega-rich oilman Gordon Getty, who owns a flat in the same block as Weidenfeld on the Thames.

With Mrs Getty as his backer, Weidenfeld put the London operation back on its feet and launched into New York where he now owns Grove Press, which carries earners such as Harold Pinter and Samuel Beckett on its lucrative backlist. Weidenfeld now speaks of Mrs Getty as his "heir", but the legacy may be somewhat delayed. All the signs are that Weidenfeld plans to go through his 70s publishing and partying as before.



◀ intrigues away from the public gaze. Their stock-in-trade is ideas, information, contacts and discretion. What they achieve behind the scenes fashions our society; their whispers can result in fundamental changes to the way we think and live.

Identifying them is not easy. They do not proclaim their influence. Laying down criteria for inclusion in our list is no less difficult. They are not necessarily part of the establishment (whatever definition one gives to the word) nor of the old-boy network—although some of them are clearly members of both. It helps to be influential if you have a lot of old school and university chums in key positions. But most of our list had no such advantages. France may still be run by graduates of the Grandes Ecoles, but Oxbridge no longer rules England, and the power of Old Etonians in the Government is by no means as extensive as their numbers.

Members of the Government, by definition, cannot belong. It is their job to influence, manipulate, make false promises and deceive. They may, indeed, do some of this in private, but they are nonetheless only fulfilling the obligations of their trade. The same is true of permanent secretaries. Of course, Sir Robert, Lord Amman was one of the most influential men in the country, and his successor, Sir Robin Butler, will soon become so. But that is to be expected. Nor does it come as any surprise to learn that permanent secretaries to the Treasury have often been far more important in shaping the country's economic policies than the political masters they have served.

Politicians in the House of Commons are discounted, too, unless they have a secret life which fits them to our formula. We have found none that do. But peers—provided not in government—are eligible, and several gain entry. Their presence has little to do with their membership of the Upper House, but the fact that some of them are in that place testifies to their influence. Libel lawyers are not normally ennobled, nor left-wing firebrands turned university Masters, nor the heads of a numerically minor religion.

It is no disqualification to be a national figure. The famous can be as competently work in the shadows as the obscure. The original *Eminence grise* was a well-known cleric—François le Clerc du Tremblay, known as *le père Joseph*, who was confident and adviser to Cardinal Richelieu at a time when the great French statesman was himself the power behind Louis XIII's throne. But the majority of French citizens had little idea of the extent of his influence. We all know, for example, Dickie Attenborough, or rather we know what he chooses to tell us about himself. He is on our list because of what he does when he is not wearing his public mask.

Our shadowy intriguers must have an influence greater and wider than that which his or her job, position or status warrants. So men such as Duke Hussey, Michael Grade, Number 10 press secretary Bernard Ingham, Sir Isaiah Berlin, Peter Hall or Robert Alexander QC don't make it. They may bestirde their own worlds like Coleridge, but their marks goes no further. Our eminences spread their wings wider. One of the attributes shared by a majority is membership of a variety of ▶

## William Rees-Mogg

(On right) Knight, 1981. Chairman and Proprietor, Pickering & Chatto Ltd; Chairman, Arts Council of Great Britain; columnist, *Financial Independent*. Formerly: journalist, *Financial Times*; Editor, *The Times*. Married. Five children. Educated: Charterhouse; Balliol College, Oxford. Aged 59.

Sir William Rees-Mogg is the proprietor of the antiquarian bookellers Pickering & Chatto. He is also the author of a volume entitled *How To Buy Rare Books, A Practical Guide to the Antiquarian Market*. It is typical of Sir William that he gives these two quaint achievements prominence in his entry in *Who's Who*.

Sir William, despite this modest declaration, is an extremely influential man. From the earliest days at Charterhouse School he has, in the words of one former colleague on *The Times*, "worked under the assumption that he was one of the élite and that he had been put on earth to run Britain."

This strange, West Country figure first came to the attention of his contemporaries when he was at Oxford and revealed to *his* that he read the *Financial Times* at breakfast. The *FT* took the hint and employed the young Rees-Mogg, who turned up for work on his first day wearing a Homburg and carrying a silver-topped cane. He moved to *The Sunday Times* and became editor of *The Times* in 1967.

The stories about Sir William—his obsession with a return to the Gold Standard, his interview with Mick Jagger, his remote editing of *The Times*, and his appearance in the scurrilous series of novels by Simon Raven—have tended to obscure firstly, his main preoccupation and secondly, his chief talent.

In a sense the two are the same: he is fascinated by politics and he possesses a remarkably acute sense of how the establishment works, the alliances within it and the dynamics of opinions that affect it. In short, he understood from a very early age about influence.

His departure from *The Times*, which coincided with Rupert Murdoch's acquisition of the newspaper, might have signalled the end of Sir William's prominence, but if anything it served to show that he was still one of the people who really mattered. He joined the Arts Council and served as the vice-chairman of the BBC Board of Governors, now headed by another former *Times* newspaper man, Duke Hussey. He was a prime mover in the *Radio Times* row and has recently showed himself capable of openly waging war against those who allege that the BBC is under the remote control of the Prime Minister's office.

When Sir William was appointed Chairman of the Arts Council in 1982, BBC employees urged the Arts Council itself to keep him busy with trivia to ensure that his radical and independent mind was not applied to the larger problems of public funding of the arts. This did not work and he was instrumental in introducing the incentive funding scheme.

Sir William is now strongly favoured to become the Arts Council of the proposed Broadcasting Standards Council, which will monitor and control the amount of sex and violence on television.



## David Nicholas

(On left) Editor and Chief Executive, Independent Television News. Formerly: Journalist with *Yorkshire Post*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Observer*. Married. Two children. Educated: Neath Grammar School; University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. Aged 58.

"If you look at ITN as a pantomime horse," says a long-serving news reporter, "you've got Alastair Burnet at the front and David Nicholas at the back."

Nicholas, editor and chief executive of Independent Television News since 1977, may not be as well known as Burnet, but behind the scenes he has done more than anyone to elevate the general quality of television news coverage. Previous ITN editors were obliged to be diplomats, fighting the network for more airtime and funding. Nicholas is by temperament and background a shirt-sleeves newsmen with a



## Gordon Reece

Public relations consultant. Formerly: Journalist; TV producer; Director at Conservative Central Office; Special Adviser to Mrs Thatcher; Vice President, Occidental Petroleum Corporation, Los Angeles. Marriage dissolved. Six children. Educated: Ratcliffe, Downing College, Cambridge. Aged 55.

Unusually for the Thatcherite circle, Gordon Reece is a thoroughly nice individual. It is difficult to take against a man who insisted that in one former job he would be supplied with all the cigars and champagne that he could consume. Nor can one quarrel with the PR pro who observed: "I don't understand monetarism but I know how to make it look good."

Reece has had his full share of unhappiness, but he never shows it. He has instead a delicious gaiety and in the way of Arnold Bennett's character, The Card, "is involved in the great enterprise of cheering us all up". This is always an important ingredient to influence, as Lords McAlpine and Weidenfeld have discovered. The ability to make people enjoy themselves and to act as an unofficial impresario of social pleasure is as important as any number of directorships.

The point about Sir Gordon is that, like McAlpine, he is extremely good at his job. It is well known that he alone was responsible for reforming the Prime Minister's image in 1979, persuading her to discard her dreadful Tory hats and training to lower her voice. Occasionally he is called back at times of crisis and election to assume his role as the Professor Higgins of Number 10, but he generally remains at a distance from the messy business of party



"feel" for popular journalism and much loved by his troops, whom he leads by example.

He was the first, and some say best, producer of News At Ten. His old colleague Burnet has admitted that "he made me". News At Ten is now a national institution, like ITN itself, which was putting out only 10 minutes of main news a day when Nicholas joined from *The Daily Telegraph* in 1960. It has grown under his guidance into one of the six major TV news companies in the world. Including the hour-long Channel 4 news, it produces four long daily shows and (a pointer for the future) the late-evening Super Channel News, televised by satellite across Europe.

Nicholas pioneered ITN's special coverage of elections, budgets and American space launches (a particular enthusiasm). He has just won approval for the introduction of new technology to reduce the cost (and manpower) of news gathering. A future project is a 24-hour news service, operated from the former *Sunday Times* building in Gray's Inn Road which ITN will occupy in a couple of years.

These are solid achievements. Yet he is an increasingly embattled figure in a rapidly-changing marketplace geared to privatisation and deregulation. The IBA has proposed that ITN should no longer monopolise the news supply to ITV, and should seek further outlets. But one such outlet, British Satellite Broadcasting, has badly fallen out with Nicholas over his refusal to provide a diet of downmarket news and give BSB automatic access to all its output. There remains a suspicion that BSB never really wanted ITN to have the contract, and that Nicholas was betrayed by less gentlemanly negotiators.

TV-am is now bidding for the BSB slot—one of a growing number of news competitors. Conscious of predators and more cut-throat attitudes Nicholas is anxious to leave his hand behind ITN in the best possible shape when he finally retires. A likely option, but one with dangers, is to go public and sell off the highly lucrative advertising in his news shows attract. How Nicholas would handle the resulting free-for-all will be his greatest test.

politics and has no political ambition.

It must always be remembered that Sir Gordon is a master of image-making and that he has deliberately chosen to present himself as a charming, slightly amateurish figure who has landed himself a spot of influence with the Prime Minister quite fortuitously. It is a good act but also a disingenuous one. Sir Gordon is influential. When he introduces a subject, smiles and reaches for the bottle of vintage champagne, people should be on their guard.



◀ committees and quangos, reflecting not just an admirably catholic range of interests but, more to the point, a wide pool of contacts.

Some have done better than mere committee membership. Lord Carrington has been a Cabinet Minister (in several capacities), chief of Nato, Chairman of GEC, and is shortly to be head of Christie's (and this does not exhaust his cv). Sir William Rees-Mogg has done *The Times* and the Arts Council (and has at least another two top jobs in hand before hanging up his influence). Few in our list are masters of only one trade.

It is one of the tests of a true *eminence grise* that we are never quite sure precisely what he or she has achieved, or how. The relationship between influencer and influenced takes many forms. Some apply the pressure direct—the phone call to Mrs T. But there is no obvious Rasputin in her life, no-one to whom she listens without question. The more subtle, longer-term, approach is to spread the seeds over a wide range of recipients. The result depends, not on the bludgeon one-off approach, but on the accumulation of little shafts of influence—a chat here, a telephone call there, a dinner, an article in *The Times*. The true intriguer never needs to meet Mrs Thatcher, provided he sees enough of the people she trusts.

**B**eing a person who matters, like every other activity, has become subject to specialisation. A few words from Talleyrand could affect the economic, foreign and defence policies of his country before breakfast. The modern breed has had to choose its spheres of influence more narrowly. Godfrey Bradman has taken on environmental and medical causes; Doris Saatchi quietly changes the artistic scene; Lord McAlpine is an old-fashioned, charming fixer; David Nicholas, Tim Bell and Andrew Knight have, in their different ways, shaped our modern world of communications; Baroness Cox has the ears of the people who matter on health and education; Lord Thomas and Sir Nico Henderson look after foreign affairs; David Walker, Sir Jeffrey Sterling, Brian Griffiths, Jacob Rothschild and Sir John Sainsbury handle business, finance and economics; and Lord Jakobovits has become a guru of morality. Tessa Blackstone and Daphne Park resist simple classification. There are still a few all-rounders left, men with fingers in many pies, who know the bakers and ingredients of all of them and switch the focus of their influence as circumstances—or whim—dictates: Goodman, Carrington, Rothschild, Rees-Mogg.

Influence through social power reached its apogee in the French salons of the 18th century. It was once said that the policies of France were decided not at Versailles, but in the house of Madame de Staël, one of the many Parisian hostesses of the period. Their modern-day English equivalents are the parties and dinner parties of Lord Weidenfeld and Sonia Melchett. Superficially, they are convivial informal catalysts for bringing important and interesting people together. More deeply, they practise a subtle game of diplomacy, where the choice of invitees can be skilfully manipulated to achieve a result. It is not as crude as merely inviting someone who needs money to meet someone who has it to spare. Often the party-givers ►



STEVE LYNE

## Tessa Blackstone

**Baroness (Life Peer), 1987. Master of Birkbeck College; Chairman, BBC General Advisory Council. Formerly: Adviser to Wilson and Callaghan Think Tanks; Clerk and Director of Education, ILEA. Marriage dissolved. Two children. Educated: Ware Grammar School; London School of Economics. Aged 45.**

Tessa Blackstone has made a remarkable recovery. A little over 10 years ago she was being derided in the national press as a "Fabian teeny-bopper" and "dark-eyed evil genius" for her criticisms of the establishment, specifically the Foreign Office, on behalf of the Labour Government's Think Tank. Today she is Master of Birkbeck College and a member of the House of Lords, appointed by Mrs Thatcher.

Lady Blackstone is also on the board of the Royal Opera House, the planning board of the Arts Council, and, more importantly, chairman of the General Advisory Council of the BBC. Her friend and colleague from Think Tank days, Kate Mortimer, is a director of Rothschild's.

Blackstone's allegiance has always been firmly to the Labour Party, and her interests predominantly educational and sociological. She has already won one important battle this

year when the University Grants Committee allowed Birkbeck a substantial increase in the number of students it can take. This will enable the college to move from potential bankruptcy to relative security.

But her most prominent role this year will be in the House of Lords, when Kenneth Baker attempts to push through the Government's Education Reform Bill. Many elements of this are anathema to the Labour Party, and Blackstone is not happy with the proposals for a national curriculum. "A national curriculum is potentially dangerous, because it concentrates power in the hands of one person (the Secretary of State) and because it can become ossified," she says. "It can also become too prescriptive."

Despite her reputation as a radical and scourge of the middle classes, Blackstone is clever enough to realise that in order to achieve anything you have got to get on with all sorts. She has many friends and admirers in Conservative circles.

Socially, she is easy-going, and particularly likes to play tennis or bridge, which she approaches with characteristic determination. In both games victory goes to those who can alternate power-play with finesse. She will need both in the House of Lords, and if the Labour Party ever gets back into power, she will be a seriously important adviser to Downing Street.





STEVE LYNE

## Sonia Melchett

**Journalist; writer; society hostess; charity worker. Twice married. Two children. Educated: Royal School, Bath. Aged 60.**

"In London, if you're talking about salons, George Weidenfeld is tops. But Sonia comes next. She has a very interesting mix . . . politicians, artists, television people. She works very hard at it." The informant is a professional observer of the London scene and a party-goer of impressive stamina. He also insists on being anonymous: that's one of the rules, and anyway he wants to be invited to the next party.

Every important capital city needs its unofficial hostesses. They are the lubricant between the various different cogs, who come together in the neutral setting of a private drawing-room rather than the stilted formality of an embassy ballroom or the fake bonhomie of the opera crush-bar. Their medium is food and drink. To make your mark in society, you have to shock people or feed them. Feeding them is more expensive but less embarrassing.

Sonia Melchett's entry to this form of public life came via her first husband, Lord Melchett, the first chairman of British Steel. The death of this engaging man in 1974 (aged 48) knocked her sideways for a long time, not surprisingly, but she threw herself into the serious business of

introducing people to people, and Good Causes (the Royal Court, the National Theatre, Amnesty International).

One of the rules of the game is that it is best to be politically non-partisan. The eligible widow's name was linked with the late Hugh Fraser (Conservative), Lord Shawcross (Labour), and others. Trivial in itself, the most famous incident from one of her parties was when Jonathan Aitken was showered with wine by Anna Ford. It was no reflection on the wine.

Highly coveted though her invitations still are, they are becoming rarer, for three reasons. One, she is again married, to the equally engaging Andrew Sinclair (his third marriage), who has been causing a stir in literary, film, historical and academic waters for 30 years. They appear to be blissfully happy, as no newlyweds in their mid- to late-50s have any right to be. She may not *need* to keep on giving the parties.

Two, she has begun a writing career (one book, various magazine articles), and she and Andrew have a particular love of travelling. And three, she has thrown in her lot with the SDP, which may or may not become a major influence on the life of the capital but the smart money is betting against it. The Melchett style of entertaining is becoming more expensive, and maybe even less socially acceptable. "They're a dying breed, I fear," says our informant, ruefully.

## Jacob Rothschild

**Chairman, J. Rothschild Holdings; Chairman, National Gallery. Married. Three children. Educated: Eton; Christ Church. Aged 52.**

Almost no one in British public life has had a more switchback career than the Honourable Jacob Rothschild. He has been flitting in and out of the limelight for more than 20 years.

First there was Jacob the merchant banker; the white hope of the family bank who was to see his ambitions dashed after a very public row with his cousin Evelyn, who was everything that Jacob was not—smooth, good looking and unintellectual. Then there was Jacob the free-wheeling, iconoclastic investment banker, the architect of mega-deals that were intended to transform the face of the City years before the Big Bang. It could be said that Jacob was ahead of his time. Gradually the empire was dismantled and this time the wounds were self-inflicted.

The latest but by no means the final stage is Jacob as wheeler-dealer and man of influence. He has not abandoned business—no Rothschild could ever do that—but these days he spends about half his time as chairman of the trustees of the National Gallery. He has had a big impact. "He is an amazingly effective fund-raiser," says one insider. "Only the rich can raise money from the rich." Jacob also played a big part in sorting out the debacle after Prince Charles's "carbuncle" remark had torpedoed the winning design for the extension. Jacob then helped swing the selection committee's decision in favour of Robert Venturi, the American post-modernist. Further, he extracted from the Sainsbury family and from John Paul Getty a promise to supply the



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required £75 million.

For all that, Jacob remains a private person, married to a shipping heiress and with homes in London, Wiltshire and Corfu. He is fanatically loyal to his father, Victor, with whom he has had an extremely complicated relationship, and defends him fiercely against all critics. But those who have suffered the lash say that underneath there yet lurks a very shy man.



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◀ themselves do not have a particular end in mind—and are often ignorant of the final outcome. But instinct and experience turns what seems to be a random selection of guests into an event that will be remembered as being responsible for an influential appointment or a new business or political alliance.

The influence of kitchen cabinets—long the stages for intrigue—is often divided between the members rather than concentrated in one person. American presidents are fond of having their old cronies around them, who usually turn out dim-witted, dishonest or out of their depth. Those that show any signs of becoming too influential are promptly shown the door by the First Lady. Presidents' wives are the true powers behind the Oval office. Mrs Wilson managed to run the country when Woodrow was too ill to do so; and Nancy Reagan still does. Essentially, however, the American political system, with its legitimisation of lobbying, places power brokers in the spotlight of public scrutiny. Some, no doubt, contrive to ply their trade subtly, but many wielders of influence are, at the national level, too obvious. They are men who once held high office (often several of them) and continued to be consulted by successive administrations (Averell Harriman, Dean Acheson, Kissinger, now Nixon), or men whose sheer wealth conferred power (Rockefeller). None of them could be said to be acting behind the scenes.

How many of our 1988 alumni will be on the same list in five or ten years' time? Many of them depend too much on the patronage of one person. That does not disqualify them from inclusion (after all, the original *Eminence, le père Joseph*, influenced only one powerful man), but it does make their stamina suspect. It is difficult to see Sir Gordon Reece, (the Prime Minister's image-maker) Brian Griffiths, Sir Jeffrey Sterling or Lord Jakobovits with the same degree of influence over another leader when Mrs Thatcher goes; but Sir John Sainsbury, Baroness Cox and Lord McAlpine, Thatcherites though they be, will still cast their spell.

A surprising number would survive a change of government. Lord Goodman has done it in reverse, retaining his Labour-acquired influence into the Tory Eighties. The likes of Sir William Rees-Mogg, Daphne Park, Sir Nico Henderson and Lords Rothschild and Carrington have little to fear from a Labour administration. They are too important and too embedded into the national network to be easily ignored or jettisoned; only age may diminish their influence.

The party-givers will survive because party-givers always do. There will be new faces chez Melchett and Weidenfeld, and the absence of a few regulars, but nothing that will disturb the natural order of their influence. The entertainers, advertisers and media people, too, will merely shrug and pick up the phone.

Our list is not perfect or exhaustive. Eyebrows will be raised at some who have made it, and at others who have been omitted. Where, for instance, are Lords Annan, (Oliver) Franks, and Zuckerman? Their day, we felt, had gone. We have passed over many candidates; but we are also sure that there are people who really matter of whom we are totally ignorant. They are the most successful intriguers of all ●

## Caroline Cox

**Baroness (Life Peer) 1982. A Deputy Speaker, House of Lords. Fellow of the Royal College of Nursing. Formerly: Staff nurse, Edgware General Hospital; Director, Nursing Education Research Unit, London University; Director, Centre for Policy Studies. Married. Three children. Educated: Channing School; London University. Aged 50.**

The fact that Caroline Cox shares several highly visible qualities—gender, outspokenness, a taste for Victorian values—with the Prime Minister has led the press to portray her as a junior Leaderene.

The wrong-headedness of this view was vividly demonstrated by Baroness Cox herself when earlier this year she joined the TUC's march on Parliament in opposition to the Government's health policy. A doctor's daughter and ex-staff nurse, much of Caroline Cox's political time and influence has been spent on matters such as nurses' pay awards and health funding. It was, in fact, in response to an angry letter on the former that, as Director of London University's Nursing Education Research Unit, she was first summoned to Downing Street. The Prime Minister must occasionally wonder whether Caroline Cox's 1982 life peerage is proving to be such a good idea after all.

By no means always in agreement, the Royal



TERRY O'NEIL

College of Nursing and the health service union, COHSE, are at one in their appraisal of Lady Cox. Says a COHSE spokesperson: "She is very much in touch with the feelings of nurses, and of the health services generally. We certainly regard her as among the most involved and active of peers." Informed sources suggest that the recent 15% pay award for nurses was due in considerable measure to Baroness Cox's personal intervention—both in the Lords and at Downing Street.

All of which makes Caroline Cox's other cap—as right-wing scourge of modern education philosophy—all the harder to fit. A Fabian socialist when a lecturer at the Polytechnic of North London, she was co-author of the infamous (in left-wing circles) Black Paper attacking the comprehensive system, and a

strident opponent of political indoctrination in education. She is now a leading member of the Centre for Policy Studies' Education Group and the National Council for Educational Standards—both strong behind-the-scenes influences on "dry" Tory educational thought. Lady Cox's opinion that the teaching of Christianity in schools should be made compulsory—she dismisses present religious education as "a multi-faith mish-mash"—is known to have a sympathetic listener in the Prime Minister.

She is above all a woman of impressive energy. She works with two trusts, one educational and one medical, which aim to help the people of Poland, and her relaxations include long-distance running, squash and bell-ringing. Without apparently having ever desired to be a politician she has emerged as a persuasively down-to-earth power.

## Daphne Park

**Principal, Somerville College, Oxford; Chairman, Legal Aid Advisory Committee to Lord Chancellor. Formerly: Governor, BBC; Diplomatic Service (including Leopoldville, Hanoi, Ulan Bator). Unmarried. Educated: Rosa Bassett School; Somerville College, Oxford. Aged 66.**

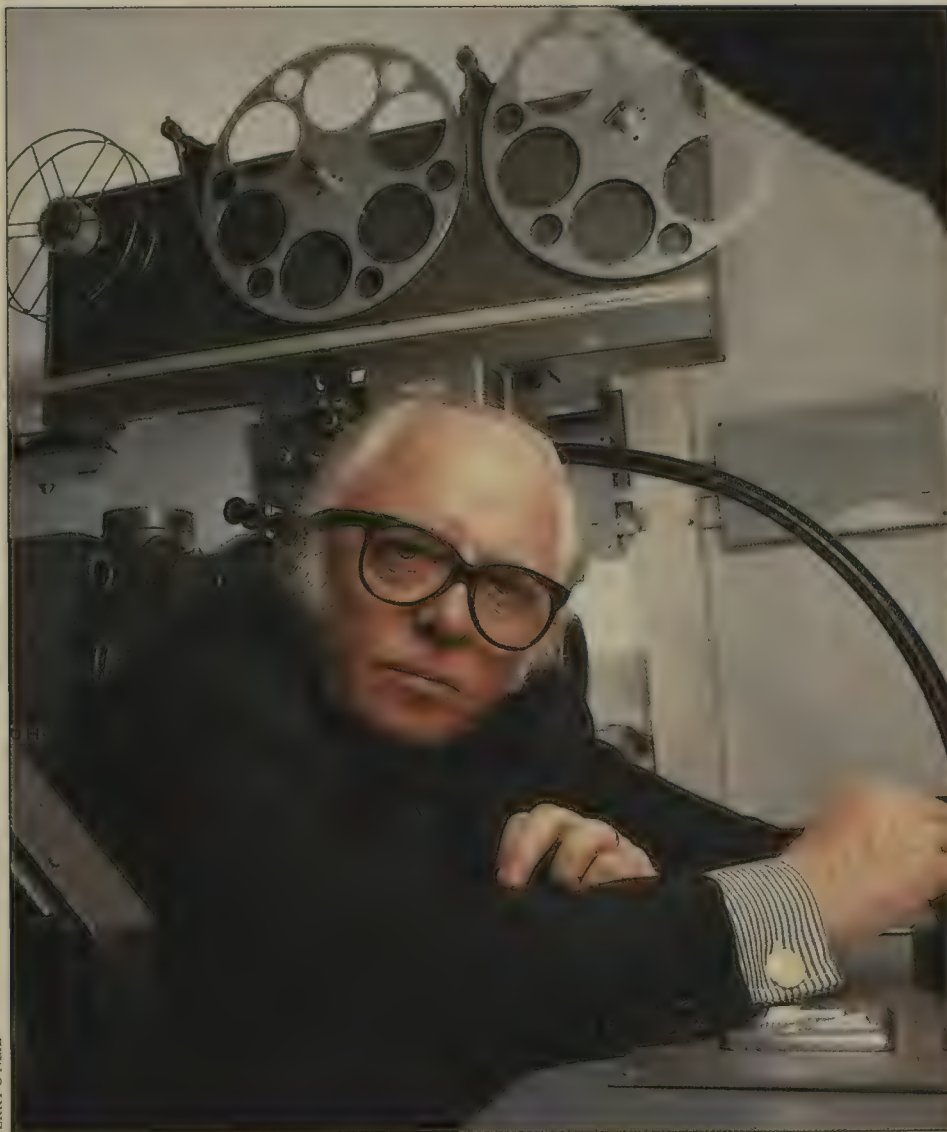
In the movers and shakers game, Daphne Park was a late starter. The best part of her career was spent abroad, on active duty with the Foreign Office from Moscow to Hanoi, and from Ulan Bator to the Congo.

As a child in Tanganyika, Park's formal education was provided by a correspondence course which arrived by cleft stick, sometimes wet if the carrier had fallen in the river en route. She went on to achieve a "modest 2.2" at Somerville College, Oxford. It was to her surprise, therefore, that she was invited back to become Principal in 1980. Now, however, making full use of her skills as a professional diplomat—a word in the right ear here, a hint of the correct direction there—Park is a fully-fledged member of The Network. (When the *ILN* caught up with her she had just finished a conversation with Sir William Rees-Mogg.) She has served on the BBC Board of Governors, the British Library Board, as Chairman of the Legal Aid Advisory Committee and as Pro-Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University.

Of the recent troubled times at the BBC, which she observed from the boardroom, Park comments: "The whole company needed a shake-up to remind them that the purse isn't bottomless and it hasn't done them any harm. The BBC has discovered to its surprise it could be efficient and economic." These are sentiments likely to meet with the approval of fellow Somervillian, Margaret Thatcher, with whom Park has conversed and corresponded on several topics, although she would not go so far as to claim she "had the PM's ear".

Park, who has never married, is extremely popular with students, who greatly admire her approachability and informality. "I thought incredibly highly of her," says one recent graduate; "I never felt that amount of warmth from someone in that position before. . . . She'd





TERRY O'NEIL

## Richard Attenborough

**Knight 1976. Film Director; Chairman, Channel Four; Chairman, Capital Radio; Chairman, Royal Academy of Dramatic Art; Chairman and Governor, British Film Institute. Formerly: Actor; Producer. Married. Three children. Educated: Wyggeston Grammar School, Leicester; RADA. Aged 64.**

In his first screen role, as the panic-stricken stoker in Noel Coward's wartime propaganda movie *In Which We Serve*, it is commonly agreed that the 19-year-old Attenborough made a lot of a small part. Nowadays he makes a lot of many very large parts. A 17-hour-a-day man, his enthusiasm remains the secret of his success and of his apparent omnipresence. *Everybody* knows Dickie.

This enthusiasm, his romanticism, his open emotionalism, are the more remarkable for being genuine qualities in a calling notorious for its cynicism. His brother David says: "He really is as decent as he appears to be." Though sometimes considered pompous, he is not beyond self-deflation. On public occasions he carries on to the stage a full box of Kleenex: it always gets a laugh.

Less well-recognised is his acute business sense. He is said to know in detail not only the finances of any show he is involved in, but of any other show going on at the same time. It is an ability born of extensive coal-face experience. He turned his back on his early acting success (a fan club was formed after his portrayal of Pinkie in *Brighton Rock* and he was sought by MGM and Warners). Instead, he formed a production company with Bryan Forbes, a move of almost suicidal boldness compounded by the fact that their first production was the unfancied *The Angry Silence*, in which Attenborough starred as a man "sent to Coventry" for refusing to join a strike.

This movie, however, with *Oh What A Lovely War*, his first as a director, his 20-year crusade to make *Gandhi*, and *Cry Freedom*, the story of Steve Biko, have carved him a reputation as an artist pursuing liberal ideals with optimism. He says: "I believe passionately that one must send an audience out of the theatre believing disaster is not inevitable."

It is an attitude formed by his family background. His father, a Cambridge don, and his mother, were lifelong Labour Party members. He himself stayed a member for 36 years before switching to the SDP, whose fragmentation caused him much distress.

The cockney stoker is now a national institution. His raft of artistic chairmanships (RADA, BAFTA, the BFI) and his good works (muscular dystrophy, a multi-racial school in Swaziland, the Gandhi Foundation, the Actor's Charitable Trust) are now accompanied by his chairmanship of Channel Four and of Capital Radio, where he once paid the wages by giving the bank his paintings as security.

He is an inveterate and stunningly successful committee man. It is said that Sir Dickie always knows all the issues and always persuades people to pull together. He could make a second career as a professional chairman, and almost has. Most of all, like *The Mousetrap*, of which he was the first star, he is still running.

always be ready to give you a hug." Naturally, Park is keen for some of her Somerville girls to follow her path into the Foreign Office—so keen that some believe her to be recruiting for the security services. But she was disappointed last year when her three hopefuls flunked the numeracy papers. Captains of industry are now frequent visitors at Somerville's High Table and Park has used her powers of subtle persuasion

to see the endowment of two new academic positions—a GEC lectureship and an IBM fellowship.

Park will retire from Somerville next year but her appetite for exerting influence is undiminished and she will continue bringing together industry and education. There have already been offers, she admits, "but I haven't had the time to listen yet."



STEVE LYNE





## Andrew Knight

**Chief Executive and Editor-in-Chief, *Daily Telegraph* plc; Chairman, Ballet Rambert. Formerly: Editor, *The Economist*. Twice married. Three children. Educated: Ampleforth College; Balliol College, Oxford. Aged 48.**

Andrew Knight has always played the insider's game. He once told an interviewer, "Anonymity is a lovely thing", and is not at his best addressing large or formal groups. He is very rarely seen or heard on radio or television, and would be hopeless at politics.

At *The Economist*, anachronistic monastery of anonymity, where he was editor for 12 years, he followed Sir Alastair Burnet, who had laid firm foundations. Knight then trebled the circulation to 300,000, with particular success in North America. The magazine made money and influenced people.

And it was Knight's North American connections that led to his present position as chief executive and editor-in-chief of the *Telegraph* group. When it got into financial trouble two years ago, Knight introduced an old friend, Toronto businessman Conrad Black, to its proprietor, Lord Hartwell. Black eventually bought the papers at a bargain price. Knight became his man in London, in charge of moving the papers to the Docklands.

The challenge does not frighten Knight—he is a self-confessed workaholic and famously disciplined—but may irk a man of such internationalist interests. These became evident in 1968, when *The Economist* first sent him to Washington. He impressed everyone with his efficient cultivation of Powerful People, an effort which clearly paid off. As well as being on an advisory board of Stanford University, he is on the steering committee of the Bilderberg Meetings and a Governor of the Ditchley Foundation. Bilderberg and Ditchley are hardly household names, but they are hosts to Money and Influence on a global scale. No limelight, no television cameras. All of this makes Knight what the French call *un homme sérieux*, an impression reinforced by his high-brow taste in the arts—trustee of the V & A, chairman of the Ballet Rambert, on the council of the Friends of Covent Garden.

As with many influential people, Knight is

intelligently silent. He does not hector or bully or shout to get what he wants, but prefers to act like a poltergeist. Things move but the force which moves them remains invisible. Perhaps the only time that Knight's influence is on show is during his Tuesday morning breakfasts at the Savoy with Peregrine Worsthorne and Max Hastings, the editors of the *Sunday* and *Daily Telegraph* newspapers, where he is gently insistent and always in control.

Knight is urbane, thoughtful, even witty at times, with considerable diplomatic and negotiating skills. He is making full use of these qualities at the *Telegraph*.

## Victor Rothschild

**3rd Baron. Director, N. M. Rothschild & Sons. Formerly: MI5 agent; Director BOAC; Chairman, Agricultural Research Council; Assistant Director of Research, Zoology Department, Cambridge; Director, Shell Chemicals; Founder and Head of Cabinet Office Think Tank. Twice married. Six children. Educated: Harrow School; Trinity College, Cambridge. Aged 77.**

"If you come back and find a number of telephone messages," says a former colleague of Lord Rothschild, "Victor's is the first call you return." This is a reaction shared by an impressive range of prominent politicians, civil servants and businessmen.

They return the calls because Lord Rothschild continues to wield considerable influence, because he inspires warm and lasting loyalty in those with whom he works and because he always has something interesting to say.

"You don't have ordinary conversations with Victor," says the colleague. "You can't predict what he's going to say." To be invited to share Rothschild's confidence, to dine or lunch with him, to "plot" with him, is clearly both stimulating and exciting. It also makes his intimates, aware of his secretive inclinations, reluctant to discuss him openly—even in the most flattering terms.

Educated with conspicuous success at the Cambridge of the 1930s, Rothschild has ever since been handsome, brilliant and wealthy enough to meet anyone he wants. But his overt area of influence stems from his headship of the Government Think Tank, created by Edward Heath in 1971.



In that role, as a Labour-voting peer working for Conservative governments, he also demonstrated the irrelevance of party politics at this level of the British establishment. As Peter Wright, in *Spycatcher*, phrases it: "There are few threads in the seamless robe of the British Establishment which have not passed at some time or other through the eye of Rothschild's needle."

His years at the Think Tank guaranteed him continuously close connections with able brains who worked with him. A quick check on the progress of former members reveals Sir Adam Ridley as a director of Hambros, Sir Robert Wade-Gery filling a similar role at Barclays de Zoete Wedd, John Mayne as principal establishment and finance officer at the DHSS.

Another "pupil", Robin Butler, now the Cabinet Secretary, demonstrated the loyalty of the group when he organised a reunion dinner last year to cheer up Rothschild following innuendoes linking him with the Cambridge spy ring of the '30s. Mrs Thatcher later issued a statement with the wording: "I am advised that we have no evidence that he was ever a Soviet agent." Rothschild took the affair badly, but is now said to be back on form and casting round for fresh projects. His most recent official work was for the Government over its community charge proposals. He is now making phone calls again.



## Immanuel Jakobovits

**Life Peer, 1988. Chief Rabbi. Formerly: Chief Rabbi of Ireland; Rabbi of Fifth Avenue Synagogue, New York. Married. Six children. Educated: London University; Jews' College and Yeshivah Etz Chaim, London. Aged 67.**

While many Jews don't quite know what to make of their Chief Rabbi, Lord Jakobovits, there is no doubt that for Mrs Thatcher, he is her kind of priest. It is no secret that the Prime Minister dislikes the Archbishop of Canterbury about as much as she admires Lord Jakobovits—which is perhaps one reason why the present Chief Rabbi is the first holder of the office to be first knighted and then ennobled.

In his 21 years as the leader of Britain's 400,000-strong Jewish community, Immanuel Jakobovits, born in Berlin, the son and grandson of rabbis, has never even hinted at his political affiliations. But from his comments on religious and social issues it is plain that he



## Peter Carrington

**6th Baron. Secretary-General of Nato; Chairman, Victoria & Albert Museum (until June 30). Formerly: Major, Grenadier Guards; High Commissioner to Australia; First Lord of the Admiralty; Leader of the House of Lords; Defence Secretary; Energy Secretary; Foreign Secretary; Chairman of the Conservative Party; Chairman of GEC. Married. Three children. Educated: Eton College; RMC Sandhurst. Aged 69.**

In July Lord Carrington will become chairman of Christie's, the international auctioneers. His opposite number at Sotheby's will be Lord Gowrie, 20 years his junior. Both are Old Etonian hereditary peers and former ministers in Mrs Thatcher's Government. Both resigned: Gowrie because of the difficulty of scraping by on a ministerial salary, Carrington on a matter of "honour" when the Foreign Office which he headed failed to predict or avert the Argentine invasion of the Falklands.

That these two men will be running the world's most renowned auction houses will reinforce the prejudices of those who believe England is still run by an Etonian élite. But they are very different. Gowrie has artistic claims (a book of verse, a book on English painting) and was Minister for the Arts. Carrington is indeed chairman of the trustees of the V & A, but has

spent his life closer to the sources of real power. Whether or not his office at Christie's will exercise power beyond the international art market, the sheer number of jobs he has held have surely provided him with a formidable international network. Apart from his short spell at GEC, he has been continuously in public office since 1951.

He has also been associated with one enormous historic error (not counting the Falklands). His was an important voice, if not the important voice, in persuading Edward Heath to call a General Election in 1974. Prepared to win or lose it all, they lost it all, opening the way to Mrs Thatcher and the new breed of Tory.

Carrington has no special affinity with Mrs Thatcher, but as a peer he was no threat to her leadership and proved a successful Foreign Secretary. The conjuring trick known as the Rhodesia settlement was a genuinely skilful piece of diplomacy.

He has many of the qualities most admired by English people, and especially by the establishment. He is brainy but not *too* brainy, decisive but not dogmatic, charming and affable but also serious, aristocratic but modern, hard-working but not fanatical. He has been lucky—often in the right place at the right time—and being a peer and independently wealthy, he doesn't owe anyone any favours. His greatest assets are a high level of personal credibility . . . and that address book full of international contacts.



STEVE LYNE

stands well to the right, and in many respects articulates the moral message of Thatcherism.

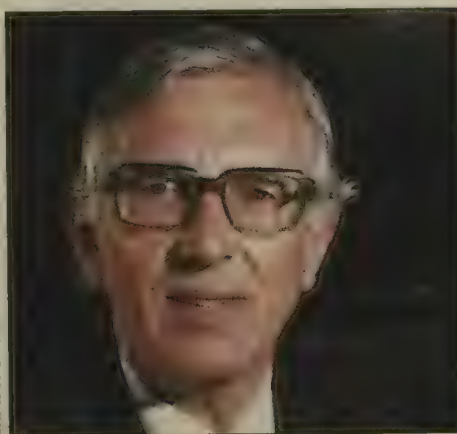
He believes in strong, old-fashioned moral leadership. He would like to see both abortion and homosexuality made once again illegal: not because, he says, he necessarily wants to punish people but because society ought to declare where it stands. And he has come very close to saying that AIDS is a form of divine retribution.

Like Mrs Thatcher, whom his wife has described as "the greatest leader in the West", the Chief Rabbi places great emphasis on the importance of the family and the virtues of self-help. Even on foreign policy he is in tune with Tory thinking. By criticising Israel's invasion of the Lebanon and the conditions in the Palestinian refugee camps, he caused many Jews to doubt his Zionist credentials. His beliefs are important, because of the prominence of so many Jews in British life. What Jakobovits says has a most discreet, almost undefinable influence on people in power.

## David Walker

**Chairman, Securities and Investment Board. Formerly: HM Treasury; Staff, International Monetary Fund, Washington; Executive Director, Bank of England. Married. Three children. Educated: Chesterfield School; Queens' College, Cambridge. Aged 48.**

When it was announced in February that David Walker of the Bank of England was to replace Sir Kenneth Berrill as head of the Securities and Investment Board—the rough equivalent to



BANK OF ENGLAND

America's SEC—the news was greeted in the City with enthusiasm. It looked like a victory for the Establishment.

From Cambridge (a double first), he went straight into the Treasury, specialising in external finance—a sphere that inevitably brought him into contact with the Bank. In 1966 he spent six months there on secondment and made a deep impression. When the Bank was looking for a new head of the economic intelligence department in 1977 Walker was the obvious choice.

But once in Threadneedle Street he developed a strong interest in the day-to-day practicalities of industrial finance. This, as it turned out, was a growth area and one that suited Walker's talents. He made innumerable contacts and later became one of the main architects of the Big Bang.

At the SIB he could be a tougher and more formidable proposition than his new-found friends currently recognise.

## Doris Saatchi

**Joint owner, with husband Charles, of The Gallery, their personal art collection open for viewing. Formerly: copywriter Ogilvy and Mather. Married. Educated: Smith; Sorbonne. Aged 47.**

Eighteen months ago it seemed that Doris Saatchi's enthusiasm for minimalist art had combined with her wired New York hyper efficiency to pare down her very life itself. As the rich American wife of one of the modern world's most successful advertising men, she seemed almost to have turned herself into a style ikon. Invariably dressed in black she fretted



TERRY O'NEIL

over both the meaning and content of her arbitrarily privileged life.

Precisely fifteen minutes was all she allowed for her morning skipping exercise; and during that time she was mentally shaving precious



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The new Montego Countryman. ☐ The high-tech 1.6 or 2.0 litre estate. ☐ Two computers monitor engine speed, engine load, ambient air temperature, and control the fuel supply; up to 600 times a second. Result: Sierra beating acceleration, and fuel consumption.\* ☐ Class beating loadspace. (57.2 cubic feet with rear seat folded down.) Plus occasional rear facing child seats. ☐ Integral roof rack (100 kgs

payload.) 1070 kg towing capacity! ☐ Sports style front seats. Electronic stereo radio-cassette, 4 speakers. Tonneau cover. Cut pile carpet. Leather steering wheel. ☐ The new Montego Countryman. £9,430 never looked so good. ☐

**THE NEW MONTEGO COUNTRYMAN.**



minutes from her day's schedule of art collecting, journalism for *HG* and *Interiors*, socialising and organising a life of radical aestheticism.

Her life vision seemed to have reached its apotheosis with the decision to move from St John's Wood to two apartments in Mayfair—one of them her office—because the car journeys to and from the West End took up forty minutes of the day during which there was nothing else to do *except use the car phone*.

"Art to me is making order out of chaos," she told a *Vogue* writer. "It's a hard view of life." Since then her Wonder Woman toughness has been allowed to soften. A natural grey suffuses the previous blonde sleekness. Friends, who include the Puttnams, the Richard Rogerses, and the Ed Vectors, characterise her today as gracious, thoughtful and civilised.

The honed-down vision, though, appears to be undimmed. Today Charles and Doris Saatchi's holdings of contemporary art make the Tate Gallery look pale by comparison. Their collection of more than 600 paintings and sculptures is now a unique national treasure. They have 15 Warhols against two in the Tate, 24 Anselm Kieffers against three, and so on through Cy Twombly, Jeff Koons *et al*.

Their 17-year buying spree of modern art—estimated at one point to be costing them a million a year—has given London one of the very best art collections and gallery to house it, in the world. It has also given them power of patronage—drawing artists, dealers, critics and gallery owners to them.

They have been criticised for bending the Tate Gallery to their viewpoint and thereby inflating the worth of an artist whose work they own in depth. But since a great part of their collection may well end up there that does not seem unreasonable.



**Brian Griffiths**

Head of Prime Minister's Policy Unit; Professor of Ethics, Gresham College. Formerly: Professor of Banking and International Finance, City University; Director, Bank of England. Married. Three children. Educated: Dynevor Grammar School; London School of Economics. Aged 46.

Professor Brian Griffiths is a man whose name seldom evokes a warm response—unless it be

that of warm dislike. A former Dean of the City University Business School, he has reached eminence by compliance (he is still a down-the-line monetarist) and by constituting no threat to the Prime Minister's own intellectual limitations.

As the head of Mrs Thatcher's Policy Unit, with offices in Number 10, Griffiths plays many roles. He had a major hand in drafting the last Tory manifesto, notably—despite being only distantly connected with education—in drafting its education section. He is credited, if that is the right word, with the troublesome clause giving parents and governors the right to take their schools out of local-authority control. As the writer of the education sections of many of Mrs Thatcher's speeches he is frequently a source of friction with the minister, Kenneth Baker.

The long-suffering Baker is considered to have wreaked a form of revenge in dumping a plan to make Griffiths a junior minister at the DES and a life peer into the bargain.

This son of the Valleys (and of a Coal Board chauffeur) is no less in opposition to Nigel Lawson. Most recently he encouraged the Prime Minister's clash with her Chancellor over exchange rates, following his IMF speech in Washington before Christmas. He has become Mrs Thatcher's numbers man in the office.

All of which lends credence to the fear that he is usurping the historic role of the Cabinet by his greater access to the PM. As if that were not enough, his confidence is boosted by his religious beliefs. A former non-conformist, he espoused the Church of England in 1978 and last year became chairman of Christian Responsibility in Public, a "moral majority" group with powerful adherents. Attending a March conference at Windsor Castle, addressed by the Bishop of Coventry, businessmen and churchmen were told: "Freedom lies at the very heart of our way of life." Tickets were by invitation only and cost £195 each.

## John Sainsbury

Knight, 1980. Chairman, J. Sainsbury; Chairman, Royal Opera House. Formerly: Director, *The Economist*; Chairman, Friends of Covent Garden. Married. Three children. Educated: Stowe School; Worcester College, Oxford. Aged 60.

Sir John Sainsbury, winner of the 1984 Dallas award as the Outstanding Food Retailer in the World, has been chairman of Covent Garden (the opera house, not the market) for only a few months but already things are happening.

Sir John is a doer, not an aesthete or a thinker. Nor is he, unlike his cousin David who bankrolls David Owen, much interested in politics. He is, however, one of the handful of businessmen (Jacob Rothschild is another) who is not only passionate about the arts but is willing to be involved in the gritty yet tedious business of its administration.

He is on good terms with the Prince of Wales and Princess Margaret, the two more artistic members of the royal family. As a former National Gallery trustee and Covent Garden director, he was a logical choice to succeed Sir



SNOWDON

Claus Moser as Opera House chairman.

With a deficit of £1.2 million something had to be done. The appointments of some of the more long-serving members of the board have not been renewed; there are now separate boards for opera, development, and ballet (chaired by Sir John, whose wife, Anya Linden, is a former ballerina); and the top price for tickets has been raised to £70. At the same time the search for sponsors has intensified. But the one thing Sir John won't do is to dip into his own fortune, which at the last count was worth over £50 million.

In believing that any enterprise, whether opera house or supermarket, should stand on its own feet, Sir John is no different from other businessmen. What marks him out is his passion for the arts in general and for pictures and ballet in particular. His interests, his wealth and the force of his formidable personality have made him a respected and, in some quarters, a feared member of the arts establishment. He is not a man to be crossed lightly.



TERRY O'NEIL

## Nicholas Henderson

Knight, GCMG 1977. Director; Tarmac, Hambros, Eurotunnel. Formerly: Ambassador to Poland, West Germany, France, Washington;



**Chairman, Channel Tunnel Group. Married. One child. Educated: Stowe; Hertford College, Oxford. Aged 69.**

"Nico" Henderson, one of Whitehall's "silver foxes", has never been a conventional diplomat. Even today, in what is technically retirement, he maintains his uncanny knack of being able to open doors—particularly in Germany, France and the USA, his last three postings as British ambassador. Small wonder there was a scramble for his services when rival groups were bidding for the Channel Tunnel contract; his influence continues as a director of the winner.

At key points in his career he showed the shrewd sense of timing and the daring to take calculated risks, which marked him out for higher things. The most celebrated was the affair of the leaked "vaedictory despatch" of 1979: Henderson, finishing his last tour, in Paris, sent a long, confidential message to the Foreign Secretary, by implication deeply critical of the Callaghan Government, which appeared in full in *The Economist*.

The affair caught the approving eye of the then Leader of the Opposition. When Margaret Thatcher came to power a few months later she opened up the Washington post and offered it to Henderson, who had retired at 60, on a special contract. Observers of the power game reckon that Henderson had taken a calculated risk which paid off.

But Mrs Thatcher was lucky too. During the Falklands War, Henderson put the brakes on America's pro-Argentine lobby, and charmed Al Haig at the State Department into putting US Navy surveillance data at Britain's disposal. His appearances on the TV networks—tie often askew, lock of hair flopping over forehead—won over Middle America. One British diplomat now says: "Having Nico in Washington was as good as having another battle fleet in the Falklands campaign."

This is the key to Sir Nicholas's success as a power broker: he can influence people profoundly because, very simply, they are drawn to him. Prince Charles has enlisted him for the council of the Duchy of Cornwall and a whole network of contacts try to pick his brain. But he can afford to be choosy.

## Godfrey Bradman

**Chairman, Rosehaugh Group. Formerly: Chartered Accountant; tax-avoidance expert. Married. Three children. Educated: Sudbury Secondary Modern School. Aged 51.**

Godfrey Bradman's influence is unusual in the sense that it is less self-serving than most. He is unconcerned with furthering his own power or fortune. Instead he has used his energy and inventiveness to help a remarkable range of causes. He is a radical and impulsive philanthropist who likes to give money to a concern and then to see it work properly. In the past 13 years he has sponsored the campaigning activities of Des Wilson, financed the anti-nuclear campaign of Friends of the Earth, given large sums to AIDS research and activated numerous campaigns to do with lead in petrol



and Freedom of Information. These are all characterised by a clarity and directness which is rare in the charity world. On one occasion he raised £45,000 for a sick child from a whip-round on a scheduled flight.

Originally Bradman, who came from a modest Jewish family, was an accountant who developed an extraordinary ability to irritate the Inland Revenue with his schemes for tax avoidance. At one time in the 1970s he became the Inland Revenue's chief adversary and he even managed to pilot a change in the tax laws through the House of Lords.

In 1979 he bought into a tea company called Rosehaugh which had the smallest market capitalisation on the London Stock Exchange. Today the company is capitalised at £600 million and concentrates on property development. The chief project at the moment is the enormous development at Broadgate which straddles Liverpool Street Station in the City, and the company is also tendering for the King's Cross development project, to be decided this month.

"The thing about Godfrey," says a friend, "is that when he meets a cabinet minister, which is often, they recognise him as one of their own; they feel comfortable with his capitalism. But the important thing is that although he has the ear of the establishment he isn't afraid to rattle it. That makes him very formidable indeed."

His rare, if not unique, quality as a man of influence, is that he is liberal. Although he has a relationship with the Thatcherite establishment, he has steadily supported causes which are often seen by Number 10 to be hostile to the state (the anti-nuclear campaign). A highly entertaining man, he is interested in the bigger problems of the world rather than the temporary dogma and practice of Conservatism.

## Alistair McAlpine

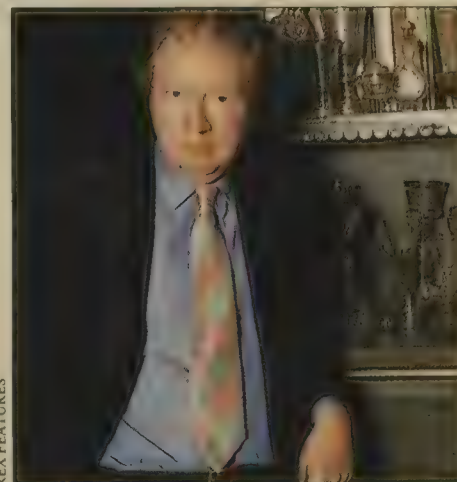
**Baron (Life Peer), 1984. Honorary Treasurer, Conservative Party; Director, Sir Robert McAlpine & Sons. Formerly: Director, George Weidenfeld Holdings; Director, ICA. Twice married. Three children. Educated: Stowe School. Aged 46.**

Lord McAlpine of West Green is rare among people of influence because he is guided by a single idea: that Margaret Thatcher is the only person fit to be Prime Minister. Many politicians share this view but none have quite his number of contacts in the highest echelons of society nor his access to Number 10.

McAlpine is a simple man: jovial, enthusiastic, good company and feverish in his pursuit of pleasure and Mrs Thatcher's everlasting premiership. The secret of his influence lies in all these traits but there is one which is less well known, indeed it is largely hidden from view: Lord McAlpine is extremely tough. He has outlasted four of the Conservative Party chairmen that he has served under as Treasurer and fund-raiser-in-chief. Cecil Parkinson, his friend, left the Conservative Central Office without his help, but the others were all nudged by McAlpine and must now regret underestimating him.

Tebbit was the most surprising victim. Until the penultimate week of the General Election campaign last year Tebbit was one of the most influential men in the Government and the party. Lord McAlpine, among others, then began to think that he was not quite up to the job of running the party, let alone an election campaign. He quietly canvassed for Tebbit to be replaced by Lord Young after the election.

That he achieved only 50 per cent of his aim (Tebbit went, but Young was rejected by too



REX FEATURES

many senior Conservatives) should not diminish his achievement, especially as he had already seen off Lord Thorneycroft and John Gummer.

McAlpine is an unlikely candidate for this list. He was a failure at Stowe School and left with few exam passes to join his father's building firm. There he developed a head for figures and began to launch his own projects, frequently without his father's blessing.

Mrs Thatcher has been listening to him since they met during the Common Market referendum in the 1970s. The question is, will Lord McAlpine remain influential after her departure?

The first thing to say is that McAlpine would be equally happy if he were not influential. That he does not crave power gives him a curious strength. The second is that over the past 15 years he has built up a range of friendships which reach not only to the most powerful quarters but also the most unexpected. He



boasts friendships, for example, with industrialists, farmers, sheep shearers, art gallery owners, chefs, politicians, architects and butchers. The third is that men such as McAlpine, who know how to use the Press but not become its subject; men who know whom to contact and when; men in short, who like to stay submerged, are extremely useful to society.

## Tim Bell

**Group Chief Executive, Lowe Howard-Spink & Bell. Formerly: ABC Television; Chairman and Managing Director, Saatchi and Saatchi; Special Adviser to Chairman NCB and South Bank Board; Campaign adviser to Mrs Thatcher in three General Elections. Unmarried. Educated: Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Barnet, Herts. Aged 46.**

The single most important contribution to Tim Bell's influence is his charm. With the exception of Norman Tebbit, there are very few politicians or businessmen who have resisted Bell's easy, confiding manner. Even that most impregnable personality, Margaret Thatcher, has been conquered by his combination of flattery, flirtation and common sense.

A second characteristic which has been an important factor in the past ten years has been his discretion. If charm has got him there, discretion has kept him there. He may drop names, but he is generally careful not to accompany them with information, unless it serves his purpose. The same is true of his dealings with the press.

Bell, born in Australia, came to prominence as an employee of the advertising company Saatchi and Saatchi. He was said to be the third brother and Martin Sorrel, now the head of WPP, the fourth. Both of them have now fallen out with the Saatchis and gone their separate and successful ways, Bell to the Lowe

never gives up. If he can't persuade you to take one course of action he will try another route. If that doesn't work he will go for a third option. The end result is bloody Bell always gets what he wants."

This is clearly how he handles Mrs Thatcher and how he dealt with Lord MacGregor, who as Chairman of the National Coal Board during the miners' strike presented one of the stiffer challenges to Bell's image-making talents. His relations with the Thatcher family (Carol Thatcher, the PM's daughter, is a friend) and with other favoured luminaries such as Lord Young and Lord McAlpine, have strengthened since he left Saatchi and Saatchi.

Even though Bell had nothing to do with the planning of the Tory advertising campaign in the last general election, in the final week of the campaign he was called in to draft crisis advertisements. He was smuggled through the back door of Chequers while Norman Tebbit left with a flea in his ear from the front. In future campaigns the relationship between his agency and Mrs Thatcher is likely to be more official.



## Jeffrey Sterling

**Knight, 1985. Chairman, P & O; European Ferries Group; Special Adviser to Secretary of State for Trade and Industry; Governor, Royal Ballet. Formerly: Stockbroker; Chairman, Sterling Guarantee Trust; Chairman, Young Vic Co. Married. One child. Educated: Reigate Grammar School; Preston Manor County School; Guildhall School of Music. Aged 53.**

One of the most notable features of the Thatcher years has been the extent to which the Government has turned to like-minded businessmen for advice and help. Some, such as Peter Levene, the former defence contractor and now head of procurement at the Ministry of Defence, have become part of the official machine. Others, such as Sir Jeffrey Sterling of P & O, flit backwards and forwards in an important but ill-defined way.

At Lord Young's Department of Trade and Industry, where Sir Jeffrey has been a constant visitor for the past five years, serving no fewer than six ministers, they speak highly of him. "He has been absolutely invaluable," says Sir

Brian Hayes, the joint permanent secretary.

For Sir Jeffrey it has been a busy five years. In addition to fighting off an unwelcome take-over from Trafalgar House, rebuilding P & O, and coping with the aftermath of the Zeebrugge disaster, he has found time to advise the Government on satellite broadcasting, has helped rationalise the production of System X, the all-electronic digital telephone system, and has been a general adviser on the Government's privatisation programme.

His original business, Sterling Guarantee Trust, was very nearly wrecked when it joined forces in 1974 with Barry East's hopelessly over-extended Town and City. And it took all of eight years to sort out the ensuing mess. Likewise, few people would have given much for P & O's chances when Sterling became chairman in 1983. Sir Jeffrey is undoubtedly an entrepreneur but he is also a survivor.

## Hugh Thomas

**Baron (Life Peer) 1981. Chairman, Centre for Policy Studies. Author: *The Spanish Civil War; An Unfinished History of the World*. Formerly: Professor of History, University of Reading. Married. Three children. Educated: Sherborne; Queens' College, Cambridge. Aged 56.**

Hugh Thomas is that rare figure, a genuine artist and intellectual at Mrs Thatcher's shoulder. A seeker after the reasons for this will get no help from Thomas. He has long been a self-sufficient figure. In the mid-1950s as a young member of the Embassy in Paris, he abandoned Tory beliefs and espoused Labour. By 1957, following the acceptance of his first novel, he became a full-time writer, and lived in near-poverty until the worldwide success of his book on the Spanish Civil War. This was followed by a professorial spell at Reading during which he produced his celebrated *An Unfinished History of the World*.

He became fiercely, some would say obsessively, anti-Communist and in 1976 he made the sharp swing back to the Tories. Introduced into the Centre for Policy Studies by Sir Alfred Sherman, Thomas was directly instrumental in the coup which took Sherman out, leaving him knighted but without office.

Thomas is *not* an alternative to the Foreign Office but he *is* a voice, close to the Prime Minister, with an untrusting view of the Soviet Union which is attractive to her. Not an easy man, a shade pompous, capable of considerable kindness, he is a high-calibre *confidant*. He also looks extremely durable.

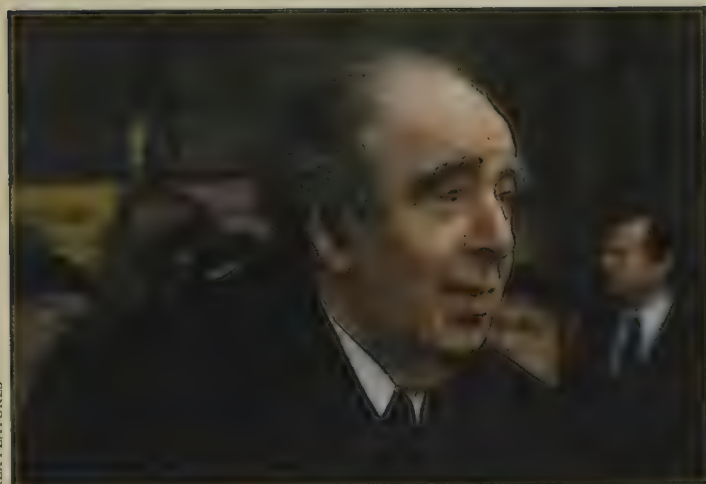


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The assumption that most people make when they meet Bell is that he is an intelligent, if superficial man given to many pleasures (horse racing, women, sleek cars and high living). They later come to appreciate Bell's insistent and steely calculation.

As one advertising director put it: "You face him across the table and there he is full of charm and the joy of life. What you don't realise is that he is always pushing his view or his aim. He just





## Arnold Goodman

**Baron (Life Peer) 1965. Senior Partner, Goodman Derrick and Co, Solicitors. Formerly: Major, Royal Artillery; Director, Royal Opera House; Master of University College, Oxford; Chairman, Arts Council. Unmarried. Educated: University College, London; Downing College, Cambridge. Aged 74.**

Likened variously to a polar bear, a great ship of state and a Jewish Sumo wrestler, Arnold Goodman is the old master of the network system into whose orbit the great and good of three decades have willingly strayed to be beguiled by his charms.

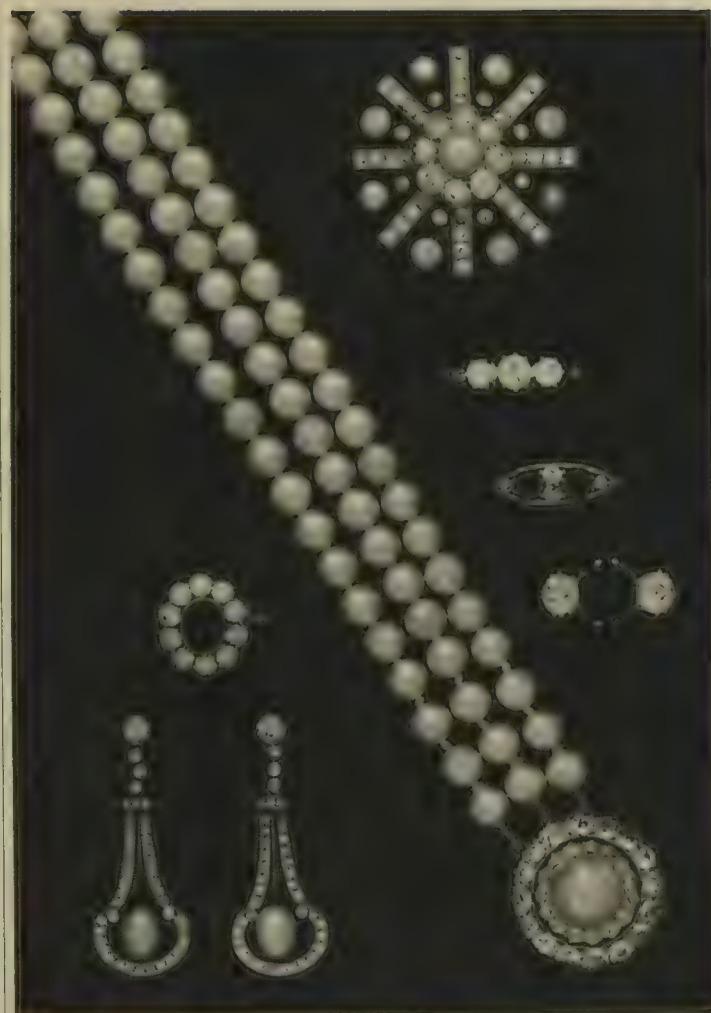
The list of committees, boards, trusts and quangos on which he has sat, the strikes he has resolved and the dinner tables he has graced is huge and gave rise to his nickname, "the late Lord Goodman", because he was always running behind schedule. In the arts he has worked for the RSC, the Royal Opera House, the Arts Council, British Lion films, even the Australian Music Foundation. In politics he has chaired the National Housing Corporation and was sent by Harold Wilson in 1968 to attempt to settle the rebellion in Rhodesia.

Coming originally from a modest Jewish background, after Oxford Arnold Goodman started practising as a solicitor in the 1930s before serving as the "greatest quartermaster sergeant in the history of the army", according to his battery commander. After the war, with a specialist knowledge of libel, Goodman set up on his own. Richard Crossman was followed as a client by Nye Bevan and Jennie Lee, and Hugh Gaitskell followed as Goodman became an adviser to the Labour Party.

Wilson has spoken of Goodman's great ingenuity in finding solutions to difficult problems and Edward Heath of his talent "to go right to the centre point of any problem". His talents were employed by both capitalists and socialists, newspaper proprietors and editors, politicians and union leaders.

Now (he is apparently in failing health) it would seem that the time of Lord Goodman's real political influence is past. He regards "any political system based on the belief that self-help is the way to salvation as distasteful"—a view unlikely to endear him to the current powers that be. Nonetheless, there are still few people who would not return his call.

*Compiled by Stephen  
Aris, Anwer Bati,  
Lewis Chester,  
Charles Darwent,  
James Delingpole,  
Kim Fletcher, John  
Graham, Matthew  
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# The agent provocateur

Andrew Wylie's business methods spread alarm in the ranks of publishers and fellow literary agents on both sides of the Atlantic. Authors think differently. A profile by Bryan Appleyard

Andrew Wylie can make or break a dinner party. In fact, if you did not know he was a literary agent, you might think he made his living by doing terrible things to people while they ate.

Everybody has a Wylie dinner-party story, so here is one more. Guests at one get-together in New York were startled to discover that the climax of the evening involved a weeping female editor from a major publisher kneeling at Wylie's feet and pleading for a book from him... any book. Well, to be precise, she wanted the next great political book about America. "It was real pleading," says one witness. "She was crying and begging him for a book. Andrew has a great nose for people's weaknesses. He was responding to the smell of blood."

Wylie is 39 and, according to Robert McCrum of Faber & Faber, he has "the deadeast eyes of anybody I have ever met. They are cold and blue." He is also the single most discussed topic in London publishing. In a series of deals on both sides of the Atlantic, he has threatened to detonate the old cosy relationships between authors, agents and publishers. He is, according to your point of view, the worst thing that has happened to the book business since Caxton, or he is a new free-market hero of the rights of authors and of literature.

The deals that polarised opinion over here were the ones which robbed the London agent Deborah Rogers of three of her prize clients: Salman Rushdie, Bruce Chatwin and Caryl Phillips. Rushdie was the real gem. He has been, by any standards, a hot literary property since his novel *Midnight's Children*. He was published by Cape and was, under Rogers, about to move to the Bloomsbury publishing house. The idea was that he would stay with Liz Calder, a founder of Bloomsbury and the Cape executive who had looked after his work. His new novel, *The Satanic Verses*, was said to be a winner and Bloomsbury were delighted.

Then, almost at the point of signature of the contract, Wylie appeared on the scene. He told Rushdie

he was being "under-represented"—a favourite Wylieism—and said he could come up with a much bigger deal: one in the region of \$1 million.

Rushdie succumbed, left Rogers and Bloomsbury, and has now signed a deal with Viking. The figure was reported to be \$1.2 million, though it actually appears to be nearer \$850,000. Meanwhile, Chatwin's new novella and a book of essays were also sold to Viking for around \$250,000. Other clients like V.S. Naipaul, Germaine Greer and Jonathan Raban will now be expecting similar treatment. In the States, Wylie also works his magic for William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg and elsewhere, for Cory Aquino and Benazir Bhutto. All they have in common are fame—and Wylie.

He is the son of a publisher, a fact that has led many casualties of his negotiating style to speculate that he must have disliked his father intensely. His education was supremely East Coast respectable, culminating in a Harvard degree. He hung around on the literary and artistic fringes for some years and finally set up on his own as an agent. He acquired a handful of clients and began to make his name.

Last year his reputation really took off with a deal involving the young novelist David Leavitt. Published by Knopf, a solid Stateside literary name, Leavitt was at the beginning of his sound and traditional writing career. But Wylie demanded more. He went into action and eventually closed a deal worth \$250,000 with the New York arm of Weidenfeld & Nicolson. The publishing establishment was appalled. A bright young writer was being sold at a price which made little sense in relation to his sales. The cosy grooming process offered by a regular publisher, and which assumed a degree of author loyalty, was being utterly ignored.

Two years ago Wylie went into partnership with two English agents, Gillon Aitken and Brian Stone, to form Wylie, Aitken & Stone, and it is from that base that he has launched his new attacks on the publishing system.

In London the traditional structure of the book business has put the emphasis on the publisher. The primary relationship has been between the author and his editor. The agent has simply dealt with the business side and taken his 10 per cent. In general, authors stayed with publishers and seldom expected fireworks.

The agent's professional image was thus akin to that of the family solicitor—paternal, soothing and dull. This was reinforced a few years ago when the professional body, the Association of Authors' Agents, produced a code of conduct. At the heart of this code was the golden rule that one did not poach. Agents could not approach authors they knew to be already on the books of a rival.

Wylie, Aitken & Stone have attacked this system at every level. First they saw that the system, particularly the non-exclusive, non-binding, non-binding agreements, tended to freeze the market, holding prices down and playing into the hands of the publishers. "When I got into the business," Wylie has said, "I saw that agents had... friends. Their closest friends were publishers, and

their second-closest friends were their clients. It's a source of satisfaction to both Gillon and me that editors do not recommend us to writers."

"What Wylie spotted," says McCrum, "was that there were sweetheart arrangements all over London. He decided to focus on the author." History was on his side. Over the past five years the publishing industry has changed beyond recognition. Old names have been taken over by big conglomerates and American money has moved in. The home market has steadily been extended to take in the United States. Literary fiction has done well out of it. The market has been strong and publishers like having an Updike, a Bellows, a Rushdie or a Weldon to grace their catalogues.

The old loyalty network has been strained to breaking-point. In any case, Aitken pointed out, why should authors be loyal to publishers who were themselves changing all the time? So the Wylie tactic is to treat publishers, more or less, like die hards. He is after the writers, and this explains the style. He will target an author and take soundings among publishers about what

## A WYLIE AUTHOR

Germaine Greer had dinner with Wylie in New York, having met him at the home of publisher Sonny Mehta. She was already his client as Aitken had been her London agent for some years.

"It is clear with Andrew that he loves good writing better than sex," she says. "He waves these huge sums in front of poor bewildered authors and they go for it. And that seems fine to me. I used to have this over-romantic idea about publishing. But, if a royalty statement is really some kind of gentlemanly fraud, then I am happy for him to pull it apart. He thinks publishing should pay for fine writing out of what it makes from Jackie Collins."

Greer has two reservations, however. The first is the pressure of big advances. "This can cause anxious writers to wonder if they really are worth \$1 million. The second reservation is Wylie's hair. 'This is serious, I mean, this man is setting himself up as an arbiter of taste and the top of his head just makes me ill! He thinks I don't like him, and actually, I don't think I do.'"

his or her next book might be worth. This is a very smart move, for the point is that publishers wishing to lure, say, Rushdie from Cape are bound to offer the odds. In addition, Wylie thinks automatically in American terms, where a London agent will first consider the British end and then the American. So his first moves tend to look very high indeed. He then moves in on the author, dazzling him with figures and flattery.

"I think he's good news," says Bill Buford, editor of the literary periodical *Granta*. "He can be a bit of a pain, but he's not a bad person. He is an intense, wild and dangerous, crazy fellow."

Buford then goes on to recall wild nights they had enjoyed together and the more alarming escapades of Wylie. Is he, then, a bit of a lout?

"No," says Buford, "he's quite a lot of a lout. Buford is becoming something of a Wylieologist. For one thing, he has seen both sides of the man. Wylie is his agent. This gave him the

pleasure of seeing him "acting like an animal" on his behalf. The next week, however, he was negotiating against him over a piece that was to appear in *Granta*. A friend says they saw Buford, pale and trembling, saying: "Andrew, how can you do this to me?"

For Wylie this is unremarkable. The old cosy system of lunches, nods, winks and buddy deals is worthless. His style is tailored with complete impersonality to what he wants to achieve. As his agent, he will love Buford to death one minute, his opponent, he will happily tear his head off the next.

All of which raises the single overwhelming question: what is an agent for? The Wylie, Aitken & Stone argument is quite simple: his job is to raise as much money as he can for his author. The problem is that such an approach has certain implications.

For a start, there are several types of pressure. One author who was approached by Wylie found, to his horror, that what he should actually write was more or less being dictated. He did not accept the offer. In addition, there is the pressure of knowing, in advance, that your book has to make the bestseller lists even to begin to justify the kind of money Wylie raises. And there is the pressure of Wylie himself, who offers a very different kind of relationship to the old author-editor deal.

The real problem may well arise when the first wave of Wylie fever has subsided. For then the accounts will start to pile up. Inevitably, a large number of authors with big advances will find they have not been eaten. At the next auction the bidding will not be quite so furious, the final figure not quite so juicy. However good his books are, financially the author will feel he is on a downward spiral.

But writing is an insecure business. Authors can never be sure they will continue to perform. A really big advance can be a kind of insurance policy against future failure. "This lies at the heart of Wylie's operation," says one leading London agent. "Writing is a very insecure profession and he plays on that insecurity. He extends the pressure of the show business world into writing. That is the last thing a good writer needs. It's the easiest thing in the world to auction a book. Any fool can do that, but it can do a lot of harm."

Yet Wylie's star still shines. He ploughs through the transatlantic book trade, generating as many anecdotes as deals. Almost no London publisher has remained untouched. All know authors of their own who have been approached, although a considerable number, including Kazuo Ishiguro, have rejected his advances. His presence is feared, yet most agree that he is wonderful and exciting company, guaranteed to make any evening go with a bang. Caroline Michel, Bloomsbury's PR, is his biggest fan. "He is immensely persuasive. He is wonderful, very clever and caring," she gushes. "Sort of like Jack Nicholson—brooding and threatening."

Others are much less enthusiastic—least of all, Deborah Rogers, the agent whose business Wylie took apart. "I will not talk any more about that man," she says. "To say anything else just gives him more credibility than he deserves." ●





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## Joe Schwartz reports





The world's first primate to be born from a biopsied embryo, this marmoset monkey had cells removed for analysis at the earliest stage of development (left) without any harmful effects

plete ban on the production of human embryos for experimental purposes. He saw in the small steps already taken the beginnings of human husbandry and the beginnings of mass production and industrial exploitation of human embryos. He concluded: "What I see coming is a gigantic slaughterhouse, a molecular Auschwitz, in which valuable enzymes, hormones and so on will be extracted instead of gold teeth."

To the casual observer, Chargaff's scenario can seem more than plausible. After all, have we not seen Hiroshima and Nagasaki rising from the pure nuclear research of the 1930s? Have we not seen Chernobyl, our worst nightmare about nuclear power come true? Do we not see Star Wars in the offing, do we not have the prospect of computer-produced permanent mass unemployment?

Yet at the same time we have the ingenious devices of modern life—from television and the sending of pictures through space, to the graceful curves of the suspension bridge, to the quiet miracle of modern refrigeration techniques. And we have the triumphs of human understanding represented by Einstein's Theory of Relativity or the unravelling of the genetic code. Indeed our science and technology, arguably, is the cultural achievement of the 20th century.

So how justified are Chargaff's fears? Can we begin to move beyond the poles of shock horror/gee-whizzery to a more serious appraisal of science and technology? The question of foetal research gives us an opportunity to consider anew the profound question of whether our existing social institutions are adequate to handle the moral and political problems posed by developments in science and technology.

First, what is the actual state of play in foetal research? The newest technique in foetal research involves the transfer of brain cells from a spontaneously aborted foetus into an adult animal where they mature into normal functioning cells. In a recent series of experiments, researchers have reversed alcohol-induced brain damage in adult rats by injecting brain cells from baby rat forebrains into the damaged areas. Such animal experiments have proceeded quietly over the last decade without raising unusual ethical or political questions.

Ongoing research with laboratory animals has shown that brain cells from growing animals can be injected into an adult animal where they mature into normal functioning cells. In a recent series of experiments, researchers have reversed alcohol-induced brain damage in adult rats by injecting brain cells from baby rat forebrains into the damaged areas. Such animal experiments have proceeded quietly over the last decade without raising unusual ethical or political questions.

Last year, researchers in Mexico and Sweden raised the stakes by injecting brain cells from aborted human foetuses into the brains of patients suffering from Parkinson's disease. In March and April this year, two such operations were performed in this country.

Sufferers of Parkinson's disease experience great difficulty in controlling the movements of their arms and legs. Their limbs may shake or they may freeze into position and their whole bodies may become rigid.

Researchers have traced the difficulty to the deterioration, which is still not understood, of the cells of an internal brain centre called the substantia nigra. Breakdown of the substantia nigra results in a shortage of a brain biochemical called dopamine. Dopamine, in turn, is necessary for the proper functioning of the brain centre that controls the movement of the limbs. The lack of dopamine produces the

symptoms of Parkinson's disease.

Clinicians treat Parkinson's disease with the drug L-dopa which raises the dopamine level in the brain. But L-dopa has undesirable side effects so the hunt has been on to raise the dopamine levels in other ways. The animal experiments showed the way. And the aborted foetus provided the necessary dopamine producing brain cells.

The therapy, if it works, raises Chargaff's spectre of a molecular Auschwitz. What are the ethics of such a transfer of foetal cells? Is it ethical for a woman to get pregnant so that she can abort the foetus and save herself, her child or her husband from Parkinson's disease? Must all foetal material come from spontaneous abortion? If abortion is legal can the cells of the aborted foetus be used to treat victims of Parkinson's disease?

The British Medical Association, alarmed by the sudden onset of human experimentation abroad, convened its Central Ethical Committee to formulate guidelines for brain cell transplants. After six months' work it has now recommended that the use of isolated cells and tissue fragments be permissible, but there should be no wholesale transplant of foetal brains. It has also, unsurprisingly, come out against aborting specifically to produce material for research or therapy and has strongly recommended that the timing and method of abortion is not influenced by the requirements of those who may use the tissues. It considers spontaneous abortion an acceptable means of gaining the material but only with the mother's permission.

But are such guidelines enough? Can a committee of doctors meeting only four times a year adequately deal with the ramifications of foetal transplant procedures? The matter is one for wider public debate, though it is doubtful that we have an adequate forum for such a debate.

In the meantime the relatively more traditional foetal technology of in vitro fertilisation (IVF) and its associated techniques awaits consideration. Here the focus of public debate centres around the government White Paper, *Human Fertilisation and Embryology: A framework for legislation*, published last November. This raises a number of scientific, moral and political issues.

Medically, the problem is clear. We are now experiencing what appears to be a world-wide decline in fertility. A very recent, very thorough study in the Bristol area found that 17 per cent of couples trying to get pregnant were unsuccessful after two years of trying. The causes are varied: 25 per cent of cases are due to semen abnormalities, 22 per cent to tubal damage, 20 per cent to a lack of ovulation and 28 per cent of cases are unexplained or poorly explained. In the UK as a whole there are 275,000 women who have been unsuccessful in getting pregnant. The queues for treatment are so long that couples in difficulty have to wait for a year before they can be seen at an infertility clinic.

With a medical problem of such magnitude, there has been a strong pressure on the medical establishment to develop a treatment. The method of *in vitro* fertilisation is the last resort for the infertile couple.

The techniques of IVF are, on paper, simple. The physicians retrieve one or more of the





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woman's eggs. They are placed in a glass vessel and fertilised with the man's sperm.

The eggs are grown for a period of less than 14 days, the time at which a normal fertilised egg attaches to the uterine wall. One or more fertilised eggs are then inserted into the woman's womb. If all goes well, an egg will implant itself in the uterine lining and the pregnancy can proceed.

Although IVF technology is not particularly sophisticated, the technique is far from being perfected. Only one in three IVF procedures result in a pregnancy. And only one in 10 procedures result in a baby being carried to term. Researchers trying to improve the success rate have been studying human embryos less than 14 days old.

**I**t is against the medical problem of infertility that the government White Paper is being debated. The document calls for a statutory licensing body to approve human embryo research. But more importantly, it contains two alternative clauses—one clause allows research on human embryos less than 14 days old, the other forbids it.

The arguments of the debate on embryo research are almost identical to the arguments on abortions debated around the Alton Bill last month.

Janice Price of the Parliamentary Medical and Scientific Advisory Committee to the anti-abortion All-Party Parliamentary Pro-Life Group says: "We hold that the individual human being from conception should be afforded whatever dignity we can afford." Does she concede that there are real benefits to be had from the research? "We accept that animal experiments are beneficial but we question whether experiments on human embryos are necessary." If early embryo research were necessary would her organisation still oppose it? "Absolutely. One has to draw a line about what we are going to permit and what we are not."

Janice Price's opposite number is Jim Moody of Progress, the lobbying organisation of the

**If the cell sampling methods are ever to have a clinical application there must be research into the pre-implantation stages of the human embryo—seen above at the eight cell stage**

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"Actually, the White Paper is quite hopeful in many ways," says Moody. "We support the fullest safeguards on the research, the proposed statutory licensing body, and the use of the closest animal models. But there must be respect for the whole situation."

Moody outlines a number of the syndromes that the research can be expected to help, ranging from infertility to genetic disabilities. Does he feel there is merit to the view that the foetus must be protected from the moment of conception? "It is a personal question. What the anti-abortion lobby wants to do is to bind everyone in society to their point of view."

But the politics of early embryo research goes beyond the question of the sanctity of the foetus versus the sanctity of the living. Behind the moral arguments is a battle for who is to control the research—the medical establishment or the state. As Jim Moody says: "Many MPs really have a fear of the mad scientist."

And so we return to Chargaff's scenario of a scientific establishment that is out of control. With an epidemic of infertility upon us, with 275,000 possibly infertile couples and with a likely candidate, IVF, to ameliorate the problem provided that early embryo research can be continued, there certainly seems to be a justification for the proposed early embryo research.

But what about the power that the medical profession might gain over reproduction? How do we feel about the power that the medical profession currently has over our own lives? Most importantly perhaps, how do women feel about the way the medical profession is handling infertility cases?

The Woman's Reproductive Rights Information Centre in London counsels women who fear they are infertile. "The infertility clinics can really be a horrendous experience," says a spokeswoman at the centre. "There are blood tests, hormone tests, detailed histories, numerous post-coital checks. There's no privacy, no explanations. Most women feel quite devastated by what they have to go through. In addition, the doctors frequently assume that it is all the woman's fault. We've had cases where the woman has had to have a laparoscopy before the man's sperm count has even been checked." A laparoscopy involves placing the woman under a general anaesthetic and inserting a thin plastic light pipe (optical fibre) right below the belly button so that the physician can examine the woman's ovaries.

Couples who are helped with an infertility problem are inclined to forget the difficulties encountered along the way. This inequality of knowledge and power could pave the way for major abuses in the conduct of foetal research.

In a case that has attracted international attention, a 34-year-old woman was admitted to a hospital in the city of Gifu, in central Japan in 1984 having had a history of being treated for schizophrenia. In this instance she was five months pregnant. She was transferred to Gifu



**Single cells can be secured with a suction tube and probed as shown on the screen. Here, a technician manipulates DNA under the microscope**

University Hospital where, with her mother's permission, but without her own permission, physicians terminated her pregnancy. The foetus was dissected and its brain examined for the effects of the drugs that had been prescribed for the woman.

Such a case is symptomatic of a research establishment that is close to being out of control. Kimio Moriyama of the Psychiatric Union of Tokyo University, a leading figure in the campaign in Japan against mental patient abuse says: "Many university hospitals treat the mentally ill as research objects and think little of their rights."

Such developments are indeed worrying. The biomedical research community has always regarded itself as the sole competent judge of what should or should not be permitted in biomedical research and treatment. But in the age of biotechnology, of multi-million pound grants, of genetic engineering companies looking for fast profits can the medical community be trusted to make responsible decisions in the absence of any formal accountability? Erwin Chargaff feels not.

The issue of foetal engineering also raises certain questions about the practice of our traditional Western medicine. This has been strongly influenced by the emergence of a modern science which has as its key feature the isolation of the problem to be studied from its environment.

But it is increasingly obvious that such an approach applied to human health may be too narrow. Thus the World Health Organisation report that between 60 per cent and 90 per cent of human cancers are environmentally caused. Similarly in the case of Parkinson's disease, there is now evidence that the damage to the dopamine producing cells of the substantia nigra is of environmental origin. Even the question of abortion can be said to have important environmental components.

Anne Gibson is National Women's Officer of the 650,000-strong Manufacturing, Science and Finance union (formerly the Association of Scientific, Technical and Managerial Staffs).

"We as a union strongly believe in a woman's right to choose and our members oppose the reduction in abortion from 28 to 18 weeks as being detrimental to the interests of women. But it also is a mistake to isolate the question of abortion from the environment in which it occurs."

"I mean that we have to be improving NHS services to reduce the need for late abortions. We need back-up services. We need free child care for those who require it so that a single mother, for example, will not have to choose abortion. We are way behind Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Finland where they have far greater child benefit, compensation for loss of earnings, fully paid parental leave and extensive free child care facilities. I took a group of Finnish child care workers to our showpiece nursery in Covent Garden. They couldn't believe how backward we were. We just cannot continue to treat abortion as a simple medical procedure. It contains a whole complex of social questions."

In the case of infertility, all efforts have been devoted to establishing techniques for relieving the infertility itself. But with at least 17 per cent of couples suffering infertility it is difficult to avoid concluding that environmental agents are substantially responsible.

The Women's Reproductive Rights Information Centre says: "Certainly we suspect environmental agents. Smoking, alcohol, lead paint, heavy metals are all known to affect fertility adversely. Sperm counts on a world wide basis are decreasing due to environmental toxins. And we do make referrals to a pre-conception advisory service that deals with environmental factors. But most women want information on the infertility services available within the NHS."

In the meantime, Parliament will move to vote on the White Paper sometime next November. I asked Jim Moody of Progress and Janice Price of the Parliamentary Medical Committee whether there was anything they would particularly like to bring to public attention about the forthcoming legislation. Janice Price said: "Those of us who are concerned with the trends would like people to write to their MPs to support the clause to remove the use of the human embryo as a guinea pig."

Jim Moody said: "The most important thing I have to say is that people should write to their MPs to support the clause in paragraph 30 supporting the embryo research."

Perhaps writing to one's MP is the best we can do. As Anne Gibson says: "Certainly we want accountability and democratisation within the science base. But we must also incline towards having our scientific research be as unrestricted as possible as well as being adequately supported."

Perhaps scientists themselves should begin to act in new ways, remembering that the ideal of science is that of service to humanity. A franker recognition of their own limitations, a more open dialogue with the public about problems with their work, and a more critical approach to colleagues who regard themselves as above society would go a long way to rebuild, not only confidence in science, but also our self-confidence as a people who have the capacity to solve the problems that our lives pose for us. ●



Drugs and radiation can't distinguish between a cancerous cell and a healthy one.

So when certain advanced forms of cancer are given high dosage treatment it's impossible to avoid damaging other parts of the body as well.

## IMAGINE THE BENEFITS OF MAKING CANCER CELLS MAGNETIC.

Particularly vulnerable is bone marrow—the source of white blood cells which form the body's defence system.

Bone marrow can be protected by a form of transplantation.

Remove some before treatment and then replace it afterwards.

The problem is, cancer may already have spread to the bone marrow. Putting it back could mean putting back cancer.

If only we could 'clean' it first.

But how?

Scientists are currently experimenting with 'monoclonal antibodies', kind of cancer-seeking missiles which track down and stick to cancer cells — although they don't actually kill them.

Instead of trying to attach 'warheads' to these missiles, one of our doctors had the lateral thought of attaching little magnetic beads containing iron. The idea being that as these stick to the cancer cells, they too would become magnetic.

He then passed the bone marrow through a tube surrounded by magnets.

And it worked. The 'magnetic' cancer cells were trapped leaving the healthy cells completely untouched.

It will take some time yet to carry out the tests

needed to assess the long-term effectiveness of this type of therapy.

Nevertheless, other centres in this country and overseas have now adopted our technique, and over 100 patients have been treated so far.

Many of these have been children suffering from neuroblastoma, a form of cancer with a depressingly low survival rate. Eventually we hope that we may have as much success in treating this as we've had with Hodgkin's Disease.

(Ten years ago hardly any children survived it, now 90% recover.)

But to make this possible we need help. The ICRF receives no government support but relies entirely on public funding, of which over 93% is made directly available for research.

If you can help, please cut the coupon. Or you can make a credit card donation by dialling 100 and asking for Freephone Cancer.

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IMPERIAL  
CANCER RESEARCH  
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No holes barred for Lord Roy Jenkins, Richard Branson, Lady Rusheen Wynne-Jones, Nicholas Ridley, Ron Brown, Clare Short. Michael Palin, George

**MICHAEL PALIN, writer and actor**

Whoever it was who decided that the Time should be sponsored by Accurist, the most depressing example of the current sell-off philosophy in which *everything* is up for grabs, including Time. Perhaps Eternal Life should be sponsored by 7-Up, Good and Evil by Barclays Bank and Truth by Guinness?

**LORD DENNING, former Master of the Rolls**

Ron Brown for throwing down the mace. He has offended the dignity of Parliament and our constitution. We can't have that. If we put him in the stocks, then he won't be dignified.

**PAUL RAYMOND, Soho impresario**

Clare Short, for being a spoilsport and moving a resolution in the House of Commons to ban Page 3

girls. I believe that if that law goes through, then the freedom of the Press has gone.

**PETER YORK, style guru**

I'm not a very vengeful person, but I was once nominated in this vein by Michael Roberts, who thought that anybody who wrote like me—or, indeed, even thought like me—should be abolished. I never understood what he meant. Do I want to nominate him? No, I think he's wonderful. Not family viewing, but he's very clever. I'm getting awfully mellow, aren't I?

**RAY CONNOLLY, screenwriter**

Harry Carpenter, for encouraging and catering to a public blood lust by presenting on television the blood sport otherwise known as professional boxing.

**RICHARD SHEPHERD, chef/partner in Langan's**

My candidate for the stocks would

be Peter Langan, because it would be the most efficient way of drying him out, and I would permit over-ripe tomatoes to be thrown at him, provided that only Michael Caine was allowed to do so. I love them both dearly.

**DAVID SULLIVAN, publisher, Sunday Sport**

I'm a very liberal person. I wouldn't like to see anybody have stones thrown at them. Custard pies, perhaps, and they should be thrown at the night-shift of ticket wardens outside Stringfellows who always give me aggravation.

**DIANE ABBOTT, MP for Hackney North & Stoke Newington**

Nicholas Ridley, for his involvement in the poll tax. *So libertarian is the honourable member's office that her staff wanted an explanation of the word "stocks".*

**ALAN COREN, editor, The Listener**

James Anderton—medieval treatment for a medieval bloke.

**FRED HOUSEGO, cabbie Mastermind and presenter for Radio London**

Mother Teresa, wearing a sequinned dress. And Father Christmas because I can't stand fat old prats with long beards. Not Tony Blackburn, his head's too big, you'd never get him in.

**TONY BLACKBURN, DJ, Radio London**

John Love, managing director of PPL (Phonographic Performance Ltd), the scourge of every radio station who have single-handedly held British broadcasting back for years. PPL determines how long a station plays a record for and how much the station pays for it. In effect, we have to pay the record company for promoting their



Melly and Paul Raymond take aim

records. Radio London paid £17,000 in fines last year for overstepping the air-time.

*The Monopolies and Mergers Commission is currently investigating the system by which tariffs are calculated.*

**NIGEL DEMPSTER, gossip columnist**

I'd like to nominate myself; it's a pleasurable experience. Otherwise Patrick Lichfield—his hair needs ruffling.

**ROY ACKERMAN, foodie, chairman of the Restaurateurs' Association of Great Britain**

Deyan Sudjic. Anyone who lives in an all-aluminium flat deserves some custard around the place.

**TONY ELLIOTT, magazine publisher**

Richard Branson. I just find him deeply irritating, particularly the "Minister of Litter" thing. I think

he should be put in the stocks and have all the litter he never cleared up thrown at him.

**ELIZABETH LONGFORD, biographer**

I would like to nominate myself because I'd like to know what it feels like to be a victim, though I'd probably burst out laughing at the custard pies.

**DEYAN SUDJIC, editor, Blueprint**

Lady Rusheen Wynne-Jones, self-styled architectural adviser to Prince Charles, who has threatened to ride naked through London in protest against the St Paul's developments. I would pay anything for her not to do so. She's the sort of person who gives conservation a bad name.

**LADY RUSHEEN WYNNE-JONES**

You know perfectly well who I'd

nominate—Nicholas Ridley, of course. I'm absolutely devastated by what he wants to do. He's a cultural barbarian and a public menace.

**MARY WHITEHOUSE, Honorary General Secretary, National Viewers' and Listeners' Association**

Lord Roy Jenkins because he was responsible for the statement in the early 60s that the permissive society is the civilised society. He has also been responsible for much of the obscene publications legislation which has caused so much trouble. He is always so very smug and self-satisfied. I would throw the custard pies without any hard personal feelings.

**AUBERON WAUGH, editor, Literary Review, columnist**

Archbishop Warlock, for the abject state of Liverpool. He hasn't

been pulling his weight. Also, the collapse of the Catholic Church under his leadership is, on the whole, a bad thing. And for his half-baked socialism and sucking-up to the Labour voter in Liverpool—it's doing nothing but harm for Catholicism, the Labour Party and Liverpool.

**BRIAN WENHAN, former controller, BBC radio**

I nominate my old friend, sparring-partner and near-contemporary, Peter Jay. His not-so-hidden hand lies behind the twin fancies of today's broadcasting debates, Birtism and Brittanism.

Birtism, which Jay co-authored, seeks to elevate explanation above inquiry in the journalism of screen and air. It also seeks to deny legitimacy to the camera and to the microphone as proper first-hand reportorial tools. That's like asking a writer to throw away his pen.

Brittanism, Sam not Leon, is

# A PLACE IN THE PILLORY

There has been a Conservative call for the reintroduction of the stocks.

Sally Richardson asked a variety of people to select candidates for custard pies





**Stock watch:** Michael Palin chose "whoever it was who decided that the Time should be sponsored by Accurist, the most depressing example of the current sell-off philosophy"

also Jay-based. That seeks to morselise for costing purposes what we listen to and watch. In a Jay-Brittan future you will be able to hear the meter ticking up differentially, as you hop from channel to channel. This is meant to give you a warming sense of "consumer sovereignty". Does it work that way with the telephone?

Taken together, Birtism and Brittanism offer a future which is drearier, more confusing and infinitely more expensive. Jay now works for Captain Maxwell. Perhaps, on reflection, that is already retribution enough.

**ALAN CROMPTON-BATT, restaurant consultant**

The press officers for the royal family who always insist that the royals are not remotely interested in food and wine, eating steamed chicken and drinking water all the time. This affects the whole British attitude towards eating, as if it

doesn't really happen.

**GEORGE MELLY, jazzman**

Margaret Thatcher, because I dislike everything she stands for. When I see her on television I shake with rage. Her respect for those who grab and her indifference towards those who can't are principally what I dislike. I dislike even more the fact that there is no opposition to her—she's an unstoppable juggernaut.

**PETER BLAKE, painter**

Whoever thought up Clause 28. And also the whole of the House of Lords for not sorting it out when they could have done.

*Clause 28 was proposed by Dame Jill Knight, MP for Birmingham Edgbaston, and David Wiltshire, MP for Spelthorne.*

**CYNTHIA PAYNE, former brothel-keeper, now a celebrity**  
Derek Hatton, the reason being

that he talks such a lot that even I can't get a word in edgeways. At least he's a good sport. He's one of the very few people who can take a joke about himself. We met in pantomime in Birmingham last Christmas, *Alladin*. He was the town crier, I was a French maid.

**BRUCE KENT, chairperson of CND**

John F. McDonnell, chairman and chief executive of McDonnell Douglas, the American company who recently produced an advertisement showing the nuclear bomber, F15 Eagle. It said: "In 1982 America started building the framework for INF. It's rolling off the assembly line now."

**TERRY JONES, writer, director, ex-Python**

Whoever it was who invented those padded envelopes that shower you with grey stuff whenever you open them.

**MOST POMPOUS RESPONSES**

**CLEMENT FREUD, writer, broadcaster, caterer, former MP**  
I don't give free quotes.

**PAUL SPICER, Lonrho, on behalf of Tiny Rowland**

Contrary to press and public opinion, Mr Rowland would not wish to put anyone in the stocks. You don't know Mr Rowland. He wouldn't find it amusing at all. He's a cut above all that.

**J. P. DONLEAVY, novelist**

I really don't know. I don't have those awful feelings. And, of course, today people might come after one with a sub-machine gun. Anyway, I'm a writer, and writers sit on the fence and look at life without making judgments.

*A bottle of champagne to the reader with the wittiest nomination.*



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# At the shrine of the AGA

Those who use an Aga earnestly defend its virtues, but Matthew Fort asks if this classic of kitchen design, symbol of a golden age of domestic harmony, is obsolete in these days of microwave ovens

Let's face it, there is something very comforting about it. All around is fad and fashion, technology and tat, but there rests the Aga, solid, sober, immutable, a reminder of domestic virtues, of cosiness, clutter and family suppers.

The Aga has no sharp corners on which to impale yourself, no push buttons that refuse to push, no invisible ceramic hotplate on which inadvertently to sear a hand.

It is of a piece with the stone-flagged (or Italian-tiled) floor, the refectory table, the Welsh dresser, the Osborne & Little chintzes, the Barbour, the Filofax, the portable telephone, the four-wheel drive, with Max the golden retriever, with Cressida and Cosmo.

Thousands of homes revolve round its primal warmth. Millions of magazines have been sold on the back of the Aga Syndrome. More than just a domestic talisman, more than just a



Ralph Steadman



## They are seeking to convince themselves that the £2,000 that they forked out for an Aga cooker, and to have the floor strengthened to support it, was money well spent

family friend, the Aga is a design classic. Sir Terence Conran has one. The Maharishi of advertising, David Ogilvie, has one. The BBC has made a programme about it. It belongs up there with the VW Beetle, the Coca Cola bottle, Levi jeans, the Mackintosh chair.

That is, the VW Beetle that you traded in 10 years ago for your 55 miles to the gallon, power-steered, adjustable seated, sunroofed, sublimely comfortable hatchback from Japan; the Coca Cola bottle that has given way to the crushable can; the Levis that you sent to the cricket-club jumble sale after your children begged you not to cause embarrassment by wearing them in public; and the Mackintosh chair that sits in solitary splendour—solitary because it proved too uncomfortable to sit in for longer than 10 minutes at a time. (Anyway, it never really went with the refectory table or the Welsh dresser or the chintzes, did it?)

So it should be with the Aga. We look at it, admire it, pat it, rest our bottoms on it, feel comforted by it, but do we actually use it? Does it have a real place in the age of technological wizardry, of the microwave and fingertip control? Isn't that the problem with classics, that by the time they are recognised as such, they are, in fact, obsolete? How many of us seriously cry, "bring back the Westinghouse portable typewriter, the pedal-powered Singer sewing machine, the R101"?

**M**ind you, talk to anyone who used to use an Aga—I use the past tense deliberately—and you immediately leave the new realism of the latter half of the 20th century behind. A far-away look comes into their eyes, and in a dreamy voice they will tell you all about the great stews they simmered and the great roasts they basted and the nights they huddled round the good old Aga and sang songs together. For them the Aga belongs to a golden age of domestic harmony, when you could boil a kettle, bake a cake, dry wellies—and at the same time.

Talk to anyone who currently has one, and the picture begins to blur ever so slightly. They adopt composed expressions and tell you in grave tones how marvellous the Aga really is. In my experience, when people tell you how marvellous something is, it's time to reach for your gun. They are attempting to justify the unjustifiable to themselves. It's a variation of the Terrifically Earnest ploy. If you are sufficiently earnest about something, then, no matter how improbable, it must be true. In this case they are seeking to convince themselves that the £2,000-plus that they forked out for an Aga cooker, and to have the floor strength-

ened to support it, was money well spent.

It's a wonderful source of heat, they say. The kitchen, the heart of the house, is always warm, they say. It's so convenient. And quite economical too. Of course it cooks just as well as a conventional cooker, even better, in fact. Wouldn't use anything else. I am sure you know the kind of gurgling testimonial for which the sales directors of gas and electrical appliances would give their eye teeth.

Once upon a time I'm sure that this was all true. When Dr Gustav Dalén, Nobel prize winner for his work on automatic warning lights at sea and Aga inventor, came up with the Mark 1 version of the Svenska Aktiebolaget Gasackumulator in 1922, it was a breakthrough in state-of-the-art kitchen technology.

He did it for his wife. Blinded in an accident while carrying out an experiment in a quarry, he was forced to spend rather a lot of time at home, where he was distressed to discover how much of the day Mrs Dalén had to spend fussing over her old-fashioned kitchen range. He decided she could do with something better. He adapted the principles of heat storage to achieve what the Aga promotional literature refers to as "a high accumulation of heat in a well-insulated environment, delivered in precisely-controlled quantities".

Well, up to a point, Lord Copper. The problem being that the Aga controls the heat, not you. You can move your saucepans from hob to hob, and your stewpans from oven to oven, but you can't turn the heat up or down just as and when you need it.

That the Aga is a splendidly efficient machine for accumulating heat I have no doubt. But once that heat is given off it cannot be quickly replaced. And if you take heat from one part, you diminish the effectiveness of the rest.

So if you want to reduce five pints of stock down to a single sticky cupful, as so many modern cookery books regard as *de rigueur*, you bring it to a roistering boil and leave it there. At the same time it seems sensible to cook the dogs' meat, make a cup of tea, bake a cake and help little Tommy make some fudge. You can do all these things at once on an Aga. An hour or so later the stock is reduced to the desired concentration. But come the dinner party that evening, your big opportunity to impress, don't expect the soufflés to rise. You will find that the Aga no longer has the heat to warm them through, let alone cause them to rise to the giddy, fluffy heights you dreamt of.

A soufflé may seem a frivolous example, but the implications are clear and dire. In 30 years my mother was unable to produce a respectable Yorkshire pudding in her Aga. It wasn't that

she was a bad cook. Quite the reverse. But you need a red-hot oven to breathe life into that batter, and by the time she had roasted half an ox and a bushel of potatoes needed to feed eight hungry mouths, boiled the cabbage, made the gravy, the hottest Aga oven had about as much heat as a single-bar electric fire. The Yorkshire pudding always looked stricken.

**B**ut neither this kind of shortcoming, nor the fact that you can't grill, nor that it takes five minutes to boil a kettle, nor that it is a less than ideal device for reheating gastrosnax from the chiller cabinet in a hurry, is likely to disturb your ardent Aga worshipper. They aren't really interested in cooking.

Ask 100 Aga owners what they think is so great about their wonder cooker, and the chances are that 99 will tell you that it's really marvellous for drying things on. And the 100th will tell you that there's nothing better on which to raise baby lambs abandoned by their mothers. Oh well, that's life for a lamb—on top one minute and inside the next.

It's true, the Aga is an excellent source of constant warmth. Apparently the people at the British Antarctic Research Base have two, but their situation is extreme. If the rest of you want to get the best out of your Agas. I suppose you will have to switch off the central heating, wait for the house to cool down, and then race through your refrigerated rooms to huddle round it. Or when you wake up in the middle of the night, an affliction to which Aga owners seem peculiarly prone, probably because you're worrying about that £2,000-plus, you totter down to console yourself with the cooker's heat, rather than consult the doctor.

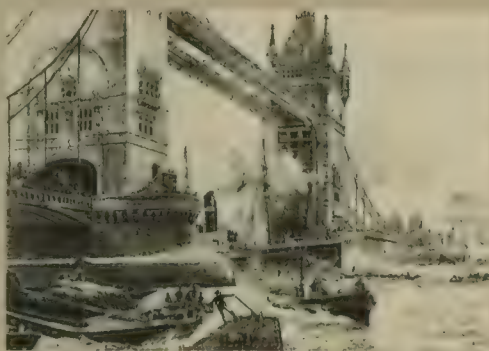
Drying nappies in the eye-level gas wall oven can be fraught with problems. That's why we have tumble dryers. And trying to raise a lamb in a microwave has its drawbacks. But you won't have to have the floor strengthened or take out a mortgage to buy them.

I have no doubt that Mrs Dalén was profoundly grateful to her husband for his ingenuity. I am sure it improved her lot no end, but in truth we cannot say the same of it now. Enough is enough. Turn on the modular, precisely adjustable gas hob. Program the computerised multifunctional cooking centre. It's time to put the Aga where it belongs, in the Museum of Design Classics, alongside the VW Beetle, the Coca Cola bottle, the Levi jeans (they couldn't get rid of them at the cricket-club jumble sale), and the Mackintosh chair ●

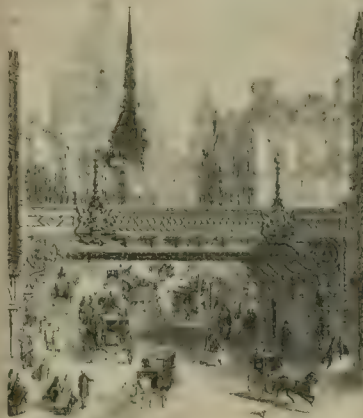




# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



An illustration published in 1886 which depicted how Tower Bridge would look when finished.



Ludgate Hill from 1863 showing how the railway bridge would look when erected by the Chatham and Dover railway company.



The hustle and bustle of London Bridge as it was in 1872.



London's Big Ben and the new Houses of Parliament as they appeared in 1857.



A Victorian scene from 1893, Sunday morning in Kensington Gardens.



A Victorian coaching scene in 1881—the start of the journey from the White Horse cellar, Piccadilly.

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IN AID OF THE MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY GROUP



# THE CARVING-UP OF SMITHFIELD

By Caroline Ross

“The Corporation could make more money out of this place if it was a car park.”

The porters and traditions of Smithfield face the chopper.

Photographs by Tony Latham.

Smithfield meat market is important to London life—historically, politically, symbolically. Not only is it the last of London’s ancient wholesale markets to retain its original site, now that Billingsgate, Spitalfields and Covent Garden have relocated, but it also operates one of the last closed shops in Great Britain. The 700 men who work there maintain a system of restrictive practices that would give a committed Thatcherite serious heartburn.

It is the largest market of its kind in the world, with an annual turnover of £300 million. But this month 1,000 years of history may draw to a close. The owner of the market is the Corporation of London, which has proposed a £15 million modernisation to bring it into line with EEC hygiene regulations. In return it is insisting upon a reform of working practices. Market tenants must negotiate changes with their TGWU workforce or the Corporation will reconsider its options. One of them is outright closure.

Its position has been threatened only once before, when the old live market, to which cattle were driven from all over the country, was closed because of its health hazard to the overcrowded Victorian capital. But an *ILN* obituary of the time was premature. Thirteen years later Horace Jones, who also built Tower Bridge, created the existing market for the sale of dead meat only. Complete with lofty aisle and graceful statues, it re-opened its wrought-iron gates to the public in 1868, and Smithfield man resumed his rightful position as provider of the Sunday roast.

Smithfield man is proud of his roots in the market, which may go back many generations. He does not kowtow to anyone, least of all the market tenants or “guv’nors”. He sees himself as the cream of London’s working stock, in no need of updating or mechanising. Look into Smithfield and see a museum come to life,



Smithfield Market, built in 1868 by Sir Horace Jones



where the iron-shod wheels of the porters' handtrucks are matched by the unchanged values of the men that push them.

When others starved, the meat porter feasted, and selling a bit of meat on the side made him prosperous. He has had to be a tough opportunist to keep a job many others wanted. Wartime controls meant that all meat in the capital was carried by members of the TGWU, and they have never relinquished that right, despite being successfully challenged in the courts. It's not only a closed shop; the union has the right to nominate (tenants would say "allocate") men for vacant posts, and they operate a "job finish" scheme which means there are no fixed hours of work. But perhaps the most remarkable restrictions, and certainly the most galling to tenants and Corporation, concern the transporting of meat into and out of the market.

A tenant cannot stock his stall without paying "pullers-back" and "pitchers", and in most cases a retailer cannot remove his purchases without paying a "bummaree". Pullers-back take the meat off the lorries, and pitchers carry or "pitch" it on to the market, but the origin of "bummaree" is obscure. One suggestion is that it derives from the French *bon marché*, another that it comes from bunning for work; even that it used to be the "bum" job to



Above, pullers-back, pitchers and bummarees at work in the main aisle of Smithfield meat market. Left, Teddy Lynch, still the only black man working at Smithfield after 35 years there. Right, an early-morning juggernaut from distant Aberdeen delivering meat outside the Central Cold Storage building

have. It isn't any more. The 200 bummarees, pitchers and pullers-back, who wear traditional blue overalls and caps, are self-employed and paid according to how much they carry. The jobs are much coveted, and there are waiting lists of "shopmen" (employed men, who make up the rest of the workforce) ready to fill any vacancies. It may take 20 years.

Now one knows exactly how much they earn; nor are inquiries welcomed ("Where's the share from—the Inland Revenue? I've earned about seven and a half quid this morning... I'd rather tell you about my sex life with my wife than that.") But a fit and busy bummaree can apparently earn more than £500 per week. Twenty years ago, when the market was much



Above, pullers-back, pitchers and bummarees at work in the main aisle of Smithfield meat market. Left, Teddy Lynch, still the only black man working at Smithfield after 35 years there. Right, an early-morning juggernaut from distant Aberdeen delivering meat outside the Central Cold Storage building

busier, he was clearing proportionately more—enough, certainly, for one named Tasty Ted to send his daughter to private school.

There are other secrets at Smithfield, suggestions that "famous gangsters" have worked on the market, but no one names names. Perhaps it is an attempt to add shady glamour, yet no one will deny that a member of one of America's most prominent Mafia families still works at Smithfield.

People are more willing to discuss famous former porters. These include a long list of champion boxers: Dave McLeave, Ron Barton, Terry McGovern, Terry Spinks and, most recently, East-End hero Mark Kaylor. Four o'clock in the morning, and Big T the bummaree is in a hole in the wall eating a bacon sandwich. "You've got to earn your respect—

know what I mean?" he ruminates. Big T, also known as The Neck, evidently has little problem. He is joined by other large men in blue smocks and white caps, who cram into the six-foot square of Carlo's snack bar and adjust to the day with a cup of tea and a cigarette.

"But what happens to wimps at Smithfield?"

"If you are not a bird, do not nest over the abyss," says Big T darkly.

Across the road the market prepares itself for the start of trading at 5am. The last of the articulated giants, having off-loaded its meaty burden, is lurching out of Grand Avenue, the commanding transept that divides the market east and west.

Through the many entrances on each side the light streams, illuminating glistening carcasses suspended from hooks in the open stalls. A market tenant armed with clipboard is checking he has all the meat he needs; a cutter works his knife through a hanging pig; a pitcher shuffles past, bent under 200lb of beef.

The picture has not changed in centuries, but there is more to the history of Smithfield than meat. London's earliest monastic church, the

12th-century St Bartholomew the Great, stands beside its hospital namesake. Cloth Fair, with its 17th-century houses, survivors of the Great Fire, is within Smithfield's borders. Just outside them, to the south, is the Old Bailey, and to the north lies Clerkenwell, graced by Charterhouse Square and St John's Gate.

Smithfield was used as a medieval place of execution for common criminals. Heretics were burned here during the reign of Mary Tudor, and it was to Smithfield that Wat Tyler led the peasants in 1381, to demand better conditions for the working man. Wat was killed by the mayor of the Corporation for allegedly "insulting" the king, but his spirit lives on in Smithfield man—a thorn in the flesh of that same Corporation: "Where else could you tell the guv'nor to 'eff off' when you wanted? You get treated with respect, and the people who work here demand that respect."

Despite the insults, the relationship between tenants and men, united by a common heritage, is close. An "Us and Them" attitude cannot flourish when all keep company in the small hours of a cold morning. But this will change if the refurbishment plan, which envisages a system of closed units, goes ahead. All the meat will disappear behind glass, and the only area which will retain its lofty view will be the central Buyers' Walk. Space will be converted to provide two floors of offices above the meat stalls.

Losing the open feel of the market will do much to destroy its character, but tenants and Corporation insist the changes are essential to its future, in particular because they will make effective temperature control possible and bring back the custom of meat manufacturers, like sausage-makers, who have to conform to a rigorous set of EEC regulations. Smithfield has to increase its business and arrest its slow decline—last year the Corporation made a profit of only £300,000. Unfortunately better refrigeration techniques mean that there is no longer the need to import meat pressed straight from the ship at Smithfield, and the growth of

supermarket shopping has further contributed to loss of trade. The longer the queues at Tesco's, the shorter they are in Buyers' Walk.

Also, since proximity to the Stock Exchange is no longer of primary importance to City businessmen, these 10 acres have become a prime cut of London real estate, and the offices are moving in. In the last four years the price per square foot of rented office space has risen from £6 to £14. The Fox and Anchor pub in Charterhouse Street now serves its celebrated 7am breakfast to City types as well as market-goers. Le Mistral in Cowcross Street, the name a survival of the days of the old live market, provides up-market business lunches. And a few yards down from Carlo's hole-in-the-wall (tea 20p) is an establishment with Californian wine at £21.75p a bottle.

Smithfield has fewer than 500 residents, and 400 of them are Bart's Hospital staff, but streets like Cloth Fair are ideal yuppie territory. Janet Street-Porter has recently moved into her £1 million house in Britton Street, Clerkenwell, designed by architect Piers Gough. From the terrace of her interesting Lego-blue roof she can look out over the market.

The fact that she can, says something else about the area. This is one of the few remaining parts of London where the old buildings, and the city are not dwarfed by those of the new. Stand in West Smithfield and see the gilded pinnacles of St Paul's and the Old Bailey top the skyline. Leave it and watch them disappear beneath the tower blocks. But there is a limit to gentrification. At its last meeting the GLC declared most of Smithfield a conservation area.

Roger Adams, of estate agents Herring Son & Daw, says: "It's still less expensive than other parts of the city, and other attractions include the opening of the Thames Link railway to Farringdon. In its favour, too, is that recently restrictions have been relaxed on converting light industrial premises into office accommodation without applying for planning permission." The firm has just sold The Smokery in Cowcross Street, on the site of an old bacon-curing factory, for £1.4 million. Like other estate agents, it would be pleased to see the market go, or at least be reduced in size and thus emulate the market at Leadenhall. The nuisance of lorries would then be minimised.



It is 6am, and Dan Harmston, bummaree and chairman of what could be called the Wat Tyler school of oratory, is taking a tea break in the Cock Tavern. He adjusts the cravat which peeps from under his blue smock and addresses Big T on falling oil revenues. Harmston will lead an informed discussion on almost any subject, from Victorian buildings ("modern architects are light years behind the Victorians") to the need for European unity ("We are the rogue elephant of Europe"). Ex-blackshirt and personal friend of Sir Oswald Mosley, he twice stood for Parliament for the Union of Labour Movement. His views somehow capture the politics of the market, being both right-wing and anti-establishment. "The Palace of Westminster, Whitehall, Fleet Street and the BBC are riddled with poofs, pervers and Russian spies," he says flatly. Notwithstanding these misgivings, the men of Smithfield are a patriotic bunch. The Falklands War was a popular cause, and the



Queen Mother is their favourite pin-up. She has visited the market three times, with evident enjoyment, and on her last visit in 1986 was made an honorary bummaree.

But a liking for "tradition" can throw up less endearing characteristics, and racism is endemic. There's a lot of talk about "white flight" from shopmen, who remember with affection their 1962 march on Westminster with the slogan "Ban Coloured Immigration". Today the only black face on the market belongs to Teddy Lynch, brother of singer Kenny. He has been there for 35 years, and his Cockney credentials make him acceptable. To the men of Smithfield, Teddy's capacity for hard work sets him apart from others of his colour. "They don't like hard work—that's why they get jobs in post offices," says Big T mysteriously.

However, the men are nothing if not industrious. An estimated 50 per cent have second jobs, many as London cab drivers. Not all their enterprises are legal. Pilfering has always been a problem, with beef fillets (compact and valuable) a favourite target. A few years ago, police organised a covert surveillance operation at the request of market tenants. Officers hid in the roof, or lurked on the shop floor wearing authentically-smudged white coats. The venture was not a success. Somehow the men always knew exactly who and where they were.



It is 8am and Big Roy York, who combines his work as a shopman with running for charity and playing "uglies" in advertisements, shoulders a huge piece of beef and looks thoughtfully down Buyers' Walk. "Time was when you couldn't get moved down here at this time," he says. "Now it's all finished by 9 o'clock."

Belligerent they may be, but most Smithfield men accept that change has to come if the market is to survive. For all the strength of the union, the workforce has halved in the last decade, and a job on the market is no longer available to sons and grandsons. The redoubtable characters that remain are getting old: 16 per cent are over 60, and a good many of these are bummarees and pitchers, the chief targets of the proposed reforms. If the price is



Above, Janet Street-Porter's £1 million Lego-roofed eyesore overlooking Smithfield Market, in Britton Street. Left, the tower of London's earliest monastic church, the 12th-century St Bartholomew the Great, which stands beside its hospital namesake in the precincts of Smithfield. In 1973 the hospital held its 850th anniversary ball in the market hall

right, the self-employed of Smithfield may well be prepared to slip quietly into history. Negotiations between tenants and union have been protracted, but the indications now are that they are proceeding positively. Tenants seem within sight of achieving their aim—the creation of an "integrated" and mechanised labour force, working shifts for a mainly fixed wage.

But although reforms seem likely within the next five years, agreement between tenants and union may not be finalised this month. The question that remains is: how committed is the Corporation to keeping the market open? Market superintendent Douglas Noakes says, "Despite rumours to the contrary, the Corporation wants to retain Smithfield as a meat market." Mr Noakes is an honourable man with a deep affection for the place he has served

for 21 years, but the Corporation employing him is mindful of profits, and selling meat in the building is no longer a lucrative option.

A dark-suited man is hurrying through Grand Avenue carrying a briefcase; it is 9am. This is the new Smithfield man, and he needs more office space in the City. Examination of the refurbishment plan, some argue, betrays the Corporation's long-term intentions. "It will turn our lovely airy market into an office block with a meat market underneath," says George Allan, chairman of the Smithfield Trust, a pressure group made up of local businessmen and residents. "The market could be updated by a much less drastic programme of piecemeal and organic change."

Old Smithfield man is pessimistic: "The Corporation is sitting on a gold mine. It could make more money out of this place if it was a car park." Smithfield, a living market in the heart of the financial world, is a fascinating and peculiarly British anomaly that the City can well afford to keep. But the great cathedral built to meat may yet be sacrificed to Mammon, and London and the nation will be duller for it ●



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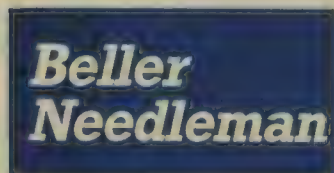
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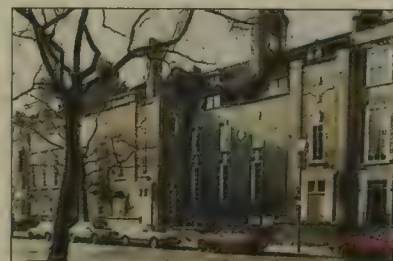
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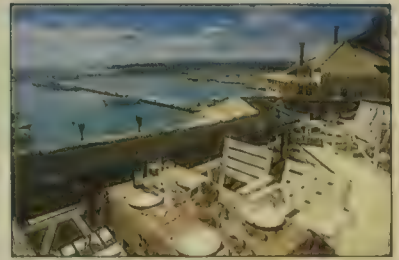


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# OLD CRETAN CUSTOMS

James Bishop finds that Crete has developed its own way of welcoming visitors without losing its unique and ancient culture

**B**ullet holes puncture the road signs, pepper the telegraph poles and pierce the roofs of tavernas in many parts of Crete, especially in the remoter areas, which on this island may be no more than a few hundred yards off the tourist track. They are not the legacy of war, or some violent internal conflict, but an expression of modern Cretan vitality which often manifests itself late at night or in the early hours of the morning after a *festa*.

Weddings are frequently the trigger. Local hospitality generally turns these into open-house affairs. While staying in the tiny village of Megala Khorafia last summer we were invited to attend a wedding which attracted more than 1,000 guests to the local church and afterwards to one of the three tavernas that battled for the custom of a village with no shops and only a handful of residents. The celebrations seemed endless and we had long retired to our villa on the hillside when we heard, as we thought, the firecrackers bringing the proceedings to a close. Only next day, as we walked along the road in the lush valley below the church, did we see the new evidence of Cretan-style celebration—the bullet-hole truth, as it were.

You will not find such uninhibited behaviour listed in the tourist brochures as one of the island's characteristics, but its results do serve notice on the visitor that Crete is not just another bland holiday resort from the conventional sun-promising brochure. They also act as reminders of the island's turbulent past and of the sturdy independence of the Cretan spirit, which is inclined to resent the superficialities of tourism (while making the most of its benefits), just as it is suspicious of authority.

For reasons of geography and administrative convenience Crete is classified as one of the Greek islands, but it is too far from the mainland to feel like a Greek possession, and the islanders will tell



The old Venetian harbour, Rethymno, on the north coast of the island

you firmly that they are Cretan rather than Greek. They have a proud history of their own, an ancient culture that is as exciting to the visitor as it is to them, and they live in a land of great variety, beauty and individuality.

There was never a campaign for *Enosis* such as bedevilled Cyprus for so many years, and indeed the official union with Greece dates only from the signing of the Treaty of London in 1913. The visitor should bear in mind that being an administrative subdivision of Greece does nothing to bolster the Cretan ego, which beneath its harsh exterior is surprisingly sensitive and in need of regular massage. Certainly the Cretan knows that he is Greek, but only because he believes that the culture went from Crete to Greece, and not the other way round. He sees himself as the original Greek.

His justification rests mainly on the remarkable development of Minoan civilisation between 2600 and about 1000 BC, whose influence was spread across the Mediterranean by its trading fleet and maritime supremacy. The sites of the Minoan palaces and villages, together with their excavated treasures now displayed in the archaeological museum in Heraklion, are the chief glories of Crete. The best way to see them is

to begin at the museum, for here is all the evidence that this island housed Europe's first advanced civilisation.

It shows in the delicate gold jewellery, the magnificent Kamares pottery, the fine carvings including the black steatite bull's head rhyton, the ivory acrobat, and the faience statuettes of the snake goddesses, and, on the first floor, frescoes taken from the walls of Knossos and other palaces, including the dolphins and the demonstration of the hazardous sport (if it was a sport and not a ritual) of bull-leaping in which the young Minoan athletes, men and women, indulged.

**T**he source of many of the treasures at Heraklion was Knossos, which is only about three miles away. It was the largest and grandest of the palaces and would surely have been classified, had it been known about, as one of the ancient wonders of the world. But it was not uncovered until Sir Arthur Evans began working on it in the early years of this century, and then he not only dug up the ruins but reconstructed—"reconstituted" was his word—some parts of them to show what he thought the place looked like.

Archaeologists still squabble

about the legitimacy of this activity but the rest of us can be grateful to Evans for helping us understand what would otherwise be an archaeological mess. The myth of the Cretan labyrinth clearly has its origin in the twists and turns of the corridors of Knossos, and for the modern visitor the confusion is compounded by the fact that there are two palaces and several reconstructions, additions and improvements piled on the same site. It is mainly the New Palace, erected after the first had been destroyed by an earthquake in about 1700 BC, that the visitor sees today, and Evans's reconstitutions, particularly of some of the two- and three-storey structures, show quite vividly how it worked.

The same pattern, on a smaller scale, was followed in other palaces—Phaistos, Mallia, Kato Zakros and the smaller villa of Ayia Triadha, which is just along the road from Phaistos and must have been related, and subservient, to it in some way. If time allows, all should be seen, together with the excavated village of Gournia, whose narrow streets and tiny buildings provide a vivid reminder of how small the Minoans were—about 5 feet seems to have been the average height.

There are many other Minoan sites in Crete, some excavated, others hardly touched, and some probably still undiscovered. Many believe that there must have been a Minoan palace in the west around Kania, for many years the capital of Crete and a significant port with its own direct connections with Greece. Excavations in the area continue, and the finds have been significant, and there is a suggestion that after the decline of Knossos the centre of Minoan power moved, for its final phase, to Kania, which today is a charming if slightly faded old town.

The enthusiast for Minoan culture should also consider taking a day trip to the island of Santorini (formerly Thera), which lies 60 miles to the north and which can be reached by fairly regular sailings



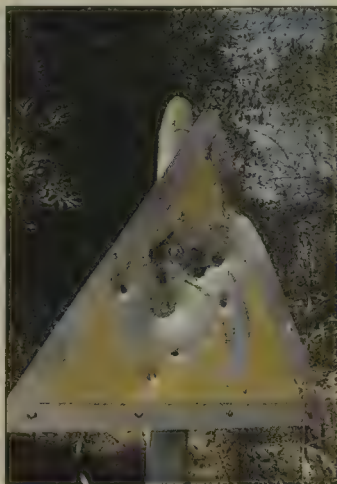


Ruins of the South House of Knossos, with part of Sir Arthur Evans's "reconstituted" palace behind

from Heraklion. It will be a long day—departure around 8am and return near midnight—but a memorable one, particularly for the romantically inclined.

**S**antorini had strong connections with Minoan Crete, and archaeologists have recently been making dramatic finds there, including some very fine frescoes well preserved by the volcanic ash that buried them in about 1500 BC. The island was torn apart by an explosion more powerful even than the eruption at Krakatoa in 1883, when tidal waves destroyed villages 60 miles away. No doubt such waves and the accompanying earthquake from the Santorini eruption damaged Minoan Crete as well as destroying half of Santorini and perhaps inspiring the legend of the lost Atlantis. Sea water filled the hole.

Sailing into the bay, which is about 10 miles across, is an uneasy experience. The water is sapphire-blue and unfathomable, the silence unnerving, the land forbidding as it rises nearly 1,000 feet in sheer walls of lava and pumice, on top of which, like a thin layer of snow, sit the white houses of the rebuilt town of Fira, which you may have to reach by mule. The local wine, grown on the volcanic soil, is



A traffic sign bears the scars of an exuberant night of celebration

potent, and best sampled after a visit to Akrotiri, the excavated Minoan site now protected by plastic roofing, rather than before. It certainly helps you through the four-hour voyage back to Crete.

After the hunt for the Minoans there is one natural challenge the energetic will want to meet, the walk through the Gorge of Samaria. The gorge, which is one of the largest and most spectacular in Europe, runs for 11 miles from the Omalos Plain to the south-west coast of Crete at Ayia Roumeli, and the walk will take between four and five hours. It is an easy

run by bus from Khania to the top of the gorge, where you descend for more than a mile on the *Xyloskalon*, or wooden steps, an early test of the brakes in your legs, muscles you don't often use.

The walk along the dry river bed is easy by comparison, at least for the next five miles or so, but it becomes more demanding when the stream surfaces and has to be criss-crossed on stones which are often under water. Even in the summer you are likely to get your feet wet, and in winter the gorge is impassable. At some points the walls rise more than 200 feet, and are no more than three or four feet apart, so the sun is virtually eliminated, which can be a relief in the middle of the day. The sea beckons ever more enticingly, and when you finally reach it you should have time for a swim and a meal before catching the boat (the only way out) to Khora Sfakion, home of the toughest of the Cretans and always the stronghold of resistance against invaders.

Crete is a big island, and though there is a good road along the north coast it is against Cretan tradition to hurry. The visitor should take time to sit in the shade, to stop for a coffee, an *ouzo* or, if he has got the head for it, a *raki* or its pulverising variant, made from mulberries, *mournoraki*.

There must be time for the beaches (one of the best, and least used, is at Falasarna on the west coast), time to shop in the markets, to wander among the wild flowers in the hills, to enjoy Cretan hospitality. The Cretan welcome is warm and determined, though the increase of visitors may be putting it under some strain. Even when stuck for language he will strive to make contact, as did the leather-seller in Rethymnon. "Ah," he said, on hearing me speak. "*Anglos*." He struggled for some English phrase that might make us feel at home, and as he found it he beamed and saluted. "Mrs T'atcher!", he roared, and out came the bottle of *mournoraki* ●

*The writer's visit to Crete was organised by Meon Villa Holidays of Petersfield. He stayed in the Villa Thea, just outside the village of Megala Khorafia, less than 10 miles from Khania. It sleeps six, is fully equipped and has stunning views across Souda Bay. A car is more or less essential.*

*For the current season, applicable to mid-October, a fortnight at the Villa Thea with flights direct from Gatwick to Khania by Dan-Air costs £289 to £599 per person depending on number sharing and departure date.*

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AS THE MEAL ENDED.



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THE EVENING BEGAN.



# TOP OF THE MORNING

Matthew Fort lays down the law about a good breakfast

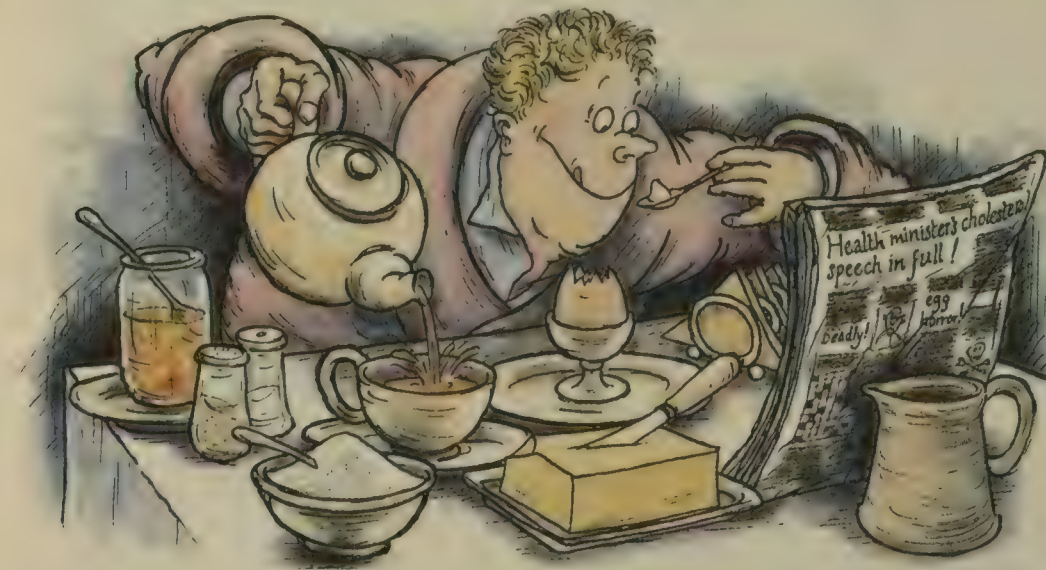


ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SHARPLEY

Let us be perfectly clear that we talk the same language. In my book there is breakfast, there is elevenses, there is lunch, there may be tea, there may be supper or there may be dinner. There is no place in my day, any day, for brunch or snacks or any other hybrid abomination. Brunch, in particular, is for the

spiritually tired, the aesthetically impoverished, the gastronomically inept.

No, breakfast is the fulcrum of that carefully ordered process by which I am gently shoehorned each day into the whirling maelstrom of life. A tub of acid goat's dip and a rough-hewn bowl of bark and desiccated apple is not a

breakfast. A quick cup of instant filth and a bacon buttie dripped all over your desk is not a breakfast.

Such gross habits are a far cry from "the fragrant shavings of bacon" which meant so much to Richard Hannay, with a glossy fried egg beside them, a cup of tea, a slice or two of toast and marmalade. And if I seem to fly in the

face of the Edwina Currie School of Dietary Practice, I think on balance that I would rather die of breakfast than of Edwina Currie.

I give the above breakfast menu only by way of example. I myself only rarely tuck into e&b by choice. Bacon and tomato is another matter. Gilbert and Sullivan. Derek and Clive. Marks & Spencer. Bacon and tomato. It is one of those partnerships that convince me of the existence of a Supreme Being. Home-cured English streaky, cut as thin as the airmail edition of *The Times*, some sweet and tasty tomato sliced across, and the world begins to hum like a top.

Sadly, home-cured bacon is not as easy to come by as it should be. Hancocks of Monmouth is the only shop I know of that stocks it, and you can get a very acceptable bacon by post from Heal Farm, a rare-breeds survival establishment near King's Nympton, Umberleigh, Devon. Almost any bacon will do. I say almost any because one has to draw the line at those wet, flaccid, pale, pinky-grey slabs that look like dogs' tongues which grace too many supermarkets and butchers. On a weekday a cup of fresh coffee and a pear completes the order of battle.

This is my autumn breakfast,

## FULL MARKS FOR CLARKE'S

Kingsley Amis's sortie to distant Kensington Church Street is amply rewarded

Ever enterprising, this month I deserted the innermost parts of the capital and journeyed out to distant Kensington Church Street. Those chary of such sorties will be glad of the reminder that it is excellent taxi territory, but husbands who may think of lunching there with their wives should reflect that it is also infested with antique shops.

At Clarke's there is an upstairs room that gets a little crowded in the evenings and a more spaced-out downstairs with no bar anywhere. Both levels are airy and bright, with furniture in light-coloured unpolished wood of the sort that will recall 1950s Heal's to those old enough to remember it.

You get a very pleasant welcome from a tall young woman whose appearance, from hair-band to flat-heeled shoes, took me back even further, to the St Hilda's, say, of the post-war period. But there is nothing remotely antiquated about this excellent and deservedly successful restaurant.

As readers may have noticed, the absence of a bar tends to draw a provisional minus mark from me, one soon cancelled if table service is satisfactory. So it was here: my rather off-territory choice of a Dry Martini promptly brought me a well-made and admirably cold drink. The short bar list includes that much-admired Northern Highland malt,

Glenmorangie. Mine arrived with the chill off, an innovation in my experience and highly dubious.

The wine list is likewise short, with three or four in each of the main French categories and, as the only outsiders, a dozen from California. This is a rather trendy step, true, but not all trends are wicked, and these days it is the Americans (and Australians and New Zealanders) who are providing a lot of vinous treats. They are certainly very welcome to old restaurant hacks in search of an escape from the Bordeaux-Burgundy-Loire circuit. When I asked at Clarke's for a not-too-heavy red I was directed towards the lower prices (always a plus mark for that) and found an Edna Valley Pinot Noir that was all I had hoped for and more. What can I say? Full but soft, the most enjoyable discovery I have made for months, and an absolute snip at £13.

That was the star, but all the other wines we tried were good, including another find called Essensia (Andrew Quady winery) but quite unlike the rare Tokay Eszencia of Hungary. The one we drank is a dessert white made from an unfamiliar sub-variety of grape,

the Orange Muscat, and indeed had a glimmer of oranginess hanging about it (£8.50 the half-bottle). Wines by the glass are also most reasonably priced, with a sound NV champagne (André Jacquart) at £3.50 and a very drinkable Barsac at £2.50.

But, of course, as many know already, the great glory of Clarke's is the food: modern British cooking, it is said, a description which sets me dreading "imaginative" and "adventurous" horrors, but I need not have worried. There is no à la carte, a narrow choice at lunch-time, none at all in the evening. You have to be jolly sure of yourself to behave like that. There was an exemplary pasta with wild mushrooms and a light cream sauce, beautifully bland. There was a selection of lettuces (a pest to eat, quite frankly, but worth an effort) with Parma ham, mozzarella cheese and some extraordinary flavoury somethings I could not identify—sun-dried tomatoes, I was told—all of this in a fine nut-oil dressing. And the compulsory evening starter was something I would never have asked for, a salad of raw monkfish and raw salmon I had no appetite



# SHERRY TRADE

Michael Broadbent uncorks the history of Bristol-based Harveys and Averys

Asked to name a handful of English wine merchants I am sure that for many Harveys and Averys would be among those which most readily come to mind. Both are based in Bristol. Harveys, devoured by Showerings in the early 1960s, then joined with the great brewery conglomerate Allied in a sort of reverse takeover, has survived with a seemingly sturdy independence thanks mainly to the profitability of its leading brand of sherry, Bristol Cream. It has still retained its Bristol base and, more surprisingly, its high-class retail business—though the latter must surely provide more prestige than profit. Happily, and not just for the sake of continuity, there is still a Harvey in the business. John Harvey, the fifth generation, is in charge of the fine-wine division.

In the 18th century London and Bristol, followed by Liverpool, were the principal wine ports; and it was during this prosperous period that both Harveys and Averys were founded. Indeed, the original John Harvey was the son of a sea captain who married into the trade. His house was in Dowry Square, within strolling distance of Bristol docks. By the mid 19th century Harveys had a huge "carriage trade" business, ranging from the West Country round to South Wales. Harveys' premises, and records, were completely destroyed in the Second World War, so the earliest reference to Bristol Cream appears in Christie's archives, in a wine auction catalogue of 1880.

After the war Bristol Cream became a much-sought luxury and was strictly rationed. For over a decade Harveys irritated the trade by allowing merchants no bigger a ration than their own individual private clients received. By 1962 supplies were more liberal and it is interesting to note that in the wine list of the first-class saloon on the *Queen Elizabeth*, Bristol Cream commanded 31 shillings a bottle,

you understand, a breakfast for mists and mellow fruitfulness. The savagery of winter demands altogether stouter fare. If the weather is only mildly awful, then a poached egg on half a toasted muffin gets the nod. If blood is nipped and ways be foul, then only porridge will do, crusted with brown sugar and submerged, like Atlantis, beneath a tidal wave of double cream, unpasteurised Jersey for preference.

Come spring, it's back to eggs again, boiled, with soldiers and that nonpareil of artificial additives, McCormick's Season-All.

Eggs are a much vexed problem. For one thing they're bad for you, so they say, but then so is almost everything we eat. Quite recently I was told by an eminent dietician that carcinogens occur quite naturally in abundance in almost everything we eat. I was much cheered by this news. I've always maintained that healthy eating will be the death of us.

More disturbing is the attitude of senior food writers to the egg problem. Elizabeth David and Richard Olney both insist that nothing but a day-old egg will do. Anything older is good only for pastry or soufflés at a pinch. Admirable words. Spirited advice. Alas, the counsel of perfection as far as central London goes.

Never mind. We don't have to put up with them for long. At the first really sunny day I abandon the poisonous egg for the deadly croissant, with *crème fraîche*, and honey, followed by whatever fruit my garden or those of thoughtful friends happens to be over-producing—raspberries, loganberries, strawberries or, my favourite for breakfast, alpine strawberries. Raspberries would be nice.

## A quick cup of instant filth and a bacon buttie is not a breakfast

est, but they need cream to give of their best, and at my age I feel that raspberries and cream on top of *crème fraîche* and croissant may be a touch excessive at breakfast.

Come the weekend and I begin to loosen up a bit. Saturdays are given over to the informality of kippers, when they are in season. Now there's a phrase you don't see very often these days, particularly applied to kippers. I am not talking here of those dark brown bits of panelling, apparently moulded out of tobacco essence, you see on the

fishmonger's slab 365 days a year. I go for those delicate little golden/silver Manx kippers, now that Mr Richards of Hamburger Products no longer smokes his peerless products, popped into boiling water for 10 minutes to keep them moist and succulent. A kipper, a pot of China tea, and a slice of brown toast with butter and marmalade.

When kippers are not in abundance, then a little lightly scrambled egg, cooked very, very slowly for 40 minutes or so, with a handful of herbs—tarragon, chives, sorrel—nonchalantly tossed in, does the trick.

And on Sundays, sausages. I have written elsewhere of my addiction to the pork bangers of Mr Franklin of Twyford, Berks. These majestic examples of the sausage-maker's art have been vanishing from my plate each Sunday for over 30 years. I put them into the frying pan, unpricked, naturally, over the lowest possible heat, safe in the knowledge that they will be cooked to perfection after 40 minutes of Holy Communion, and a short word of thanks to my Maker for making me so inordinately greedy ●

Matthew Fort is co-author of the *Peter Fort* column for the *Financial Times*



Sally Clarke, whose restaurant has all the ingredients of excellence

for when it arrived but at the end could have eaten over again.

For lunch, my guest had a grilled salmon slightly charred on top and cooked the requisite minimum in between. I had a venison stew that tasted of venison, or so I presumed without being able to make a comparison, having eaten that meat a number

of times and found nothing to taste at all. First-rate; but the masterpiece was the (again compulsory) poussin in the evening. I had virtually given up hope of finding chicken anywhere that was more than tolerable, more than a vehicle for one or another clever sauce. This one was delicious without assistance, and of superb texture.

Heaven knows where they get the birds from. Hawaii? St Helena? Let us not inquire for fear of upsetting the market.

The puddings brought no relief from excellence: anis ice cream, a caramelised apple pie that fell to pieces in the mouth, an extraordinary, airy chocolate mousse that had all the flavour anyone could have wanted but never even started to cloy. The cheese-board offered an assortment of the expected and the unexpected. Excellent warm bread. Abundant hot splendid coffee.

Everything about the way the meals we had were prepared and served gave the unmistakable and enlivening sense of a professional organisation in a state of high morale. And quite right too: the fare at Clarke's would be most acceptable at any price within reason and is marvellous, staggering, at what they actually ask—the best value I have come across anywhere in London ●

Clarke's, 124 Kensington Church Street, London W8 (221 9225). Mon-Fri 12.30-2pm, 7.30-10pm, supper orders until 11pm. Lunch £29 for two; dinner £44 for two, excluding wine



# GEORGE KNIGHT

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# YOUR MAN IN LISBON



## Food and Wine

sixpence a bottle more than each of the first growths—Lafite, Margaux, Latour and Haut-Brion—of the 1955 vintage. How things have changed! Bristol Cream can now be bought in supermarkets for less than £4 per bottle; as for the first-growth claret, the sky's the limit.

In contrast, Averys have pursued a more conventional yet somewhat chequered career. Without figures to hand it is still probably accurate to say that both firms were neck and neck until the Second World War, though it was in the mid 1930s, following the end of prohibition, that Jack Harvey actively developed the export business, which was to become a cornerstone of Harveys' eventual

that were awaiting bottling!

Ronald Avery died, aged 75, in 1976 and was succeeded by his only son, John, who had joined the firm 10 years previously. Now 46, and a Master of Wine, he is clearly a chip off the old block and, unlike his father, known far beyond these shores. He appears on tasting panels in America and Australia; in New Zealand he has been chief judge at national wine shows.

John Avery has been an indefatigable discoverer and introducer of what are loosely called New World Wines, and Averys' range includes the best he can find and import from California, the Cape, Australia and latterly New Zealand. Yet there has been no dimi-

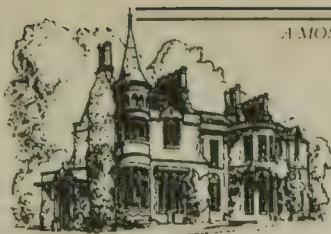


Late 18th-century wine glasses and bottles and a Victorian corkscrew from the collection in Harveys' Wine Museum, Bristol

success. At the same time, under Ronald Avery, Averys were gaining a reputation well beyond their former West Country limits. When Harveys' business took off in the 1950s, and soared in the 1960s, Averys soldiered on as relatively old-fashioned wine merchants steadily gaining stature. Ronald was one of the great characters of the British wine trade. He could be irascible but he was basically a bluff, warm-hearted man; and a great taster too. He probably did more for burgundy in this country than any other individual, though his bottlings were so good that cynics suspected a little assistance: a dollop of port, for instance. But it was also rumoured that F.G. Cox, Harveys' formidably austere director in charge of production, descended in the middle of the night to add a dose of *je ne sais quoi* to the casks of Bristol Cream

nition of the classics from France and Germany, and of port and sherry. Rather cheekily they have introduced a special blend of whisky for the Japanese market and currently export over 20,000 cases a year. But it was the very range and accumulation of stocks which nearly brought Averys to its knees. Thanks to the injection of new—American—capital and management changes, the business is once more "shipshape and Bristol fashion".

As for Harveys, it is nice to think that their sherry is still bottled in Bristol, albeit on fast bottling lines. And their Wine Museum, housed in the old Denmark Street cellars, is a treasure trove not only of old wine-trade artifacts but of corkscrews, glassware, silver coasters, decanter labels and all the beautiful and ingenious objects created to aid our enjoyment of wine ●



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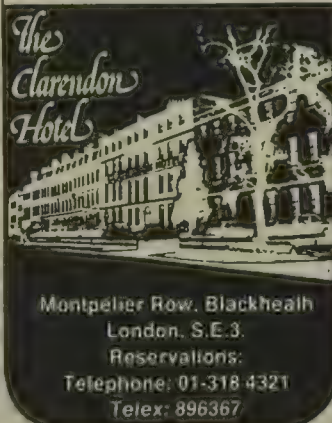
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# WORTHY HEIR TO HENRY MOORE

With a major work now in Dorset Rise and a current retrospective at the Whitechapel, the sculptor Michael Sandle is earning the recognition he has long deserved. By John McEwen

Michael Sandle is well-satisfied with his newly unveiled statue of St George in the forecourt of 2 Dorset Rise, Blackfriars. "He's not a milksop, is he? So often sculptors have made him look about as concerned as if he's playing a rather difficult shot at polo rather than spearing a fire-breathing dragon. So I thought, 'I'll show 'em'." And he has. The result is that London can now boast arguably the most ferocious St George in the world, which gives spectacular proof that in Michael Sandle we have surely the finest



MARTIN GODDARD

commemorative sculptor since Sir Jacob Epstein. It is therefore a very happy coincidence that Sandle's first retrospective exhibition in this country should be running at the Whitechapel Art Gallery until June 24.

At 52 Sandle is the great outsider of English art. As a man of fierce convictions, almost duty-bound to speak his mind at polite English art seminars and the like, he has found it more congenial and profitable to pursue his career abroad. So the Whitechapel exhibition represents something of a homecoming, an overdue recognition of his senior status among British artists and his growing international reputation—which gained new heights when he was the most highly placed foreigner in Japan's latest and most prestigious art competition, the Rodin Prize. Could he now become Britain's foremost sculptor?

Following the death of Henry



The sculptor, Michael Sandle, left, with his *St George and the Dragon*, opposite, arguably the most ferocious St George anywhere. Above, *The Drummer* in the Tate, one of Sandle's anti-war pieces in bronze

Moore, this position is probably most widely accorded to the recently knighted Sir Anthony Caro. But Caro makes abstract sculpture, which is even less suited to a public function than Moore's amorphous bronzes, or "turds", as the art critic Douglas Cooper once witheringly described them; and for anyone to be a true heir to Moore or to scale the sculptural peaks, he must go public.

In the absence of any strong artistic leadership, public sculpture over the last 20 years or so has fallen into the hands of dolphin-and-nymphette merchants like David Wynne; while commemorative sculpture has dwindled to a few uniformed portraits of such lack of spirit that even the pigeons seem to pay them no attention. This rot has now been brought to an abrupt end by Sandle's *St*

*George and the Dragon* (commissioned by Unilever) and it takes little stretch of the imagination to see Sandle himself as the knight in shining armour spearing the slothful mediocrity of so much of our recent out-of-door sculpture.

Interested parties now have the opportunity of passing from Dorset Rise to the wider view presented at the Whitechapel, where a selection from three decades of Sandle's art can be seen—showing, among other things, how he has always viewed monuments as the proper end of sculpture and been true to that belief from the start. In fact, until 1981 he did not deign to make a single piece of small sculpture, preferring to invest most of his earnings and creative energy on a handful of grand do-or-die pieces—a gambling instinct which for a time also made him a prey to the casinos in Aix-les-Bains. Once seen, there is no forgetting the likes

Sandle uses  
England  
as a goad  
to his  
own benefit

of his *Monumentum pro Gesualdo*, an abstracted work in shining black fibreglass, first exhibited in British Sculptors 72 at the Royal Academy; or his show-stealing *A Twentieth Century Memorial*—a skeletal Mickey Mouse seated behind a life-size Browning machine-gun, all cast in bronze—at the Hayward Annual of 1978. These monumental labours of love—the *Memorial* took seven years and £14,000 of his own money to make—will be seen together for the first time in this country at the Whitechapel. They are the forerunners of the commissions that finally began to come his way in the 1980s in Germany

FISCHER FINE ART



## Overture

and now here in England.

Apart from a brief spell at an art college in Canada, Sandle has spent the greater part of the last 20 years in West Germany, where today he is a Professor of the Academy of Art in Karlsruhe. Professors of Art over there are more handsomely rewarded and accorded greater respect than in England; and Sandle has been able to devote much of his time to his own work, not least since the Academy has presented him with a magnificent studio and flat in a *schloss* originally built as a holiday home for the Dukes of Baden. Recent public commissions in West Germany have included a basalt memorial to the victims of a helicopter crash at Mannheim; and an indoor bronze sculpture (this time in the form of a woman) for a hospital in Heidelberg. But, in terms of public commissions, England until now has proved a frustration—most irritatingly in the case of a George Orwell monument for Wigan, which was cancelled at a late stage through lack of funds.

Like most exiles, Sandle uses England as a goad to his own benefit, so that a rebuff of the Wigan type, though debilitating in terms of wasted effort, does at least fuel his anger to the greater good of his art. He is also proudly philosophical, citing the inspiration he has derived from the example of such a heroic English artist as the late Havergal Brian, most undaunted of our modern composers, who enjoyed the highest musical respect but, for reasons of cost and fashion, did not live to hear one of his 60 symphonies performed. Symphonies, however, can at least exist as scores; and in his 40s Sandle decided to trim his "do-or-die" efforts to include smaller proposals for monuments in bronze editions. These smaller sculptures, many of them memorials deriding war or in praise of his heroes, are often complemented by lavish watercolours in which the skilful detail owes something to Sandle's youthful national service as a battery artist (and gunner) in the Royal Artillery. It is by one of these pieces, the nine-foot-high bronze *Drummer*, that Sandle is at long last represented in the Tate. He showed the same piece to considerable acclaim at last year's Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy, of which he is a member.

Sandle a member of the RA? It sounds improbable, but contemporary artists are welcomed, even courted, at the Academy these days; and Sandle's membership



FISCHER FINE ART



FISCHER FINE ART

Above, *Woman of Heidelberg*, 1986, a bronze monument standing 8 feet high, commissioned for a hospital in Heidelberg. Left, *Media*, 1987, one of Sandle's smaller bronzes—just 6½ inches high

also owes something to the encouragement of the sculptor Bryan Kneale, a fellow Manxman and the first contemporary artist he met during his formative years on the Isle of Man. Understanding Sandle's childhood is the key to an understanding of his art; and being a Manxman is important to him. Those early years on the island, some of them spent in the war surrounded by a sea made deadly by enemy submarines, explain his preoccupation with major themes—of life and death, right and wrong—and the Manx crosses first introduced him to the power of monuments. This island upbringing no doubt also explains his unease with mainland English convention; but more specifically, it remains a source of artistic pride. At Mannheim the *Memorial for the Helicopter Disaster* is based on the idea of a Manx cross made by one Sandulf the Black, a 10th-century carver and, who knows? a kinsman.

The "ring-chain" pattern running down the Mannheim cross is one of the most distinctive of Manx motifs; a tendency to abstraction common to much Celtic and Scandinavian art, and one to which Sandle succumbed almost totally in his earliest work.

But abstraction, or at least symbolic forms not easy to describe in literal terms, were firmly placed behind Sandle following the minutely precise description of *A Twentieth Century Memorial*. This piece, which satirises America's devastation of Vietnam, is saved from being propaganda by the reverence with which it displays the weaponry of war, and the gravity with which this is laid out in the form of an ancient funeral offering. It lends dignity to its subject by admitting the fatal attraction of war in general, as well as castigating its mindlessness.

Brutal occupation and extermination is something which Britain on the whole has been most fortunate to avoid, but its legacy of guilt and horror has not been lost on Sandle in his adopted Germany; and it has brought a sense of moral commitment to his art beyond the parochial scope of the artistic norm at home. This, too, has not made him welcome—the classic case of a prophet least welcome in his own land. But the 1980s have changed that, up to a point. There has been a call to order, a demand for certainties, which suits Sandle's convictions, if not always his politics. ●



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# THE PRIVATE SIDE OF PORTIA

David Hughes talks to Deborah Findlay,  
one of the RSC's leading actresses

**M**y first impression of Deborah Findlay is of a flamboyantly callous lady. She treats men with hauteur. She mocks male lusts. Her strong opinions flummox their brains and put their institutions to rout. She looks very large and sounds immensely sure of herself. I was watching her play Portia with style and flourish amid the overheated passions of Venice in Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Half an hour later she is transformed into a small, shy woman in warm woollies who quietly takes my arm at the stage door to plunge through icy northern rain towards a fish restaurant. The problem of when to eat haunts an actor's life, she says. "If it's before going on stage you get leaden; if it's late at night you can't sleep." The answer is small quantities of preferably delicious snacks: mussels, for example, a slice of turbot, a glass of wine. "I like tastes," she murmurs, with just that pensive relish she brings to a turn of phrase in the play.

Deborah Findlay has been five weeks in Newcastle ("a real community") with the RSC's Stratford production of *The Merchant of Venice*. Until joining the company her work had been mostly modern, a heady mixture of Ibsen and Lorca, *Tom and Viv* at the Royal Court and *Top Girls* in New York. "At first I couldn't respond to Shakespeare," she says, echoing schoolyard prejudice, "to uttering the lines, to the 'poetry', and then suddenly it all opened up. I understood what everyone was saying and the words were like jewels, their very sequence finer than anything I'd experienced." She pauses, then adds, "The tendency in rehearsal is to want to define things, but in performance the more simply you say it the richer it will be."

Her inner workshop for a part

like Portia demands a studious and exacting discipline: to read what the relevant critics have said, to discover how Renaissance Venice worked—women, Jews, politics, the law—then turn facts into feelings. Hardest of all is unearthing her own relation to the text. "Early on in the production," she says, "with all the talk of racism, the theory of the play and so on, I was rather tight as Portia, but then relaxed into a warm spirit of generosity and love which I found only in performance."

I wonder, after a weighty middle-class turn-out has just filled the Theatre Royal with applause, what she expects or wants of an audience. "People will go to the theatre because it's culture and not hear what's being said," she says without rancour. "They'll distance it and make it an evening rather than an event. But a play is an enlivener, to pierce people, to make them hear old things anew. And for an actor that's quite an undertaking. In Shakespeare it's the passion, the full-bloodedness, I'm interested to show." And how well does an audience respond to such passion? "Good theatre is when it all actively works, including the audience. The people are part of the event. Audiences don't realise how much they affect the evening."

A performance for Findlay is a dynamo of elements—actors sparking each other off, audiences no less electric—that generates magic. "I love all sorts of jobs," she says. "Each feeds into the next." In her spare time she has been playing a late-night Jessica in Seneca's *Oedipus* on the Newcastle fringe. "That's refreshing. There are dangers in doing just Shakespeare. It's good to have things to balance with it and find different perspectives." Soon she will be rehearsing *Three Sisters* for the Barbican, her first challenge in Chekhov, a new

chance to "strike the balance in a very ordinary person between comedy and tragedy".

The following week we meet again, this time for an early coffee in London's Festival Hall. In her chameleon face—a face at once chippy and tender—every feature is intent on privacy. Admitting to 40, a touch coily, she looks 14. "People tend to say I resemble their cousin or friend," she says, confirming the oddly shifting quality of her face in repose.

Her father was a local reporter who loved his work—"My role model", she calls him. The family lived in Cheam, both parents involved in backstage dramatics, a wonderland she joined at seven as an on-stage Alice. "In childhood," she says, "I always pretended, played make-believe games, put on make-up, became other people. It's when you realise you can make a living at it that you become an actor."

**W**ith thoughts only of teaching and being "of use", she left home to read English at Leeds, embarrassed by her superior accent: "Now it's okay, a tool of my trade." Later she worked for a while as a teacher in a mental home. "But it wasn't what I was equipped to do," she says plainly, then adds with vigour, "It's the combination of doing what you most want and what you do best that is best for everybody. Setting definitions or limits on myself I don't like at all."

For the moment she lives nowhere. Recently it was Folkestone, earlier Islington. Now she is on the lookout for a flat in Camden Town. Somehow, where you doss down matters not a jot; shaping your own day is the element that counts. "And constantly meeting new people and always being confronted with new subjects to

explore." Findlay's strength is a belief that she is capable of meeting most challenges. Her avowed weakness—but is it really so weak?—is "being quite careful". The tone is thoughtful, the voice slows down. "Being reserved." Then, quickly brightening, "Enjoying privacy."

But theatre keeps snapping her out of that inner caution. One moment the tasteful intensity of *Hedda Gabler*, her first big sexual role, the chamber music of feminism ringing in her ears; the next, a

huge, expansive fishwife in pantomime (*Cinderella* at the Lyric), shouting tasteless interruptions from the depths of the auditorium. "I'm surprised by what I discover about myself when I'm loud and rude."

My second impression of Deborah Findlay as an actress is formed a week later at the Barbican, where she plays Olivia in *Twelfth Night*. Again her tongue savours the verse, her humour rallies deadpan to the farce. She doesn't act, she thinks. Her mind,

Her mind  
not her ego  
is in  
the role

not her ego, is in the role. She neither mocks nor knocks the text for personal gain. It's a gently vital Olivia, certain of her identity in a fine-tuned group.

Later, at the stage door, again she puts her arm in mine and we're off for another late-night fish supper, this time at the Café Pelican. And again she looks smaller than on-stage, vulnerable as she sips wine, unapologetically self-assertive. "What acting is," she says under pressure, "is being asked to think about things you

haven't put into words. It's conveying to an audience a love of life." I ask her bluntly why she loves life. "I think it's very... Eyes soulful. "I'm worried about sounding religious or very precious, but... people get bowed down by apathy and cynicism, so if only one can inspire"—a shame-faced look—"excitement!" and very quickly: "I'm not sure you can change people's lives by the theatre, but you can create an event to put people in touch with themselves" ●



PIAN WILSON





Farmland near Harrogate in North Yorkshire, one of many fine photographs by Derry Brabbs illustrating *Rural England: Our Countryside at the Crossroads* by Derrick Mercer and David Puttnam, published by Queen Anne Press, with the support of the Council for the Protection of Rural England, at £14.95

# THE YANKS ARE GOING?

## NON FICTION

### The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers

by Paul Kennedy  
Unwin Hyman, £18.95

This lengthy and rather ponderous book (540 pages of text and another 137 pages of notes, bibliography and index) has surprisingly been a best seller in America—100,000 copies in hardback. Its author has been in continuous demand on radio and television. Senators, Congressmen and Presidential candidates consult him. In short, he has become a celebrity. He is not American. He was educated at Newcastle and Oxford. He became a lecturer at the University of East Anglia and now lives as an expatriate Englishman holding a prestigious professorship at Yale. The subtitle of his book is "Economic Change and Military Conflict from 1500 to 2000", but it is safe to say that his success has not

been caused by a sudden burst of interest in the Habsburg Empire, Louis XIV, Napoleonic France, or the expansion of England. What has attracted attention, especially in an election year, is Professor Kennedy's analysis at the end of the book when he deals with the prospects for China, Japan, the EEC, Russia and the USA in the 21st century.

The author's thesis is that "the relative strengths of the leading nations in world affairs never remain constant, principally because of the uneven rate of growth among different societies and the technological and organisational breakthroughs which bring a greater advantage to one society than to another." He goes on to say: "The history of the rise and fall of the leading countries in the Great Power system...such as Spain, the Netherlands, France, the British Empire, and currently the United States, shows a very significant correlation over the longer term between productive and revenue-raising capacities on

the one hand and military strength on the other."

This is not a particularly original or striking observation. It would be odd if technological breakthroughs did not bring more advantages to some nations than others, even odder if there was no correlation between economic strength and military power. Nor

their military need outgrew the economic base required to sustain it. The same was true, as has often been pointed out, of France under Louis XIV and Napoleon, and of Britain after 1918—and even more drastically after 1945.

What has caused the stir in America and might well cause a similar reaction in Russia, if the book is ever read there, is the author's application of the same analysis to the world's two current superpowers. Have they overstretched themselves? Are they engaged on a scale of military expenditure which their economies are unable to support and which is indeed itself contributing to that inability? In 1835 Alexis de Tocqueville prophesied that in the long run Russia and America seemed "marked out by Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe". The prediction would have seemed very far-fetched at the time and the country which in the immediate future was swaying the destinies of half of the globe was Britain. But 110 years later, with the ending of

A mood of doubt,  
uncertainty  
and  
introspection

is Paul Kennedy's idea that great powers decline because they tend to overstretch themselves a novel one. Historians have long recognised that the Spanish and Austrian Habsburgs lost their bid for European supremacy because



the Second World War, the prophecy had come true.

For over 40 years the USA and the USSR have indeed dominated the world scene. The USA has replaced Britain, and Russia has taken the position once shared between itself and the Habsburg and Hohenzollern empires. The question is whether this "bipolar" period as the author calls it is now coming to an end. The possibility that America is losing the overwhelming pre-eminence that she had in the aftermath of the victory of 1945 is discussed in much fascinating detail by Professor Kennedy. America is in a mood of doubt, uncertainty and introspection just now, worried about escalating military costs, budget deficits, an adverse balance of trade and the repercussions of "Black Monday". Paul Kennedy's book—at any rate that section of it which deals with the post-war years—has touched on a raw nerve.

But if one reads the book carefully and avoids being distracted by selective passages in it, the picture of American decline is by no means as disturbing as some of the reviewers seem to think. To begin with, the outlook for Russia is very much worse. Not only is the Russian economy far weaker than the American and shows no sign of catching up, but the USSR is faced with an incipient nationality problem to which there is no parallel in the USA. Nor is that the only difference adverse to Russia.

The Americans have no enemy at their backdoor. The Russians have—or believe they have—an ultimately dangerous foe in the form of the People's Republic of China. The Sino-Soviet split in the early 1960s is rightly described by the author as probably the most significant single political event since 1945. Russia is believed to keep about 50 divisions and 13,000 tanks on her eastern frontier—a fact too often forgotten when comparisons are made between the military strength available to Moscow and to the West in the event of a war in Europe.

It may be that with the rise of China, Japan and the EEC we will be moving into a multipolar rather than a bipolar world of Great Powers—rather like that of the 19th century. But this is not necessarily a disaster, even for America. As Professor Kennedy emphasises, the decline of America "is relative, not absolute, and is therefore perfectly natural... the only serious threat to the real interests of the United States can come from a failure to adjust

sensibly to the newer world order". This may occur but it need not and probably will not.

—ROBERT BLAKE

## UMPIRES STRIKE BACK

**Wisden 1988**

Edited by Graeme Wright  
John Wisden & Co, £16.50 (£14.50 soft cover)

The new edition of *Wisden* is always a good start to the season, though this year England's cricketers may take a more jaundiced view of it. The editor, who is a New Zealander, has hard things to say about the decline in standards of English behaviour, as exemplified on the cricket field and in normal day-to-day activity. "Consideration towards those about us is in decline, tolerance has given way to a short-fused temper," he writes, and draws a link between the posturing and verbal aggression of politicians and the comment Mike Gatting was reported to have made when called upon to apologise to the Pakistani umpire after their mid-field spat: "Does Maggie back down when given no choice?"

Whether Mr Wright's conclusion is that an English Test captain should behave better than a British Prime Minister is not made clear, but he was evidently surprised that no action was taken against Gatting. "Like it or not," he writes, "the England captain has a responsibility to English cricket... never has cricket been more in need of firm leadership."

As if to acknowledge its own possible contribution to the decline in standards *Wisden* this year resumes publication of the laws of cricket, which last year were unwisely omitted for reasons of space, and includes an article by Don Wilson, the MCC coach, who sees a matching decline in the technical standards of the players. There are also profiles of Geoffrey Boycott and Derek Underwood, whose retirement from the game will leave it the poorer.

All in all, this 125th edition presents a gloomy picture, like Lord's when the covers are on the pitch and the puddles are forming in the outfield. But the West Indies are here again, and a good 1988 season would swiftly raise the spirits and cheer up next year's *Wisden*.

—JAMES BISHOP

## FICTION

S.

by John Updike

André Deutsch, £10.95

**A Far Cry From Kensington**

by Muriel Spark

Constable, £9.95

On the rebound from a failed marriage, Sarah Worth, the S. of John Updike's latest novel, falls for the image of a man on a poster. He is a spiritual leader called the "Arhat" who has brought his community from India to Arizona. Sarah has her analyst and is already into yoga but, tired of her husband's philandering, she abandons him and flies off to Arizona in search of something more transcendental.

## An irresistibly comic excursion into the occult

Much of Updike's best work has been concerned with anatomising relationships among American suburban married couples but *S.* is by no means the mixture as before. At the ashram Sarah seeks the inner peace that comes with meditation. Other fulfilling experiences include sleeping with partners of both sexes. Sarah is eventually put in charge of the community's chaotic accounts and while she succeeds in sorting out this mess, we also note the frequency with which she deposits large sums with her own bank. This emerges from letters to her bank manager, and it is through such letters and tapes, sent to her husband Charles, her mother, her daughter Pearl, her shrink, her best friend Midge and Charles's lawyer Gilman, that we learn about her life at the ashram and the affairs of the family she has deserted.

Updike cleverly exploits the epistolary form to sustain narrative tension as Sarah fights for a decent settlement from Charles (who now wants to marry Midge) and vainly seeks to control Pearl who gives up college, goes to Europe and marries a Dutchman. As for the guru Arhat, Sarah begins with adoration of his rich chocolaty eyes ("just pools of knowingness") and ends by forcing him to admit he is an impostor whose real name is Art Steinmetz

and who hails from her part of Massachusetts. When the survival of his Arizona enterprise is threatened by the intervention of the health and immigration authorities, and donations to the Treasury of Enlightenment dry up, Sarah decides to leave.

*S.* is an irresistibly comic excursion into the occult which also gives a lovely twist to the American success story.

The important thing about insomnia, Mrs Hawkins tells us in Muriel Spark's *A Far Cry From Kensington*, is to put it to good use. At night you can lie awake and choose what to think about, which is how her thoughts come to dwell on her life in London in the early 1950s. One need have no doubt about the authenticity of the picture of London that emerges—of life in the furnished rooms of South Kensington, meetings in coffee bars, the flourishing concert halls, the overgrown bomb-sites. But misgivings about some of the events that occur are inevitable since it is Miss Spark who has concocted the story.

Mrs Hawkins is a young war widow convinced that it is her fatness which makes her seem so reliable to people who, either in the office or in the rundown house in Kensington where she lives, seek her advice or wish to confide in her. Her experiences as an editor yield a hilarious account of the publishing world of the time. The publisher of one small firm is imprisoned for fraud. She is then employed by a large, successful but amazingly inefficient firm all whose senior staff seem to have been appointed because there was something wrong with them. Mrs Hawkins is obviously kind and capable and we may easily be misled into thinking we have the measure of her. But when she loses her jobs with both firms by vulgarly expressing her opinion of an aspiring author whose work she despises we have to think again. And why does she have that "spooky" feeling when people take her advice?

There is authorial mischief here, of the kind we should expect in a bizarre entertainment by Muriel Spark. But it does get out of hand when the despised author embarks on a tortuous path of revenge. This involves something called the Black Box which, in the 1950s, was thought by some to cure ailments at any distance through the pseudo-science of "radionics", and leads to the suicide of a mysterious Polish dressmaker. But not all the mischief is as black as that in this delightful and witty book.

—IAN STEWART



# FIELDING'S FOLLY



Dated decorations in *Ziegfeld*: out of tune with an 80s audience

## THEATRE

By Laura Cotton

A pretty girl is like a melody, according to Irving Berlin and Flo Ziegfeld. Now, as then, a pretty girl is really one with the minimum of clothing and a similar amount of brain. In the first half of this century this ideal appealed to the young American nation keen to play down the capable pioneer image of its womenfolk and recover the prized delicacy of their European sisters.

Producer Joe Layton has forgotten that the Ziegfeld Follies were killed off not only by the Wall Street crash and talking pictures but also by women's suffrage, their war efforts and their increasing determination to be taken seriously. Thus Ziegfeld girls gave way to sassier three-dimensional movie heroines—Ginger Rogers

and Mae West making their débuts in the early 30s. Even Berkeley productions had characters and—equally important—sophisticated storylines.

Presented by Harold Fielding, this production has no personalities and no storyline; it has a chaotic assemblage of sketches dominated by ropes, pulleys and set changes, tinsel, feathers and lightbulbs. There is no look at what made the Follies possible, nothing to be gleaned from Len Cariou's inadequate performance as the maestro himself, and the programme's historic notes contradict almost everything we are shown on stage.

Many of the songs are greats but their inappropriate placing and the mediocre voices (one possible exception being that of Fabienne Guyon, unkindly described recently as the French equivalent to Sarah Brightman) neutralises any possibility of their carrying the show. All that is left is the glitter, and it is impossible for a 1980s audience to gasp innocently at an

endless stream of grown-ups wearing Christmas tree outfits or pretending to be planets without an overwhelming sense of the ridiculous. Ziegfeld was part of a foreign tradition but, more importantly, part of a dead tradition. With a cost of over £3 million to recoup, this show needs to be more than an obituary.

## MARRED BY GRAY MATTER

By Marcel Berlins

First produced in 1984, with Harold Pinter directing, *The Common Pursuit* was a flop. It fared better in the United States, but now Simon Gray is having another go on home territory. He has revised it and assumed its direction.

The play follows, over 15 years, the emotional and professional fortunes of six friends at Cambridge. We see them first as undergraduates, enthusiastically gathering to found a literary review, each full of conviction. Over the years, relationships and alliances shift, ideals are shed and compromised, and life's reality takes over from innocent dreams. At the end they meet again for the funeral of one of their "group".

It is a formula which can work if the characters are convincing, not only in their own right but in their relationships with each other. The device Gray uses requires a team approach, not solos, and the play does not quite achieve it.

The imbalance is as much in Gray's writing as in the acting—or, perhaps more appropriately, the

casting. Three of the six actors are among the best-known and most talented young English comic performers, but two of them are wrong for the play.

John Sessions, playing Stuart, the editor of the review (*The Common Pursuit* of the title), has chosen (or Gray has chosen for him) to submerge his natural acting ebullience in a performance so understated as to remove credibility from the character. Rik Mayall, in contrast, is too manic as the self-centred, chain smoking, perpetually coughing, low-talented Nick, irresistibly rising to fame as a media personality.

Stephen Fry as Humphry, the poet-philosopher, Wagnerian and homosexual, gets most of the funniest lines, and delivers them with superb precision. His is an outstanding performance.

The play is full of good, intelligent writing and some fine acting; but not quite enough of either to turn an entertaining evening into a memorable one ●

## A TOUCH OUT OF FASHION

By Chris Riley

The problem with being so directly of your time is that you date quickly. Doug Lucie's acerbic *Fashion*, an analysis of the forces at work in Thatcher's Britain (*The Pit*, *Barbican*), is at that difficult half-way stage in a political play's evolution—just too far removed from some of its cultural references (*Trivial Pursuit*, *The Price is Right*)



Sarah Berger and John Sessions in *The Common Pursuit* at the Phoenix



to seem up-to-the-minute punchy, and yet not old enough to be seen as a period piece.

The play centres on a public relations company run by Paul Cash (the excellent Brian Cox), a ruthless, self-made man who sees his work as "the revenge of business upon culture". In an attempt to capture the Conservative Party's election account, Cash assembles a creative team which includes Stuart Clarke (Alun Armstrong), a dissolute socialist film-maker whose time has passed and whose wife has passed on to Cash, and Eric Bright, a former Labour MP turned Thatcherite pundit. These three voice the conflicting moral philosophies of our time; as Amanda Clarke, the wife/lover points out, politics is a cosy boys' own world only genuinely breached throughout the play by an "honorary man"—Linda Spurrier's incredibly tedious Thatcher (and wildly overused) clone.

Underpinning the politics are the disparate personalities. Cash is presented as a lonely figure, accustomed to sleeping on the office couch, afraid to go home. Brian Cox treads expertly the line between manipulative businessman and human reject.

Although Lucie might be accused of sacrificing the theatrical for the theoretical (characters launch into needless, sporadic monologues) for the most part the play has pace, and director Nick Hamm brings a seamless ebb and flow to the proceedings ●

## BACKSTAGE

# DIRECTING IN THEIR TWENTIES

By Julia Brown

**S**imon Curtis and Nick Ward, as part of a rising wave of young theatre talent, have been attracting a lot of attention recently. Curtis seems to like it, while Ward is "healthily wary".

Simon Curtis, deputy director of the Royal Court, perches on the truncated row of cinema seats that serves as a sofa in the office he shares with his boss, Max Stafford-Clark. He wears a bright red shirt and has the kind of energy that makes you feel he is rushing



Simon Curtis, directs *Greenland*

around the room when he has barely moved. In the 60s and 70s, when the Court was a Mecca for theatre's Angry Young Men, you could be certain that a director's red shirt made a statement about its wearer. But Curtis "doesn't really know" how to describe himself politically. At 28 he may be young, but there can't be much to be angry about when you have your next three jobs lined up and Sheridan Morley has dubbed you "the most promising director" of your generation.

Nick Ward is a more serious, if not an angry, young man. He is currently directing his play *The Strangeness of Others*—his second commission from the National Theatre. At 26 he gives the impression of stillness and absorption as he talks. "You have to want to express yourself very badly in theatre because it's an obstacle course." When his first major play *Apart from George* was seen at the Royal Court Upstairs last year, the Press gave him a "Boy Wonder" reception, which he found "like looking in a mirror and not seeing the person you think you are".

Ward does not ask actors to



Ward, directing at the National

read a play at first rehearsal: "In my experience that isn't the best way of beginning the journey they have to make." Curtis, on the other hand, usually does: "It gives me three hours not to have to say anything and it welds the company together." Ward uses storytelling and "exercises for the imagination" to set the actor's mind to work on the world of the play. But Curtis finds improvisational work "almost always less interesting than what the writer has to say".

Their forthcoming productions could not be more different. Ward sees his play, which runs at the Cottesloe from June 21, as "a series of love stories, some on a collision course". Curtis directs *Greenland* by Howard Brenton, which opens at the Royal Court on June 1. It is based on a group of public figures who fall into the Thames on the night of the last election and emerge in Brenton's vision of Utopia, 700 years hence.

In 1986 Brenton wrote that ours is a time when "a good red needs to keep the knives sharp". Red or not, it will be interesting to see how deep the young bloods cut ●

## CINEMA

# LEGENDARY LADIES ON SCREEN

By George Perry

**I**t scarcely seems credible in 1988 to be reviewing a new film starring a legendary figure of the American silent cinema, an actress whose film career began in 1912, three years before D. W. Griffith made the first great epic, *The Birth of a Nation*, in which she appeared. Lillian Gish was a star long before Garbo, and her performances in such early classics as Griffith's *Broken Blossoms*, *Way Down East* and *Orphans of the Storm* still have a magical quality.

In *The Whales of August*, her 105th film, she appears with another screen legend, Bette Davis, and the director Lindsay Anderson could no doubt write a book on the delicate task of containing these monumental personalities on the set. They play aged, widowed sisters of different temperaments; one sunny, optimistic and romantic, the other blind,

cantankerous, bitter. They have spent their summers for more than 60 years in a frame house close to a rugged Maine seashore, becoming, in spite of their differences, emotionally interdependent. There are neighbours: Vincent Price as a patrician emigré from Tsarist Russia who has survived on his courtly charm, Ann Sothorn as an elderly friend who masks her loneliness with a fizzing vivacity, and Harry Carey Junior a gruff Maine handyman.

The film is a slight piece, in Chekhovian vein, adapted by David Berry from his play, but with its theatrical origins clearly apparent. It is also an uncharacteristic work for Lindsay Anderson, lacking the ferocious satire of earlier films, but the designer Jocelyn Herbert, cinematographer Mike Fash and composer Alan Price have all been associated with him before. It should be seen for the performances, particularly that of Lillian Gish which has the same instinctive control that has always characterised her acting.

Andrei Konchalowsky's *Shy People* is set in the Louisiana bayou country, a dense, swampy forest which is penetrated by a New York sophisticate, Jill Clayburgh, and her reluctant teenage daughter, Martha Plimpton, in a search for family roots. She finds her hidden relations living in a remote, primitive encampment, an isolated family ruled by a fiercely matriarchal Barbara Hershey in conditions of ignorance and superstition. The two women learn from each other through a head-on culture clash and in a melodramatic atmosphere undergo an emotional transformation.

It is a story that Konchalowsky might have filmed in his native Russia, where he produced an outline several years ago. In that context it might have been believable. Here, in spite of Chris Menges's excellent camerawork, it is a heavy, yet hollow work.

The former Chicago adman John Hughes has at last broken away from his Molly Ringwald high-school films and come up with a wry comment on the nightmare of modern travel. In *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* Steve Martin is a businessman anxious to get back to Chicago from New York for Thanksgiving with his family. However, the airline, weather and his own pig-headedness cause an escalating series of disasters, unwillingly shared with an oafish, salesman played by John Candy. Hughes shifts sympathy from Martin to Candy as the film progresses, and





Louisiana swamps provide the setting for Konchalowsky's *Shy People*

reconciles the opposites by the end of the film, a sentimental coda to what until then has been an advanced exercise in cynicism ●

George Perry is also films editor of *The Sunday Times*

## EXHIBITIONS

### PICASSO THE PRISONER

By James Hall

In his 1975 book on Picasso, Tim Hilton devotes only 25 of the pages to the last 36 years of Picasso's life. For Hilton, and for most other critics, Picasso's creative life effectively stopped shortly after he had painted *Guernica* in 1937. Of his post-war period Hilton writes: "Picasso was now beginning his new career as the legend of Picasso."

This is an adequate description of virtually all the works in the Tate Gallery's **Late Picasso** exhibition, opening on June 23, which spans the period from 1953 until Picasso's death in 1973. All that has changed since the mid 70s is our assessment of the value of personal history, legend and myth in art.

With the triumph of Post-Modernism in the late 70s, almost anything could be grist to the artistic mill, and contamination and recycling became the order of

the day. Thus we have Gilbert and George giving us their homo-erotic vision of life in London's East End, Anselm Kiefer's rather turgid evocations of recent German history, and the Italian Enzo Cucchi saying in all seriousness: "I am a Legend". Contemplating one's navel is very much back in fashion, and many artists of the 80s speak from the confessional couch about their personal memories; culture has gone "back to the future". Hence the interest in late Picasso and the Picasso "legend".

Sex and death are the two abiding themes. In 1953 Picasso was 72 years old. By then sex (presumably) was a thing of his distant, rampantly creative past, while death, physical and artistic, was all too close. The earliest works in the exhibition are attempts to breathe life into the corpses of the old masters—Delacroix, Velázquez, Manet, Poussin and David.

In the 60s Picasso spent most of his time evoking the myth of the Latin lover with obsessive, pathetic repetitiveness. He not only seems to be resurrecting the years of his own virility, but also trying to beat the 60s generation at their own sex games. His 1968 engravings on the theme of the exhaustive "preliminary studies" that Raphael probably conducted while painting his model-mistress La Fornarina, include an old man who ogles the artist and model from behind a curtain. You feel that this is Picasso contemplating his youth.

What is noticeable in Picasso's late nudes, for all the expressive violence of their colour and form, is the flatness of the space which they occupy. We are neither drawn into their space, nor do they force

their way into ours. This is partly, perhaps, the influence of the "flatness" of Abstract Expressionist painting. In one of the versions of *The Embrace* of 1969, the male organ and arm are horizontal bars that extend parallel to the picture plane, but their geometry is so rigid that they are immobilised—bars on a cage of their own construction.

What this exhibition succeeds in doing is to bring the prevailing view of Picasso into sharper focus: that he became the impotent prisoner of his past and penis. Too often the naked body has the rigor mortis of raw meat and not enough of the vitality of living flesh ●

## JAZZ RECORDS

### GOOD SOUNDS ENSEMBLE

By John Fordham

Unquestionably the 1980s have ushered in something as close to a boom as ever experienced in jazz, which tends to blink in the limelight. Perhaps unsurprisingly, that boom has been characterised by a fervent neo-classicism that has repackaged many of the developments of the 50s and early 60s, and in particular a concentration on bebop, the revolutionary music of almost half a century ago. It has been wonderful to hear some beautiful

music reissued, and often beautifully replayed by performers more skilled than the first wave, but it has still been a U-turn. The brief but passionate life of jazz in this century has never progressed by revivalism.

In parallel with this embracing of the past there has also been a renewal of interest in composition for jazz ensembles. Twenty years ago an explosion of romantic expressionism resulted in a brief period in which a "contemporary jazz performance" was often a euphemism for a free-for-all in which musicians squealed tirelessly at each other in a manner that lacked most musical dimensions except volume. Though the pioneers of "free jazz" (notably Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane) rarely played in such a shapeless manner themselves, the backlash was enough to discourage record-company interest in jazz for some years. The sharp downturn in pop music has almost certainly helped foster a renewal of public interest in jazz.

Among the recently released jazz records, reissued sessions by white saxophonist Lee Konitz exhibit the taut, highly-wrought and restrained form of bop that was labelled "Cool School" in the 50s; some 40s recordings by the tumultuous pianist Art Tatum capture the work of one of jazz's most astonishing keyboard artists in mixed circumstances; and the latest album by the popular young British big band Loose Tubes is as resounding an example of broad-mindedness and careful planning as that eclectic outfit has yet committed to disc.

Konitz's record **Lee Konitz** (Swingtime ST 1028) was made on



Picasso's *Le Peintre et son modèle*, 1963, on show at the Tate Gallery

COLLECTION MARINA PICASSO, GALLERIE JANKRUGIER GENEVA



a European tour in 1956. The accompanying musicians are mostly Germans, and they keep more than adequate company with Konitz through a selection of dense, garrulous pieces that sound like exchanges between a group of quiet, but insistent, conversationalists. The mood is predominantly established by methods that had been laid down by a Cool School guru, pianist Lennie Tristano—the only serious rival to the domination of Charlie Parker-inspired bebop in the 50s. Tristano promoted a manner of improvising that avoided bravura and specialised in flowing, seamless phrases without vibrato, punchy accents or long pauses, and played down the rhythm section.

Konitz can be heard at his best in this style on a brisk version of "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You", which he reshapes with such audacity as almost to fool you that he wrote it. The larger ensemble pieces, dominated by baritone saxophones and plush counterpoint in the fashion of the time, have a tendency to drift—but pianist Roland Kovac plays elegantly throughout.

Devotees of the extraordinary Art Tatum will prick their ears up at the news that a Danish company, Official Records, has released two albums of Art Tatum's trio playing with bassist Slam Stewart and guitarist Tiny Grimes (Official 3001/2). These tracks are the complete collection laid down for various labels by the Tatum trio in 1944. But though the pianist bombards the listener with his customary fusillades of arpeggios, and the harmonic audacity that occasions wilful leaps in and out of key, Tatum's unaccompanied playing is the most satisfying way of appreciating his gifts.

The British band Loose Tubes has released *Open Letter* (Editions EGED 55), its third and best album. In addition to the technical sophistication which young jazz musicians take for granted these days, this 21-piece band plays compositions only by its own members, and their tastes run so wide as to include swing, South African township music, the African hi-life guitar sound, funk and bebop.

The South African influence is a particularly strong feature of this album. The full title is "An Open Letter To Dudu Pukwana" (the great Port Elizabeth altoist living in London), and it offsets the Tubes' occasional tendency to musical fidgetiness with its warmth, rhythmic exuberance,

and song-like directness. The session was cut in London but produced by Teo Macero whose presence shines a light into all corners of the orchestra. The soloing does not always gleam as much as the band *en masse*, though the mercurial Iain Ballamy and the fierce Dave DeFries make up most of the difference ●

## OPERA

# THE FLUTE IN MAGICAL SETTING

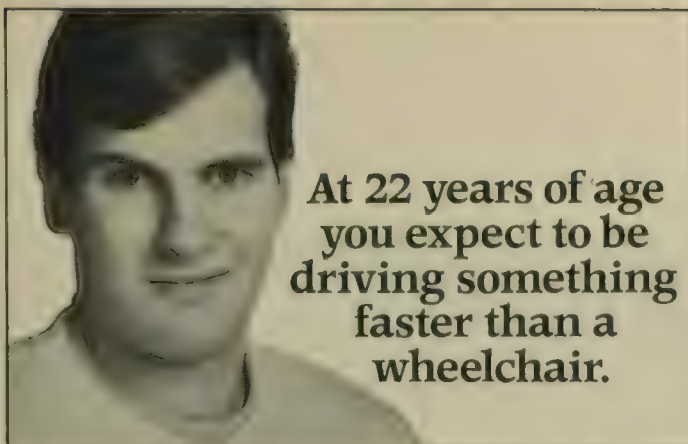
By Margaret Davies

Ancient Egyptian imagery and contemporary Yorkshire humour are two of the disparate elements which come together in Nicholas Hytner's new production of *The Magic Flute* for English National Opera. Hytner and his designer, Bob Crowley, accommodate the incongruities of Mozart's Singspiel by setting the action in front of a high, curving white wall which can be opened up on a vista of the realm of the Queen of the Night or a ravishing forest glade from where the three boys emerge—as well as the animals who respond to Tamino's flute.

John Rawnsley first appears in the role of Papageno accompanied by some tame pigeons, which respond magically to the call of his pipes. Jeremy Sams's new, rather free translation provides Rawnsley with some neat comic lines which he delivers with expert timing in a rich Yorkshire accent. It is a performance, like his *Rigoletto*, to savour.

Helen Field's deeply-felt and strongly-sung *Pamina* justifies her prominent place in the production. Her characterisation grows with the performance to a glorious vocal climax in the quartet with the three boys. Then, having taken the flute from Tamino—a small piece of producer's licence—she leads him safely through the ordeals by fire and water.

The American tenor Thomas Randle, making his company debut as Tamino, promises more than he delivered on the first night but will no doubt grow into the part. And Nan Christie makes a formidable Queen of the Night, producing dazzling coloratura singing in the vengeance aria ●



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# The capital list

A discerning guide to entertainment in the city



Roger Allam plays Brutus in the RSC's *Julius Caesar*, at the Barbican this month



Cellists from the London music colleges, ensemble at the Queen Elizabeth Hall

## THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section.

**Back with a Vengeance!** Barry Humphries's extraordinary characterisations with the best & worst in Australian taste. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, CC). REVIEWED JAN, 1988.

**Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.** Tennessee Williams's tale of a warring Mississippi family with strong performances from Ian Charleson, Eric Porter & Lindsay Duncan. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC). REVIEWED APR, 1988.

**The Common Pursuit.** Simon Gray directs his own rewritten play, originally seen at the Lyric Hammersmith, which centres on a group of Cambridge undergraduates. New-wave comedy stars Rik Mayall; John Sessions & Stephen Fry head the cast. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294, CC). REVIEW ON P92.

**Emerald City.** Australian David Williamson's comedy about material success & domestic rivalry. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, CC).

**Fashion.** Political dilemmas & personal choices in Doug Lucie's comic drama set in the PR agency handling the Conservative Party's election account. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891, CC). REVIEW ON P92.

**The Foreigner.** Tom Watt (Lofty from *EastEnders*) takes over from Nicholas Lyndhurst on June 13 as a sci-fi editor working out an involved "No English" gag in Larry Shue's comedy. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, CC 379 6565).

**Journey's End.** R. C. Sherriff's classic First World War drama, with Jason Connery & Nicky Henson. Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, CC 379 6565).

**Lettice & Lovage.** Maggie Smith leads the cast in Peter Shaffer's comedy about the relationship between two formidable women. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3667, CC 741 9999).

**The Merchant of Venice.** Barbican, with Antony Sher as Shylock & Deborah Findlay as Portia. SEE OVER-TURE P88.

**Nana.** Racy adaptation of Zola's novel. Belinda Davison is electrifying in the title role. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, CC).

**One Way Pendulum.** Jonathan Miller directs N. F. Simpson's surreal comedy, first produced in 1959. Until June 18. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, CC 261 1821).

**The Revenger's Tragedy.** Antony Sher stars as Vindice, Nicholas Farrell as Lussurioso. Directed by Di Trevis. The Pit, Barbican.

**The Shaughraun.** Dion Boucicault's 1870s melodrama, set in the west of Ireland. Howard Davies directs, Stephen Rea plays the title role. Olivier, National Theatre.

**South Pacific.** Lively West End revival of one of Rodgers & Hammerstein's best musicals. With Gemma Craven, Emile Belcourt & Bertice Reading. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (839 5987, CC 240 7200).

**Temptation.** The RSC's production of a Faustian allegory by the Czech dramatist Vaclav Havel. John Shrapnel stars. The Pit, Barbican.

**'Tis Pity She's a Whore.** Alan Ayckbourn directs Rupert Graves & Suzan Sylvester in a revival of John Ford's 17th-century play about a corrupt & ailing society. Olivier, National Theatre. REVIEWED MAY, 1988.

**Twelfth Night.** Roger Allam is Sir Toby Belch, John Carlisle Malvolio in the RSC's innovative production first seen at Stratford. Barbican.

**Uncle Vanya.** A very distinguished cast for this Chekhov classic which includes Michael Gambon, Greta Scacchi & Jonathan Pryce. Vaudeville, Strand,

WC2 (836 9987, CC).

**Waiting for Godot.** Alec McCowen & John Alderton are outstanding in the NT's first production of Samuel Beckett's seminal play. Lyttelton, National Theatre.

**Ziegfeld.** Harold Fielding presents a multi-million-pound musical extravaganza based on the life & work of the American theatrical impresario Florenz Ziegfeld. Co-written by Ned Sherrin & Alistair Beaton, it stars Tony-award winner Len Carriou in the title role. London Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, CC). REVIEW ON P92.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**The Changeling.** 17th-century tragedy focusing on sexual obsession. Richard Eyre directs Miranda Richardson & George Harris. Opens June 23. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC).

**The Deep Blue Sea.** Second Rattigan revival of the year. Set in the early 50s, it stars Penelope Keith as a married woman who embarks on a turbulent affair. Opens May 26. Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, CC).

**Julius Caesar.** Terry Hands's production, with Sean Baker & Roger Allam. Opens June 14. Barbican, EC2 (638 8891, CC).

**A Midsummer Night's Dream.** Return of last year's highly successful production, directed by Caroline Smith. Opens June 15. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (935 5756).

**The Strangeness of Others.** Nick Ward directs his new play. Opens June 21. Cottesloe, National Theatre: SEE BACKSTAGE P93.

**Too Clever By Half.** Ostrovsky's 19th-century comedy, directed by Richard Jones. Opens June 28. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616).

**Winnie.** Musical celebrating Churchill's wartime persona, set in a Berlin light-opera house in 1945. Robert

Hardy & Virginia McKenna star, the musical director is Albert Marre, & the show features new songs by Lionel Bart as well as wartime melodies. Opens May 31. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, 828 4735, CC).

**The Winter's Tale.** First production of the New Shakespeare Company's summer season of open-air theatre. Directed by David Gilmore, with designs by Simon Higlett. Opens June 1. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park.

## STAYERS

**And Then There Were None,** Duke of York's, (836 5122); **Beyond Reasonable Doubt,** Queen's (734 1166); **Cats,** New London (405 0072); **Chess,** Prince Edward (734 8951); **Follies,** Shaftesbury (379 5399); **42nd Street,** Drury Lane (836 8108); **Kiss Me Kate,** Savoy (836 8888); **Les Liaisons Dangereuses,** Ambassador's (836 6111); **Me & My Girl,** Adelphi (836 7611); **Les Misérables,** Palace (434 0909); **The Mousetrap,** St Martin's (836 1443); **The Phantom of the Opera,** Her Majesty's (839 2244); **Run For Your Wife,** Criterion (930 3216); **A Small Family Business,** Olivier, National (928 2252); **Serious Money,** Wyndham's (836 3028); **Starlight Express,** Apollo Victoria (828 8665).

## FRINGE

**Aristocrats.** New work by Brian Friel, now well established as one of Ireland's leading playwrights. Opens June 2. Hampstead Theatre, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9224).

**The Brave.** Sharman Macdonald, whose *When I Was A Girl*... was transferred to the West End from the Bush, has chosen contemporary North Africa as the setting for her new play. Opens June 1. Bush, Shepherd's Bush Green, W12 (743 3388).



Not to be missed . . . Charles Sturridge's film *A Handful of Dust*,  
The Rambert Dance Company at Sadler's Wells & Irakere at Ronnie Scott's  
Stay clear of . . . Eric Rohmer's film *My Girlfriend's Boyfriend*  
& John Carpenter's horror movie *Prince of Darkness*



Linda Koslowski and Paul Hogan return in *Croc Dundee II*



Watteau's *La Proposition Embarassante* in French Paintings from the USSR at the National Gallery

**Faust I & II.** A double-evening presentation of Goethe's two-part work. Directed by David Freeman from Opera Factory, with music by Nigel Osborne. Simon Callow in the title role. Until July 2. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

**Greenland.** Première of a new Howard Brenton play, the last in the Royal Court's short series of his work. All of the pieces have dealt with personal & political Utopias, & *Greenland* is set partly around the last election & partly in the far future. Opens June 1. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc). SEE BACKSTAGE P93.

**Mary Stuart.** New translation by Robert David Macdonald of Schiller's study of royal conflict & power politics. Directed by Tim Albery. Until June 25. Greenwich Theatre, Crooms Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc 853 3800).

**Moon on a Rainbow Shawl.** Début of Akin Tunde Productions, a company formed specifically to put on black work. Written by Errol Johns. Until May 29. Almeida, Almeida St, N1 (359 4404).

**Sofia.** Dramatisation of the *Diaries of Sofia Tolstoy* by Ian Thompson. Madeline Bellamy plays Sofia. Until June 19. New End Theatre, 27 New End, NW3 (794 0022).

**Stars in the Morning Sky.** First London visit for the Maly Theatre company from Leningrad. *Stars* is set around Moscow in 1980, as the authorities started to clear undesirables out of the city in preparation for the Olympic Games. Written by Alexander Galin, directed by Leo Dodin. Until May 28. Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6 (748 3354, cc 379 4444).

**To Botany Bay on a Bondi Tram.** Bruce Myles directs Beverley Dunn in a one-woman show about the life of poet Mary Gilmore. Presented by the University of Melbourne Theatre Company. May 31-June 11. Young Vic Studio. The Cut, SE1 (928 6363, cc 379 4444).

## CINEMA

*The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes often change at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.*

**Broadcast News** (15). James L. Brooks's first feature since *Terms of Endearment* is a sparky comedy set in the world of television news. Producer Holly Hunter & reporter Albert Brooks are fighting a lone battle against the erosion of old-style news values. REVIEWED APR, 1988.

**Croc Dundee II** (15). More chaos as the loveable Aussie *ingénu*, Paul Hogan, returns. Opens June 22. Empire Leicester Sq, WC2 (240 7200).

**Dogs in Space** (18). Curious period piece directed by Richard Lowenstein & centring on the activities & aspirations of a Melbourne squat in 1979. Michael Hutchence from Australian rock outfit INXS plays drug addict Sam, & the thumping soundtrack includes "The Birthday Party" & "The Gang of Four", but most affecting is the film's depiction of the need for an alternative "family" in suburban Australia. Opens June 10. Gate Cinema, Notting Hill Gate, W11 (727 4043); Metro, Rupert St, W1 (437 0757).

**My Girlfriend's Boyfriend** (PG). The latest & least good of Eric Rohmer's Comedies & Proverbs series is a study of four people, each involved with the wrong partner. Detached & wry as one might expect. Opens June 24. Chelsea Cinema, 206 King's Rd, SW3 (351 3742, cc); Renoir, Brunswick Sq, WC1 (837 8402, cc).

**A Handful of Dust** (PG). When the married but bored Brenda (Kristin Scott Thomas) takes up with irredeemable roué John Beaver (Rupert

Graves), the conventional family life of the upper-class Lasts is shattered. Charles Sturridge directs with the assurance displayed in his other Evelyn Waugh adaptation, *Brideshead Revisited*, & the opulence of the 30s high life never becomes twee. Visually a treat; impressive rather than oppressive. Opens June 13. Cannon, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (836 8861, cc).

**Hidden City.** Elliptical thriller by Stephen Poliakoff, trading on the secret nooks and crannies of undiscovered London. Charles Dance plays a writer who gets entrapped in the search for a missing film which takes him, plus a mysterious girl, back and forth across the capital. Opens June 3. Metro.

**Ironweed** (15). Hector Babenco's depressing film of William Kennedy's low-life novel, with Jack Nicholson on form as the hobo lobotomised by a guilt-ridden past & Meryl Streep miscast as his partner. Carroll Baker threatens to steal the film as Nicholson's ex-wife. REVIEWED MAY, 1988.

**Planes, Trains & Automobiles** (15). Steve Martin & John Candy in a comedy about two contrasting characters travelling home over Thanksgiving weekend. Opens May 27. Plaza, Lower Regent St, SW1 (200 0200, cc 240 7200). REVIEW ON P93.

**Shy People** (15). Opens June 17. Cannon Haymarket, W1 (839 1527); Première, Swiss Centre, WC2 (439 4470). REVIEW ON P93.

**Suspect** (15). Classy courtroom drama starring Cher as an overworked public defender assigned a murder case in which the suspect (Liam Neeson) is deaf & dumb & the facts don't add up. Dennis Quaid is the Washington lobbyist on jury service who starts (illegally) to help her sort it out. Lots of tension & strong central performances, all tautly directed by Peter Yates. Opens June 3. Cannons Haymarket, W1 Oxford St, W1 (636 0310).

**Tampopo** (15). Juzo Itami's delightful comedy of a love affair conducted

entirely through Japanese fast-food. Tsutomu Yamazaki plays Tokyo lorry-driver Goro, who takes both a young widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) & her run-down noodle bar in hand. REVIEWED MAY, 1988.

**Wall Street** (15). Director Oliver Stone trades Far East jungles for financial ones in this plausible thriller set among the money men of New York. Charlie Sheen is a young broker who starts playing the game for real when he meets the legendary Gekko (Michael Douglas). REVIEWED MAY, 1988.

**The Whales of August** (U). Lindsay Anderson has crafted a delightful tale of two elderly sisters (Bette Davis & Lillian Gish). Opens June 3. Curzon Mayfair, Curzon St, W1 (499 3737, cc). REVIEW ON P93.

## EXHIBITIONS

### OPENING

#### CENTURY GALLERY

100 Fulham Rd, SW3 (581 1589).

**Russian Paintings—A Personal Choice.** Early 1940s & 50s oil paintings chosen & brought out of Russia by Roy Miles. June 14-29. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

#### NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

**French Paintings from the USSR: Watteau to Matisse.** The first major exhibition of French paintings from the USSR comprises nearly 40 works drawn from the Hermitage & Pushkin museums. The body of the work is of Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, & 20th-century origins, & includes Cézanne, Sisley, Monet, Matisse & Picasso. June 15-Sept 18. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

#### NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

**John Player Portrait Award 1988.** An exhibition of the winners & selected entrants in the ninth annual competition for young portrait painters. June





Dynamics from Dance Advance on the South Bank



George Michael plays Earl's Court for three days



Collins's Fool and Landscape at Anthony d'Offay Gallery

8-Sept 4. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm.

#### SELFRIDGES EXHIBITION HALL

Selfridges, 400 Oxford St, W1 (629 1234).

**Festival of Paintings for the London Season.** Work capturing London in the summer, put together by the Halcyon Gallery. Over 30 artists, including Robert Heindel, David Shepherd & Beryl Cook. June 16-July 9. Mon-Sat 9am-6pm (Thurs until 8pm).

#### TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

**Late Picasso.** Organised jointly with the Musée National d'Art Moderne & the Musée Picasso in Paris. June 23-Sept 18. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. £3, concessions £1.50. REVIEW ON P94.

### STILL SHOWING

#### BARBICAN

EC2 (638 4141).

**20th-century French Photography.** Extensive survey of the development of photography in France, including work by Lartigue, Atget & Cartier-Bresson. Until July 17. Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

#### ANTHONY D'OFFAY

9 & 23 Dering St, W1 (499 4100).

**Cecil Collins: The Music of Dawn.** Splendid collection of works by the artist considered by many to be our finest visionary painter since William Blake. June 1-23. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

#### FISCHER FINE ART

30 King St, St James, SW1 (839 3942).

**Ken Kiff.** Kiff is an extremely individual fantasist—by turns poetic, horrific & grotesque. He has had great influence on British painters younger than himself, while remaining somewhat isolated from his contemporaries. Until June 24. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-noon.

#### HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

**Angry Penguins: Realist Painting in Melbourne in the Forties.** Part of the Australian bicentennial celebrations, this exhibition chronicles the struggle between two groups of artists in the Melbourne of the 1940s: mythologisers, the best known of them Sydney

Nolan, & social realists. At the heart of the controversy was the lively magazine *Angry Penguins*, which gives the show its title. Until Aug 14. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm. £3, concessions & everybody all day & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50.

#### OTIS GALLERY

C2R Metropolitan Wharf, Wapping Wall, E1 (481 0691).

**Marc Quinn.** First London show for this young sculptor, who worked for a while for Barry Flanagan, and whose work has been exhibited twice in Paris. A witty & fresh approach to lost-wax casting. Until June 9. Wed-Sun 11am-6pm.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

**Cézanne: The Early Years 1859-72.** Explores Cézanne's long process of self-discovery—not merely his academic training, and the way he both used it & rebelled against it, but the strange element of Expressionist eroticism in much of his early work. Until Aug 21. £3, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £2. REVIEWED MAY, 1988.

**Summer Exhibition.** The 220th annual open exhibition, where the work of new (and sometimes pseudonymous) artists is exhibited alongside that of established professionals. Until Aug 7. £2.80, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.90. Daily 10am-6pm.

**WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY** Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

**Michael Sandle: Sculpture & Drawings 1957-88.** Retrospective of one of our most talented artists in exile. Until June 26. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm. SEE OVERTURE ON P85.

## AFTER DARK

Please telephone to confirm details.

**Apples & Snakes.** Friendly alternative cabaret night, where there is always a space reserved on the bill for light poetry. Fridays. Covent Garden Community Centre, 46 Earlham St, WC2 (info: 690 9368).

**Blow Up Club.** Small specialist club for "garage thrash" enthusiasts—that includes everything from MC5 to the Clash. Thursdays, Sir George Robey, 240 Seven Sisters Rd, N4 (263 4581).

#### Every Other Thursday at the Cleveland.

Most progressive comedy venue in town at the moment, where top stand-ups James Macabre, Jim Tavaré, Dave Cohen, Mark Thomas & Hattie Heydridge promise to premiere at least five minutes of fresh material each fortnight. The Cleveland, Cleveland St, W1.

**Jazz Beat.** Boppy jazz discs, with the emphasis on Latin, at this intimate south London venue. And it's free! Mondays. Tea Rooms des Artistes, 697 Wandsworth Rd, SW8 (720 4028).

**New Performance.** An eclectic mix of cabaret, performance art & music. As the name intimates, a more highbrow approach than usual: sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. Wednesdays. Rosemary Branch Theatre Club, 2 Shepperton Rd, N1 (359 3204).

**Planet Rok Brutal Rave.** Indulging the current fascination with early 70s music & fashion, this new dance club promises "flare grooves": Thursdays. Champs, 18 Deptford Broadway, New Cross, SE8 (692 5989).

**Upstairs at Ronnie's.** Above the main venue is a jazz club where rated DJ Dave Hucker spins the best in zouk, African & Latin rhythms. Well worth discovering. Mon-Sat. Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith St, W1 (439 0747).

## JAZZ

**Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band.** Veteran of the celebrated Soho trad-circuit of the 50s, the trombonist & bandleader still delivers the good-time goods. June 22. 100 Club, 100 Oxford St, W1 (636 0933).

**Lester Bowie Brass Fantasy.** One of the most respected of contemporary jazz icons (due to his work with the Art Ensemble of Chicago), Bowie's solo style, on trumpet & flugelhorn, is as refreshingly provocative as ever. June 9. Festival Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Hugh Fraser Quintet.** Canadian moderns, including highly-rated tenor & alto frontline, with a rare London appearance. June 1. Bass Clef, 85 Coronet St, N1 (729 2440).

**Irakere.** Cuban rhythm kings, back by popular demand. Bandleader Chucho Valdes's choppy but beautifully expressive piano is one of the jazz treats

of the year. June 6-July 2. Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith St, W1 (439 0747).

**Humphrey Lyttelton Band.** The tireless Humph back for another footstompin' trad evening. June 25. 100 Club.

**Monty Sunshine Jazz Band.** Much-loved trad clarinetist, famed for his solos on the 1958 Chris Barber "Petite Fleur" album, fronts his own band. June 15. 100 Club.

**Waso.** Belgian outfit specialising in "Gipsy jazz", here for their first British dates. June 21. Bass Clef.

## ROCK

**Burning Spear.** Rasta-reggae originals, heading a long-awaited revival in the musical form. June 12. Astoria, 157 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (434 0403).

**Leonard Cohen.** His latest album is almost jolly—is this the "razor blades" Cohen we all know & avoid? May 30. Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc).

**Ry Cooder.** The dust-bowl blues king holds court. In the same way that Hendrix's flat vocals were the perfect complement to his soaring guitar style, so Cooder's nasal drawl serves only to add colour to his superlative slide work. June 13, 14. Wembley Arena, Middx (902 1234, cc 741 8989).

**Robyn Hitchcock.** Cheerful neopsychedelic pop from the man who would be Syd Barrett. June 3. Town & Country Club, 9-17 Highgate Rd, NW5 (267 3334).

**INXS.** Classy rock from the Aussie longhairs, here to push their new album "Kick"—a homage to skateboard culture. June 25. Wembley Arena.

**George Michael.** London's most famous Greek, bar Stavros, kicks off his début solo tour. Selling out fast, but returns may be available. June 10-12, 14. Earl's Court, Warwick Rd, SW5 (385 1200, cc 748 1414).

**Tribute to Nelson Mandela's 70th Birthday.** Dire Straits/Whitney Huston/Simple Minds/Sly & Robbie/Hugh Masekela. Outstanding but mixed bill (featuring everything from rock to soul & afro-jazz) say "many happy returns" to the ANC leader. Reports of a Dire Straits split suggest this may be their last performance. June 11. Wembley Stadium, Middx (902 1234, cc 748 1414).





Nicholas Hytner's production of *Xerxes* at the Coliseum, set in the Vauxhall pleasure gardens



Ming Kinrande gourd, reckoned to fetch £20-30,000 at Christie's

## CLASSICS

### BARBICAN HALL

EC2 (638 8891, cc).

**London Symphony Orchestra.** Rafael Frübeck de Burgos conducts three concerts in the Images de France series. Ravel, Rodrigo, Albéniz, Falla, June 10, 7.45pm; Ibert, Ravel, Berlioz, June 12, 7.30pm; Debussy, Ravel, June 19, 7.30pm.

**Paul Crossley**, piano, gives two Poulenc recitals. June 15, 16, 1pm.

**Les Arts Florissants**, directed by William Christie, give a concert performance of Marc-Antoine Charpentier's religious drama *David et Jonathas*. June 22, 7.45pm.

### FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Goldsmiths' Choral Union, Orchestra of the National Centre for Orchestral Studies.** Brian Wright conducts Tippett's *The Mask of Time*. June 1, 7.30pm.

**Andrei Gavrilov**, piano. Schumann, Schubert. June 2, 7.30pm.

**Philharmonia Orchestra.** Esa-Pekka Salonen conducts Berio, Liszt, Bruckner, June 6; Beethoven, Stravinsky, June 8; 7.30pm.

**Claudio Arrau**, piano, celebrates his 85th birthday with a recital of Beethoven & Liszt. June 10, 7.30pm.

**Carlo Curley** launches the summer organ show by playing his own arrangements of works by Bach, Schubert, Wagner. June 12, 3.15pm.

**Philharmonia Orchestra.** Kurt Sanderling conducts Mozart, Shostakovich, June 14; Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, June 16; 7.30pm.

**Academy of St Martin-in-the-Field & Chorus.** Neville Marriner conducts the first performance of Tippett's String Quartet No 4, arranged for orchestra, & Mozart's Requiem. June 15, 8pm.

**London Symphony Orchestra.** Colin Davis conducts Mozart's Clarinet Concerto & Mahler's Das Lied von der Erde. June 18, 7.30pm.

### GREENWICH FESTIVAL

Box office: 25 Woolwich New Rd, SE18 (317 8687, cc 855 5900).

The 400th anniversary of the Spanish Armada provides the theme of this year's programme. Spanish musicians taking part include the pianist Alicia de

Larrocha & flamenco guitarist Paco Peña. June 3-19.

### LUFTHANSA FESTIVAL OF BAROQUE MUSIC

St James's, Piccadilly, W1 (434 4003). 17th- and 18th-century music is played on period instruments by baroque specialists: violinist Monica Huggett, cellist Jane Coe, lutenist Nigel North, flautist Wilbert Hazelzet, & ensembles from Japan & USA. June 10-30.

### QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank Centre.

**Martini Cellothon.** A celebration of the increased awareness of the cello, including concerts, masterclasses, films, under the artistic direction of Julian Lloyd Webber. June 3-5.

**English Baroque Soloists, Monteverdi Choir**, under John Eliot Gardiner, perform Handel's oratorio *Jephtha*. June 11, 7pm.

**Radu Lupu**, piano. Haydn, Schubert. June 12, 7.45pm.

**Celebration of Kagel.** Three consecutive concerts, including first British performances of works by one of Europe's foremost avant-garde composers. June 25, 5.45, 7.45, 10pm.

### SPITALFIELDS FESTIVAL

Christ Church, Commercial St, E1 (0483 575274).

The 300th anniversary of the accession of William & Mary supplies the theme for concerts given by the Richard Hickox Singers & City of London Sinfonia & the Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra under Ton Koopman. Janet Baker takes part in Bach's Mass in B minor. May 31-June 16.

## OPERA

### ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

**Fidelio.** David Walsh restages Joachim Herz's production, with Kathryn Harries as Leonore & Graeme Matheson-Bruce as Florestan. May 27, June 1, 10, 14, 18, 25.

**The Magic Flute.** May 28. June 2, 4, 7, 16, 21, 23. REVIEW ON P95.

**Xerxes.** Nicholas Hytner's award-winning production returns under Charles Mackerras, with Ann Murray in the title role. June 3, 8, 11, 13.

**The Cunning Little Vixen.** David Pountney's production of Janáček's

opera, conducted by Mark Elder, comes to the Coliseum. Anne Dawson sings the Vixen & Norman Bailey is the Forester. June 9, 15, 17, 20, 22, 24. Season ends on June 25.

### GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA

Glyndebourne, Lewes, E Sussex (0273 541111).

**Die Entführung aus dem Serail.** Gianna Rolandi sings Constanze in Peter Wood's production. David Rendall & Kurt Streit alternate as Belmonte. May 26, 28, June 2, 4, 7, 11, 17, 25.

**Kát'a Kabanová.** New production by Nikolaus Lehnhoff, designed by Tobias Hoheisel, with Nancy Gustafson as Kat'a, Barry McCauley as Boris. Andrew Davis conducts. May 27, 29, 31, June 6, 9, 16, 18, 23, 28, 30.

**The Electrification of the Soviet Union.** Nigel Osborne's opera, set in pre-revolutionary Russia, imaginatively staged by Peter Sellars. June 5, 8, 10, 12, 15, 19, 22, 26. REVIEWED DEC, 1987.

### ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

**Anna Bolena.** Joan Sutherland sings the title role for the first time with the company, in a new production designed & directed by John Pascoe. Richard Bonynge conducts. May 30, June 3, 8, 13, 18, 22.

**Peter Grimes.** John Vickers returns to one of his greatest roles as Grimes in Elijah Moshinsky's taut production, with Josephine Barstow as Ellen Orford. June 1, 4, 9, 11.

**Macbeth.** Renato Bruson sings Macbeth, with Elizabeth Connell as Lady Macbeth, in another strong Moshinsky production. Edward Downes conducts. June 7, 10, 14, 17, 21, 25, 29.

**Lohengrin.** Eberhard Büchner replaces Domingo in the title role, with Cheryl Studer, who made an impressive début as Elisabeth last September, singing Elsa. Jeffrey Tate conducts this third Moshinsky revival. June 20, 24.

### EARL'S COURT

SW5 (373 8141).

**Aida.** A spectacular production, involving a cast of more than 600, directed & designed by Vittorio Rossi & conducted by Nello Santi. Soloists include Grace Bumbry, Martina Arroyo, Carlo Cossutta, Nicola Martinucci, Piero Cappuccilli, Ingvar Wixell. June 26-July 2.

## DANCE

**Cha Cha Cha.** Regular forum for innovative new dance, this month featuring Bodyless & The Rift. June 3. Chisenhale Dance Space, 64-84 Chisenhale Rd, E3 (981 6617).

**Dance Advance.** The company formed to promote work by young composers, designers & choreographers presents: *Moments Remembered*, a study of romance; *Classified*, which takes its cue from the personal columns of newspapers; & a new work by Kenneth MacMillan. June 9, 10. Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Liz Irvine/Sally Dawson.** New choreography from Irvine for an all-female trio with "voice soundtrack", & Dawson's study of modern style *She Wears Sea Shells*. June 10. Chisenhale.

**London Festival Ballet.** Programme 1: *Aureole; Song of a Wayfarer; The Dream is Over*, a dance profile of John Lennon; *Night Creature*, set to a Duke Ellington score. May 30-June 1. Programme 2: *L'Arlesienne*; Balanchine's *Apollo*; Bruce's *Swansong*. June 2-4. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (279 8916, cc).

**Rambert Dance Company.** Royal gala in the presence of the Duchess of York (in aid of the Ballet Rambert Appeal) includes Alston's *Rhapsody in Blue & Pulcinella*. June 7. Programme 1: *Dangerous Liaisons; Septet* (London première); New work by David Gordon; *Dark Elegies*. June 8-11 (m & e). Programme 2: *Dutiful Ducks; New work* by Siobhan Davies; *Trace* (London première); *Rhapsody in Blue*. June 13-15. Programme 3: *Commedia dell'Arte* double bill, *Pierrot Lunaire & Pulcinella*. June 16-18. Programme 4: "Fashion Designers in the Theatre", *Swamp; Rhapsody in Blue; Strong Language*. June 20-23. Programme 5: *Septet; Dark Elegies; Strong Language*. June 24, 25. Sadler's Wells.

**Royal Ballet.** Ashton's *Ondine*, in Lila de Nobili's opulent designs. June 2. 90th Birthday Gala for Dame Ninette de Valois in the presence of Princess Margaret. Programme features the Royal Ballet, Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet & the Royal Ballet School. June 6. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).





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## LIST OF THE MONTH

### SPECIALIST RECORD SHOPS

Bored with your record collection? Feel it's time to broaden those musical horizons? Here are a few suggestions:

**1 African.** Stern's, 116 Whitfield St, W1 (387 5550). Thankfully, the craze for Ghanaian hi-life records has broadened to include music from all over the continent.

**2 Classical.** Harold Moore's Records, 2 Great Marlborough St, W1 (437 1576). Famous for its unusual imports (e.g. the Russian Melodiya label), & the staff are musical-encyclopaedias.

**3 Film & Theatre Scores.** Records, 58 Dean St, W1 (734 8777). More

than 3,000 original soundtracks, many deleted. John Barry's old James Bond themes seem to be very collectable.

**4 Folk.** Collets International Bookshop, 129-131 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (734 0782). Radical folkies unite in the basement of this well-known lefty bookshop. Protest music (especially feminist) much in evidence but so, too, is bluegrass & hill-billy.

**5 Greek.** Trehantivi Greek Record Shop, 365/7 Green Lanes, N4 (802 6530). The owner, Mr Pattalis, is happy to let you hear albums before buying. Particularly impressive is his "Rembetika" selection: lyrics about gang warfare & drug-smuggling (translated on the sleeve) set to bazouki rhythms.

**6 Indian.** Indian Records & Books, 7 The Broadway, Southall, Middx (574 1319). Bhangra music—a mix of traditional Indian folk & modern

western pop—is the in-thing at the moment among Asian youth.

**7 Indie.** Rough Trade, 130 Talbot Rd, W11 (229 8541). Indie used to be synonymous with punk, but now encompasses anything that comes out on an independent label. The shop even boasts a CD section, although whether the music of Turkey Bones & the Wild Dogs improves on CD is debatable.

**8 Jazz.** Ray's Jazz, 180 Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (240 3969). Excellent selection of trad & modern, including rare 78s (they even stock 78 needles).

**9 Psychedelic.** Planet Alice, 284 Portobello Rd, W10 (968 9646). If the Electric Prunes' "I Had Too Much to Dream Last Night" is the kind of music you're after, this is the place.

**10 Reggae.** Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, SW11 (223 3757). Belting out the heavy bass-lines, this shop is superb for imported Jamaican labels.

## OTHER EVENTS

**The Annual Blake Lecture.** Prof Bo Lindberg on "William Blake & the Incarnation: the oneness of invention & execution". May 31, St James's Church, Piccadilly, W1. £2, concessions £1, on the door.

**Antiquarian Book Fair.** Over 30,000 books for sale. June 21-23. Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly, W1 (info: 379 3041). 11am-8pm, final day until 6pm.

**Chinese Ceramics.** Sale includes a 14th-century Yuan Dynasty storage jar estimated at £400,000. June 6. Christie's, King St, SW1 (839 9060).

**Grosvenor House Antiques Fair.** June 8-18. Grosvenor House Hotel, W1 (information: 581 0373).

**Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships.** June 20-July 3. All England Club, Wimbledon, SW19 (946 2244).

## BOOKS: THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

### HARDBACK NON FICTION

- 1 (1) **Stalker** by John Stalker. Harrap, £12.95. The honest cop tells all.
- 2 (2) **Making it Happen** by John Harvey-Jones. Collins, £12.95. Marvellously unpompous industrial leader explains.
- 3 (-) **The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers** by Paul Kennedy. Unwin Hyman, £18.95.
- 4 (-) **Wainwright in Scotland** by Alfred Wainwright. BBC, £14.95. Superbly illustrated book.
- 5 (4) **Le Manoir aux Quat' Saisons** by Raymond Blanc. Macdonald Orbis, £17.50. If you can't afford to eat there, at least have the recipes.
- 6 (8) **Elizabeth Takes Off** by Elizabeth Taylor. Macmillan, £12.95. How to lose pounds and win fans.
- 7 (-) **Michelin Red Guide to France 1988.** Michelin, France, £9.
- 8 (-) **Maxwell, the Outsider** by Tom Bower. Aurum Press, £12.95. One view of the press baron.
- 9 (-) **And a Voice to Sing With** by Joan Baez. Century, £12.95. A mover of millions who seems to be losing her own way.
- 10 (3) **Under the Eye of the Clock** by Christopher Nolan. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £8.95.

### PAPERBACK NON FICTION

- 1 (1) **The Fatal Shore** by Robert Hughes. Pan Books, £4.99. Robust history of Australia.
- 2 (3) **Hip and Thigh Diet** by Rosemary Conley. Arrow Books, £2.50.
- 3 (2) **White Mischief** by James Fox. Penguin, £3.95. The truth about high life in wartime Kenya.
- 4 (6) **The Last Emperor** by Edward Behr. Futura, £3.95. The story of Bertolucci's Oscar-winning film.
- 5 (-) **The Blind Watchmaker** by Richard Dawkins. Penguin, £4.95. A powerful look at the theory of evolution.
- 6 (5) **Communion** by Whitley Strieber. Arrow Books, £3.50. A ghostly tale.
- 7 (-) **Fatherhood** by Bill Cosby. Bantam Books, £2.50.
- 8 (4) **Between the Woods and the Water** by Patrick Leigh Fermor. Penguin, £3.95. Splendid sequel to *A Time of Gifts*.
- 9 (-) **Dancing on My Grave** by Gelsey Kirkland and Greg Lawrence. Penguin, £3.95. A ballerina's fight against drugs to return to the top.
- 10 (8) **Bullion** by Andrew Hogg, Jim McDougall & Robin Morgan. Penguin, £3.50. More enthralling than the biggest fictional robberies.

### HARDBACK FICTION

- 1 (1) **The Bonfire of the Vanities** by Tom Wolfe. Jonathan Cape, £11.95. Sharp, fashionable look at the New York jet set.
- 2 (3) **The Weeping and the Laughter** by Noel Barber. Hodder & Stoughton, £11.95. The Russian Revolution breaks up a princely family.
- 3 (2) **The Tommyknockers** by Stephen King. Hodder & Stoughton, £11.95.
- 4 (-) **A Far Cry from Kensington** by Muriel Spark. Constable, £9.95.
- 5 (-) **The Icarus Agenda** by Robert Ludlum. Grafton Books, £11.95. An exciting story set in the Middle East.
- 6 (-) **Out of this World** by Graham Swift. Viking, £10.95. Swift surveys the world we live in.
- 7 (4) **The Swimming Pool Library** by Alan Hollinghurst. Chatto & Windus, £11.95. This stylish novel is not for the squeamish.
- 8 (-) **The Cold Moons** by Aeron Clement. Kindredson Publishing, £10.95. A badger's eye view of life.
- 9 (-) **The Cultured Handmaiden** by Catherine Cookson. Heinemann, £10.95.
- 10 (-) **Oscar and Lucinda** by Peter Carey. Faber & Faber, £9.95. Brilliant novel set in Victorian Australia.

### PAPERBACK FICTION

- 1 (7) **The Parson's Daughter** by Catherine Cookson. Corgi, £3.95.
- 2 (8) **The Ladies of Missaloughi** by Colleen McCullough. Arrow Books, £2.50.
- 3 (-) **Destiny** by Sally Beauman. Bantam Books, £3.95.
- 4 (1) **Windmills of the Gods** by Sidney Sheldon. Fontana, £3.50. From the Oval Office to Buenos Aires, Sheldon drums up the suspense.
- 5 (-) **Wideacre** by Philippa Gregory. Penguin, £3.95.
- 6 (-) **The Autobiography of Henry VIII** by Margaret George. Pan Books, £4.99.
- 7 (-) **Empire of the Sun** by J. G. Ballard. Granada, £2.95.
- 8 (5) **The Golden Girls** by Elvi Rhodes. Corgi, £3.95. A saga of three daughters.
- 9 (-) **The Maid of Buttermere** by Melvyn Bragg. Sceptre, £3.95.
- 10 (2) **Red Storm Rising** by Tom Clancy. Fontana, £3.95. Imaginative though somewhat crude piece of military futurology.

Brackets show last month's position. Information from Book Trust. Comments by Martyn Goff.



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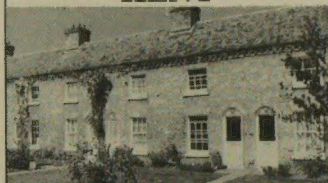
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# Letter from BRANDYWINE STREET

Nick Davies, Washington DC

One of the things that happens to you if you live in the United States is that every so often you receive a telephone call from a computer. The last one that telephoned me tried to sell a second-hand car. It was really quite seductive.

"You can drive the car you want to drive," it purred "with lower monthly payments and, what's more, no down payment is required. Just leave your name after the tone." Then it beeped at me. I went all shy and hung up. This was the safest thing to do because they are not always so charming.

Some of the credit card companies, for example, use computers to harass people who owe them money. The phone rings, the mechanical voice begins by begging for funds. You stand there with your mouth open as the voice throws in a threat or two. You are still standing there wondering what is going to happen next when it tells you that you have got 10 seconds to explain why you have not paid your bill. Then it beeps at you and the choice is yours: speak up or pay up.

An even odder thing that happens here is that some people pretend to be computers. Commercial companies are especially prone to this because they train their staff in routines which doubtless have been "designed by experts to maximise sales potential".

Charitably, I thought, maybe these people were a little dim and they needed an autocue to live their lives. I realised I was wrong during a visit to the US Post Office on Wisconsin Avenue in Washington when, for the first time, I met one of these creatures in the flesh. It was then I realised that autocue-speak is really a highly developed and effective form of rudeness.

Europeans are constantly being told how friendly Americans are. There is certainly some truth in this; complete strangers do come up and shake you by the hand. Some admittedly have rather odd staring eyes but it is clear that they mean well. What we do not hear about in Europe is the other end of the spectrum—strangers who treat you as though you had just murdered their pet cat, who really



loathe you so much that it quite takes your breath away.

All I wanted in the Post Office was a mail box, so when I got to the front of the queue, I said exactly this to the person behind the counter. She said: "Draavin' laasense". She did this without looking up from the counter or hinting in any way that I existed, with the result that I was not sure that she was even talking to me. So I said: "I'm sorry but do I need a driving licence to open a mail box?" And she said: "Draavin' laasense". I apologised and said I didn't have an American licence, only a British one with an old address and no photograph on it. And she said: "Draavin' laasense". I offered her some local identification. "Draavin' laasense." So I handed it over. She filled in a form; I waited; she handed back the licence; I waited while she ignored me for a while and then I asked her: "Well, is that it? Do I have a mail box now?" She still didn't look up. She just said: "We don't have no mail boxes."

This is hard to cope with at the beginning, particularly because you never know which extreme you are going to run into next. There is a very small grey area in the middle, which is easy to navigate because it involves the use of the word Gahsh. As in: "Gahsh, well, you must come round and see us soon." What this really means is: "Goodbye." It is merely indifference disguised as warmth and

presents no great problem. But the extremes are tricky.

A European friend here came up with a theory. He says it is all to do with the weather and the rest of the natural environment of America. On the one hand, the American countryside is stunningly beautiful and the climate can be a dream, all of which, in his theory, might encourage warm and friendly behaviour. But equally, the whole place is a death-trap which, he says, is bound to induce a certain amount of hideous aggression.

He is right about the death. We are not just talking about the occasional rattlesnake, although there are plenty of them and plenty more signs warning you about them just in case you were beginning to relax on your woodland stroll. Nor is this just about the venomous spiders, nor even the wild bears which have been starved out of the mountains by a bad summer and have started lurching through rural towns in search of food.

We are talking here about some of the more exotic and exciting forms of death. There are killer bees, for example, which have been massing across the Mexican border and have started immigrating with their lethal luggage. And there are killer raccoons, which rummage through urban dustbins and are inclined to attack people who disturb them, which would be nothing worse than unpleasant if

they did not have rabies. Even more disturbing, the squirrels have also developed rabies and occasionally launch themselves at passers-by with frothing fangs.

The woods are strewn with poison ivy and poison oak, both of which can land you in hospital if you touch them, and the summer grass is infested with a tic which gets into picnickers' hair and throws them into a delirium known as rocky mountain fever. There are sharks in the sea and alligators in the swamps. And all year round we have extremes of weather: sticky humid heat, tornadoes twisting out of the sky, massive falls of snow, blizzards, freezing winds and the occasional earthquake. One begins to see why "The Star Spangled Banner" says this place is not just the Land of the Free but also the Home of the Brave.

It is a tempting theory, though its implications are a little worrying. As the great hole in the ozone layer spreads out across the Americas, and the greenhouse effect starts melting the ice caps, the climate will lurch to even wider extremes and presumably reduce the entire country to schizophrenia. At which point the computers will seem like a welcome relief ●





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